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# *Miscellanea Aurea:*

OR THE

# GOLDEN MEDLEY.

Consisting of

I. A Voyage to the Mountains of the Moon under the Æquator, or *Parnassus* reform'd.

II. The Fortunate Shipwreck, or a Description of *New Athens*, being an Account of the Laws, Manners, Religion, and Customs of that Country; by *Morris Williams*, Gent. who resided there above Twenty Years.

III. ALBERONI, or a Vindication of that Cardinal.

IV. The Secret History of the Amours of *Don* ALONZO, Duke of *Lerma*, Grandee of *Spain*.

V. The Garden of ADONIS, or Love to no purpose; being above Twenty Copies of Verses and Love-Letters, by a Lady.

VI. MAHOMET no Impostor, written in *Arabick* by *Abdulla Mahumed Omar*.

VII. An Account of Bad and Good Women, Ancient and Modern. Among which is the Story of the SPARTAN DAME, the Subject of Mr. *Southern*'s Play. With several other Epistolary Essays in Prose and Verse: By Mr. *Milton*, the Lady *W*—— Mr. *Philips*, Mr. *Killegrew*, Author of the *Chit Chat*, and several others.

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*LONDON:*

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and J. PEMBERTON in *Fleet-street*. MDCCXX.

To the most Noble

# JOHN

## Duke of *Buckingham-shire* and *Normanby*, Marquis of *Normanby*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, &c. and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

*May it please your* GRACE,

I Have long wish'd for an Opportunity of laying something of mine at

your GRACE's Feet, not wholly unworthy of your Patronage; and I hope that the following Diſcourſes may be thought ſo; for though they come not up to that Perfection and Importance, which I deſire ſhould be apparent in all that I ſhould preſume to addreſs to your GRACE; yet I have the Vanity to perſuade myſelf, that they will afford an Amuſement not abſolutely diſagreeable to the Entertainment of your GRACE's unbending Hours; I flatter myſelf, at leaſt, that your GRACE will find ſome Things here, that a Perſon of your moſt excellent Senſe and admirable Judgment will not wholly repent of the peruſing.

'Tis true, that to come up to the grand Gouſt, of which your GRACE is ſo eminent a Maſter, there ſhould be ſomething nearer

the

the Productions of a *Virgil* or a *Milton*. But, my LORD, if I were never to make an Addreſs to your GRACE, till I had what was of equal Value to offer, I muſt be for ever ſilent, and loſe this Satisfaction, of which I am extreamly ambitious, of letting the World know that Eſteem and Veneration which I have for your GRACE's conſpicuous Merits, both as a great Stateſman, and a great and judicious Patron of the politer Arts; thoſe, indeed, are Qualities which ſeldom meet in the powerful Men of any Age, and ſcarce ever in thoſe of ours.

There was, 'tis true, once a *Mecænas* many Ages ago, who is, on all Hands, acknowledg'd to have been the moſt conſummate Stateſman that ever appear'd in the World, who, in the midſt of his important Thoughts for the

eſtabliſhing the Monarchy of *Rome* for his Maſter, believ'd the Care of the Muſes not foreign from, nor at all unworthy of his Conſideration.

There was likewiſe, in our modern Times, a *Richelieu*, perhaps, not leſs in his political Capacity, who likewiſe eſteem'd the Protection of Poetry, and the other fine Arts, equal to his great Poſt. And there is a Duke of *Buckinghamſhire* ſtill living, who, as he is not inferior to either of them in all the juſt Arts of Government, ſo he is infinitely ſuperior to both in his Taſte and Judgment in thoſe Sciences which have poliſh'd Mankind; and I am fully aſſur'd, that it has not been your GRACE's Fault that there is not now an Eſtabliſhment in this Nation more for their Promotion, than the World has ſeen

ſince

ſince the Expiration of the Commonwealth of *Athens*.

Before I conclude this Epiſtle, I think myſelf oblig'd to beg your GRACE's Pardon for this publick Addreſs without your GRACE's Permiſſion, not that I think it in reaſon a real Fault, but only as it is an Offence againſt the Tyranny of a moſt irrational Cuſtom; and, perhaps, only to be found in this Nation: Irrational, I ſay, my LORD, becauſe it forces upon Authors a Neceſſity of offering Violence to the Modeſty of a great Man, which may, perhaps, make him unwilling to grant ſuch a Permiſſion, or oblige them to take up only with ſuch Perſons, whoſe Vanity they may believe will be eaſily complaiſant to their Deſires.

But I, my LORD, who know that your GRACE had rather deſerve Praiſe than be told that you

do ſo; and whoſe Paſſion to appear in this publick Manner to your GRACE, was too ſtrong to run the Hazard of any Obſtacles to it, choſe rather to omit that Ceremony of Cuſtom, than loſe this Opportunity of declaring how much I am,

*My* LORD,

*Your* GRACE'S

*Moſt humble,*

*Moſt obedient, and*

*Moſt devoted Servant,*

# THE PREFACE.

I Shall not long detain the Reader with what I have to say to him by way of Preface; for I will not spend much Time, nor use many Arguments to recommend the following Entertainment; those are Arts that may sooth the fond Credulity of an Author, but can never obtain the End he proposes by them; for let him say what he will, the Reader must be Judge how far the Performance is agreeable to him. And I flatter my self, that in the great Variety which this Volume contains, there will be something that may prove an Amusement to every Reader. This I am sure of, that no one will be able to charge me with committing to Print any thing contrary to good Manners, Modesty or Religion.

The

The only thing that I have the leaſt Apprehenſion can have any Appearance of Offence, is the Tranſlation out of *Arabick*; and yet upon the Peruſal the Reader will find, that there is nothing in it derogatory of the Chriſtian Religion, but on the contrary a great Deference perpetually paid to the Divine Precepts of the Goſpel; and that no where through the whole Diſcourſe the Author pretends to prove the Divine Miſſion of *Mahomet*, or that he was a Prophet of God, any farther than by a Confutation of a particular Author, who had written againſt him.

This Author ſeems to be Dr. *Prideaux* in his *Life of Mahomet*; at leaſt it is certain, the Tranſlator takes it to be that, ſince he has quoted his very Words in his Tranſlation It is true indeed, that the *Arabian* reproaches the modern Chriſtians of *Europe* with a ſcandalous Neglect in their Practice of the Divine Precepts of the Goſpel: But that is a Truth too evident to ſuffer us to condemn him for aſſerting what we ourſelves cannot deny.

*—Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
*Et dici poſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.*

I cannot make an end of this Preface without paying my Thanks to that fair Lady, who has been pleas'd to furniſh me with thoſe

Love-

Love-Letters and Verſes, which are contain'd in the *Garden* of *Adonis*; and I dare believe that my Readers, as well as I, will wiſh that they had been more numerous.

There is one thing I had almoſt forgot, and that is what ſome may think a ſort of a Blunder in the firſt Diſcourſe, where *Milton* is introduc'd quoting the incomparable *Eſſay on Poetry*, ſince that *Poem*, in all probability, was not publiſh'd till after his Death: But that is an Objection which will vaniſh, if the Reader remembers that he tells us in the ſame Place, That this *Poem* is already depoſited in the *Archives* of *Parnaſſus*, where he might have had Recourſe to it. The ſame Anſwer will hold good to *Milton's Remarks upon the Defects of our more Modern Poets*; ſince he at the ſame time informs us, That all their Works had been lately examin'd before the Expulſion of the Authors from *Parnaſſus*.

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# A VOYAGE TO THE Mountains of the Moon Under the EQUATOR: OR, *PARNASSUS Reform'd.* BEING THE APOTHEOSIS OF Sir *SAMUEL GARTH.*

*Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti,*
*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,*
*Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.* Virg.

## LETTER I.

*To Dr.* MEAD.

*Learned Doctor,*

YOU may, perhaps, be surpriz'd at an Address of this nature, from a Person wholly unknown to you; but considering to whom I should direct the following Discourse, a learned Member of your Faculty being the principal

Subject of it, I thought it was due to one so eminent in all polite Literature, as Dr. *Mead* is acknowledg'd to be by all that know him. I will not mention that excellent Discourse of yours, *De Imperio Solis & Lunæ*, tho' it has made Discoveries that no Physician before has had the Happiness to find out; for tho' that Treatise has prov'd you a great Master in Nature, and an exquisite Judge of the true Connexion of Causes and Effects; yet it has not an immediate respect to my present Undertaking.

Besides your extraordinary Skill in Physick, your Knowledge in Painting, as is evident from your curious Collection, is peculiarly remarkable, and known to the *Vertuosi* beyond Sea as well as at Home; and this it is that has determin'd me in this Address; for Painting and Poetry have always been allow'd Sister Arts; and whoever has arriv'd at the grand Gousst in the former, can never have an ill Relish of the latter.

I make no manner of Doubt but that the Merits of Sir *Samuel Garth*, both as to Physick and Poetry, are very well known to you: Tho' his Loss to the Sick be not so great while Dr. *Mead* survives; yet to the Kingdom of Poetry it is very considerable. Here I should mention more of the excellent Qualities of my dead Friend, particularly, his wonderful Humanity and Care of the Unfortunate. I dare believe, that no unhappy Person ever apply'd to him, but that he made use of the utmost of his Interest to ease their Pain and Anxiety: But I am not here making a general Panegyrick upon him, my only Business is with his Poetical Excellence,

which has recommended him to that Reception in *Parnaſſus* which I am going to deſcribe.

Imagination, you know, Sir, has one of the foremoſt Places in the Kingdom of Poetry; and when it is large, and join'd with Judgment, forms an excellent Poet. How defective ſoever my Judgment may be, the following Diſcourſe obliges me to enter the Kingdom of Fancy; and I hope not wholly without the Guidance of Judgment and Art.

In the early Times of Poetry, among the Retainers of *Parnaſſus*, there was a ſort of a flying Steed, call'd *Pegaſus*, and none could aſcend that Poetical Mountain, but thoſe that were carry'd upon his Back; he firſt bore *Linus*, the Son of *Apollo*, *Orpheus*, the Son of *Calliope*, *Moſcus*, *Muſæus*, *Heſiod*, and *Homer*, who had Force and Addreſs enough to rein and guide him at their Will. Nor was *Pegaſus* uneaſy with his Riders, to bear one Poet in an Age was no great Labour to him; nay, he ſuffer'd quietly their encreaſe for many Years; nor did he repine that he was ſo often call'd on in *Greece*, not only by the Men, as *Pindar* and *Anacreon*, *Mimnermus*, *Eſchylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Agatho*, *Tholyides*, *Theodectes*, and many others; but by the Ladies likewiſe, as *Sappho*, *Erinna*, *Corinna*, and ſeveral others of that Sex. But when Poetry began to ſpread into *Ionia*, *Sicily*, and even to *Egypt*, in the Reign of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, he found the Journeys too long and tedious, and too frequent for him to perform the whole Buſineſs of *Parnaſſus* himſelf; and therefore prevail'd with the Muſes to intercede with *Apollo*,

that he might have ſome Coadjutor. His Caſe being fairly laid before the *Delphic* God; and he conſidering by his Fore-knowledge of Things, that Poetry would ſoon ſpread beyond the Bounds of *Greece* into *Italy* itſelf, where would ariſe Bards worthy of *Parnaſſus*, he gave *Pegaſus* Power to beget a Race of *Pegaſiades*; but yet, confining the Number to be employ'd, to the *Nine Muſes*, this young Race, without regard to the Order of the God, went on begetting the like, till *Parnaſſus* ſwarm'd with the Breed; who, not being upon the Eſtabliſhment, were glad to obey the Call of every *Poetaſter*, and fly Hackney for all that would employ them; but were like all other Hackney Jades, very ſlow of ſpeed, and perpetually ſtumbling on the Road; nor could they ever bring their Riders to the ſacred Hill of *Parnaſſus*, but, through devious and roundabout Paths, ſet them down in the Low-lands, at ſome Diſtance from it, while only thoſe *Pegaſiades* that belong'd to the Muſes and *Apollo* bore their choſen Burthens up to each Summit.

But the Inundation of Barbariſm having overrun all *Greece*, *Apollo* and the *Muſes* were fain to remove their Seat, and choſe to fix it to thoſe happy Regions, where they were moſt likely to find no Diſturbance for the future.

The Earth, in the Opinion of the beſt Geographers, riſes five and twenty Miles above the reſt of the terraqueous Globe under the Æquator; upon this Eminence are plac'd the Mountains of the Moon; among which there is one that riſes very high, and with a double Head. This *Apollo* and the *Muſes* choſe for their ſacred Retreat, and the Reception of all thoſe illuſtrious Bards, who

who were truly inſpir'd, and die in the Favour of *Apollo*; the Diſtance may ſeem great to us Mortals, but the Influence of the God is not check'd by any Diſtance.

*Hermotimus*, as *Lucian* tells us, us'd frequently to have his Soul leave his Body for ſeveral Hours; and having taken its Range about the World, return'd, and re-enter'd his Body. This may be look'd on as a fabulous Narration; but the modern *Theophraſtians*, of the School of *Paracelſus*, ſeem'd to advance a Notion that may render it more probable: They hold, that the humane Creature conſiſts of a ſort of a Trinity, that is, of a Body, an Eveſtrum, and a rational Soul; to the Body they attribute the Vegetation, by which it grows or encreaſes; to the Eveſtrum they allot the animal Part; and to the Rational, they aſſign all the Operations of Reaſon; that is the Seat of Wiſdom, Learning, Virtue, and all that is Great and Glorious in Man. Thus, after Death, they divide 'em in this manner, to the Earth they commit the Body; the Eveſtrum they make ſo fond of its old Habitation, that it perpetually hovers about the Grave, or wanders up and down, and is the Ghoſt that furniſhes out our Apparitions; the rational Soul leaveth the Body, as a Priſon to which it was long confin'd, flies up to Heaven, its proper Seat, its immortal Origin, without much Tenderneſs and Regard to its antient Companion, the Body. To apply this Doctrine to *Hermotimus*, we muſt conſider that it was his rational Soul that took this frequent Flight, leaving the Eveſtrum to perform all the Offices of the animal Life in her Abſence. If this be not enough to convince the Incredulous in this Par-

ticular, I muſt tell 'em, that in all the great Works of Contemplation, the rational Soul quits the Body, to mount up and view the Wonders of the great Creator. Thus it was with St. *Paul*, when he was wrap'd up into the third Heaven, he was not elevated ſo high in Body, but in Spirit. Thus, likewiſe, it was with all the holy Prophets, or Poets of *Iſrael* and *Judah*, they were lifted up in Spirit to ſee all thoſe wonderful Viſions, which diſcover'd and denounc'd the Fate of Kingdoms. Thus, laſtly, but in a much more inferior degree, the Bards are tranſported from their preſent State, and made capacious of Truths, and the great Images of Things, which are deny'd to the grovelling Verſifiers of all Times and Nations; for the airy Journey of the great Poets to *Parnaſſus*, and the Converſation with the *Muſes* and *Apollo*, that is, with the Richneſs of Nature, is perform'd by the Mind alone.

I thought it neceſſary to premiſe the foregoing Conſiderations, to render the Account I am going to give of my Voyage to *Parnaſſus* the more probable, that it may have the greater Force with ſuch into whoſe Hands it may fall.

Being retir'd out of Town, I went to ſee and enjoy the pleaſing Abode of *Clermont*, a Seat of the illuſtrious Duke of *Newcaſtle*, celebrated by the immortal Verſe, Verſe worthy of its great Maſter, of my dead Friend Sir *Samuel Garth*, whoſe Poem I there read over, from whence, together with the moſt charming Proſpect in Nature, I fell into the moſt pleaſing Contemplation in the World, which rais'd my Soul to Thoughts ſo ſublime, that I burſt out into a pathetick Invocation of *Apollo* and

the

the *Muſes*; a gentle balmy Sleep, at laſt, ſeiz'd on my Body; but my Soul quitting that, and its *Eveſtrum*, mounted one of the choſen *Pegaſiades*, ſent me by *Apollo*, at the Earneſtneſs of my Prayer. We paſs'd with incredible Swiftneſs into the Air, and reach'd the new *Parnaſſus*, with a Rapidity almoſt equal to Thought; yet, in my lofty Paſſage, methought I ſaw ſeveral of my verſifying Acquaintance, labouring on with their Hackney *Pegaſiades* to the ſame Place; at which, however, they never arriv'd, but were carry'd aſide, either to a ſort of *Vulcano*, whence iſſued perpetual rumbling, caus'd by their Fuſtian Verſes; or elſe farther towards the Southward Pole, where their Writings ſimpathiz'd with the Coldneſs of that Clime, and were ſoon frozen up in an inſipid Oblivion. From the *Vulcano* I heard ſeveral Verſes, with which I was not unacquainted: I could hear *Statius* bellowing out,

*Quæ ſuper impoſito Moles geminata Coloſſo;*

and many more of the ſame Stamp. There I heard poor *Elkeanor*, with his

*Whoſe broad built Bulks the boiſterous Billows bear.*

Thence likewiſe came all the Fuſtian Rants of our modern Stage.

*Fall Darkneſs then, and everlaſting Night*
*Shadow the Globe.*

*Let the Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb.*

*Thro' all the inmoſt Chambers of the Sky,*
*Let there be not one Glimpſe, or ſtarry Spark,*
*But Gods meet Gods, and joſtle in the Dark,*
*That Jars may riſe, and Wrath divine be hurl'd,*
*And ſhake to Atoms all the ſolid World.*

*By Heavens,*
*Methinks 'twere an eaſy Leap, to pluck bright*
*Honour from the pale fac'd Moon;*
*Or plunge into the Bottom of the Deep,*
*Where fathom Plummet never reached yet,*
*And bring up drowned Honour by the Locks.*

I diſtinguiſh'd a great deal more; eſpecially the Rants of *Maximine*, *Almanzo*, *The Empreſs of Morocco*; and of ſeveral more modern Authors, which I have forgot. The Noiſe was ſo loud and ſo confus'd, that I could not, indeed, eaſily commit them to my Memory; it is call'd a *Vulcano*, not like *Veſuvius* and *Ætna*, from the Flames and Fires it vomits up, but from the prodigious Smoke that aſcends from it, in contradiction to our old *Engliſh* Proverb, *There is no Smoke without ſome Fire*; for, upon the niceſt Inquiry, I was aſſur'd that there was no ſuch thing in the vaſt Concave of that Mountain, as real Fire, but a ſort of Vapour, or *Ignis Fatuus*, that miſled the hot-brain'd Writers of that Place to think there was; and that all the Smoke that came thence, was but their Breath, continually ſupply'd by their noiſy Repetitions.

Not ſtaying, therefore, for this bluſtering Entertainment, we paſs'd on and ſoon arriv'd at the Foot of the ſacred Hill, where I quitted my Steed and made my Approach to the firſt Gate.

Before

Before you could enter this, you muſt paſs a narrow Draw-bridge, which goes over a ſort of a River, whoſe Waters move ſo ſlowly, that you can ſcarce perceive any Motion they have, and you would rather take it for a ſtanding Mote than a Stream; before I came upon this Draw-bridge ſtood two Centinels, who were call'd *Pedodidaſcali*, their Countenances were formal and ſupercilious; the one had in his Hand, for Arms, a *Ferula*, the other a *Rod*; they preſently ſeiz'd me, and conducted me through the Gate to a Palace which ſtood directly in our Way; it was built of the *Dorick* Order, ſolid yet beautiful, where being arriv'd, I was led into a large Hall, where I found, upon a little Eminence, much like a Desk, *Orthographia*; before whom being brought, I was examin'd in my Capacity of Spelling, which tho' I took with a great deal of Indignation, I was yet forc'd to ſubmit to, and paſs'd my Examination. *Orthographia* is comely in her Perſon, of a Matron-like Aſpect, which, tho' it has a ſower crabbed Caſt, is yet altogether beautiful: She finding my Unwillingneſs to ſubmit to her Orders, as thinking myſelf above that little Tryal, told me, that the Orders of *Apollo*, ſince the Reformation of *Parnaſſus*, were ſo ſevere, that no one could be permitted to paſs further without it, ſeveral formerly, both Male and Female, eſpecially from *England*, having thruſt themſelves into the ſacred Abode, when they could ſcarce ſpell their Names. With that ſhe found I was not one of them, and therefore gave me a Permiſſion to paſs further; but that was but to the other Side of a handſome *Quadrangle*, where I was again ſtop'd and had into a large Hall, at the

the upper End of which ſat in his Desk *Syntaxis*; and here I was examin'd in all the Parts of *Grammar*, both as to Words and Conſtruction; there having been too many who have pretended to Poetry, who yet made no Conſcience of Soleciſms. Having come off here likewiſe with Succeſs, I was permitted to go further. Paſſing therefore on, I came to another Draw-bridge, which run over a purling Stream, which play'd upon the Pebbles, and in its Paſſage made an agreeable murmuring Sound, that gave me a peculiar Pleaſure whilſt I paſs'd it. I was no ſooner over, but I enter'd a ſpacious Walk, on each Side of which were pleaſant Groves and Thickets, while the wanton Zephyrs play'd among the Trees, that ſeem'd to dance in Meaſures, which I think I may better deſcribe in ſome Verſes of a Friend of mine, upon a like Occaſion.

*Above the feather'd free-born Natives throng,*
*And in their treble Notes, and artleſs Song,*
*Salute* Sabrina *as ſhe glides along:*
Sabrina, *anſwering in a deeper Tone,*
*Does her Delight in grateful Murmurs own;*
*The am'rous Zephyrs, with a youthful Breeze,*
*Play wanton round, and kiſs the willing Trees;*
*The Trees with Joy the ſoft Careſſes take,*
*And move in Meaſures to the Sound they make:*
*And thus above, beneath, and all around,*
*Nothing but Nature's Harmony is found.*

On each Side play'd pleaſant Fountains, and ſtrong Caſcades with their murmuring Fall amus'd me as I went along; but that which ſeem'd the oddeſt, were a ſort of Drums, which beat

beat all the whole Variety of long and ſhort Numbers, without the common Hoarſeneſs and loud roaring of that Machine. At the End of this Walk was ſituated a noble Palace, of the *Ionick* Order; which, when I enter'd with my Guides, I came into a magnificent Salloon, where, in a lofty *Roſtrum*, I found *Proſodia*, the Goddeſs of Numbers, attended by *Tropology*, the Maſter of poetick Diction; and having paſs'd a ſevere Examination before them, my two Guides, the *Pedodidaſcali*, were diſmiſs'd, and I committed to a new Conductor, whoſe Name was INVENTION; led by him, I left the Palace of *Proſodia*, in order to go on to that of the *Muſes*. On the Way, *Invention* demanded of me, to which of the *Nine* immortal Siſters I us'd to pay my Devotion. I reply'd, *Melpomene*; to her Palace therefore, ſaid he, I will conduct you; and you ſhall be ſure of my Favour in your Recommendation to her; but you will be oblig'd, before you arrive at her Palace, to viſit thoſe of *Phantaſia*, and that of *Criſis* and *Suneſis*; but which of them you will firſt viſit ſhall be in your own Choice. By all means, ſaid I, let me pay my firſt Duty to *Criſis* and *Suneſis*; for there I may obtain perfect Judgment, and a juſt Taſte, by which I may be able to govern and regulate the various and wonderful Objects I muſt certainly meet with in the Palace of *Phantaſia*. *Invention* approv'd my Choice, and, as we journey'd on, gave me ſeveral valuable Inſtructions for my Conduct in Poetry. We came now to another River, over which we paſs'd on a lofty Bridge of white Marble; and I obſerv'd that the Stream on the right hand above the Bridge was very deep

deep and ſlow in its Motion, as if it weigh'd and conſider'd every Object on its Banks, as it paſs'd along; but the Waters had no ſooner paſs'd the Bridge, than they grew very ſhallow, by gliding thro' a broader Channel, which turning and winding in a hundred Meanders, and with frequent Falls, and ſometimes great Cataracts, haſten'd forward to the Palace of *Phantaſia*.

At the Foot of the Bridge there were three Paths, one went directly forward to the Palace of *Melpomene*; that on the left Hand to that of *Phantaſia*; and the right Hand Path to the Abode of *Criſis* and *Suneſis*, whither we conducted our weary Steps: And being arriv'd at the Portal, we were receiv'd by *Caution* and *Diffidence*, who were the Introductors of all ſuch as were admitted into the Preſence of the Lord of this Place. They were not preſently ſatisfy'd of my Qualifications for ſuch Admiſſion, but ſoon after brought me to my Audience. I obſerv'd that all Things here were perfectly regular, every Thing uniform, and diſpos'd with the utmoſt Judgment and Decorum. Here we ſtay'd ſome time, till I was thoroughly inſtructed in the Doctrines of this great Being, without which there can nothing be Great, Noble, or Laſting attempted in Poetry.

We paſt hence in a direct Line to the Palace of *Phantaſia*, and ſo made the Way infinitely ſhorter to it, than thoſe go who call'd not upon *Criſis* for Direction; for they wander through winding Paths and Labyrinths, before they can come to their Journey's End. I found the Palace of *Phantaſia*, not built of Marble, Porphyry, or any more rich and valuable Stones; they were all too ſolid for ſo airy a Structure; it

was

was erected by Nature, of the Plants and Trees, and Flowers that were the moſt beautiful and odoriferous in the World; here was no Regularity or Order conſulted, but a ſort of agreeable Wildneſs ſpread through the Whole, which prov'd ſo bewitching to ſeveral who had been there, that they could never afterwards forſake it. Here were broken Rocks, and terrible Precipices, roaring Seas, Chimera's, Hydra's, and various and infinite other Monſters, compos'd of different Forms and Natures; there were flow'ry Plains, green Fields, myrtle Groves, cool Grotto's, purling Streams, Fountains, and all the pleaſing Sweets of the moſt delicious Country. Here were the green Wood-lands, whoſe Lawns were trod by the *Dryades*, *Hamadryades*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, and other *Silvan* Gods, ſo famous among the Antients; while in the adjacent Fields the *Fairies* danc'd their Rounds; *Elves*, *Hobgoblins*, and the ſhivering *Ghoſts*, made up the diſmal Company. Another Way nothing but frightful Objects meet your Eyes, Murders, Slaughters, Conflagrations, Shipwrecks, and all the terrible Cataſtrophes to which Mankind is ſubject; in ſhort, the Images of all Things that ever were in Nature, or ever produc'd by the fruitful Imagination of Man, are in this Palace; the Images, I ſay, for I would not be miſunderſtood, as if I meant the Things themſelves were there, but their Images wonderfully expreſt in their proper Shapes and Colours, but with ſuch Confuſion and Diſorder, that unleſs the Spectator be directed by Judgment, he will have ſmall Benefit from the View of the Sight; and yet there never was, nor never will be a true poetical Genius, without being

being admitted into this Palace, and receiv'd into the particular Favour of this Goddeſs.

Having thoroughly conſider'd all theſe Objects that we had ſeen, and furniſh'd ourſelves with what we thought proper for our Uſe, we departed and went directly towards the Palace of *Melpomene*. I will not prove ſo tedious as to be very exact in my Deſcription of this illuſtrious Pile; I ſhall only take notice that it was of the *Corinthian* Order (as were indeed the Palaces of all the reſt of the Muſes) and built of the fineſt Porphyry, with all Things that were neceſſary to form a perfect Magnificence and Majeſty; a royal Road led up to it, flatted on each Side with lofty Cedars, which brought us to a rich Gate of Maſſy Gold, and that opening wide let us into the firſt Court, whence by noble Steps we mounted to a ſecond, and in the ſame manner to a third, in which the Palace ſtood; entring which, my Paſſport was demanded, and I led into the Apartment of the *Paſſions*, in order to ſtay there till I was ſent for; but having my Companion *Invention* with me, I was not diſpleas'd with this Delay of my Audience, ſince I was ſatisfy'd I might render myſelf more agreeable to *Melpomene*, by thoſe inſtructive Lectures I might receive from a Converſation with the *Paſſions*. Accordingly I heard them all, and treaſur'd up all they ſaid in my Memory; but thoſe that I heard with moſt Attention, and moſt frequently, were *Terror* and *Pity*, the moſt predominant and ſovereign in *Tragedy*. Here I learnt their ſecret Springs and Motion, as well as the Reaſon why theſe two are made the principal End of that Part of the *Drama*; and found it to be, becauſe they are the moſt general

neral of all the Paſſions, and ſpread, in a greater or leſs Degree, thro' all Mankind.

Here I found the grave *Ethick*, Sovereign Directoreſs of the Paſſions, profoundly skill'd in the Virtues, Vices, and Habits of humane Mind, the ſeveral Diviſions and Compoſitions in Man; all which I learn'd from her, as well as the Diſtinction of all the Qualities of the Perſons in the ſeveral Stations of the World, as what was agreeable to the Character of Princes, Generals, Judges, and other Magiſtrates, as well as the Manners proper to every diſtinct Nation.

Having ſtay'd my allotted time in the Apartment of the *Paſſions*, I was brought up into a magnificent State Room, which was painted all round with the Architypes of all the valuable Tragedies that were ever written in *Greece*, or any other Nation. Here was the unhappy *Theban* King, who ſlew his own Father and marry'd his Mother; next it was *Antigone*, the wretched Daughter of the wretched *OEdipus*, whoſe obſtinate Piety to her dead Brother *Polynices* brought on her own Death, and by that the Ruin of *Creon*, who had condemn'd her to be bury'd alive: Here were likewiſe *Electra*, the *Ajax*, and many more of the immortal *Sophocles*; there was the pious *Alceſtis* dying for her beloved Husband; the furious *Medea* cutting her own Children to pieces, to be reveng'd on her falſe Husband who had forſaken her; with all the reſt of thoſe Plays that were written by *Euripides*; it would be endleſs to repeat them, and the reſt that *Antiquity* ſaw in *Athens*, and other Parts of *Greece*. Some there were likewiſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*, and the *Orphan* of *Otway*, with ſome few other *Engliſh* Tragedies. Fixing my

my Eyes upon the modern Pieces to look for *Tamerlane*, the *Step-Mother*, *Ulyſſes*, and the reſt of that Author's Performances; becauſe a great Man has, in print, declar'd, that he was the greateſt Tragick Genius that he knew; I was ſurpriz'd to find not the leaſt Sketch of all this Author has written; but my Guide inform'd me, that, upon a late Reformation in *Parnaſſus*, all his Works were entirely rejected, as having not ſo much as one Quality of a Tragick Genius.

When I had taken a View of all thoſe Paintings, I heard, by the Sound of Trumpets, and other Muſical Inſtruments, that *Melpomene* was going to enter. She came in with wonderful Majeſty; but I ſhall leave the Deſcription of her to the following Verſes, taken out of the forequoted Poem.

*Behold advance, in a majeſtick Pace,*
*A Form Divine, that with a charming Grace*
*Diſcloſes terrible Beauties in her Face;*
*Her Locks adown her awful Temples fall,*
*While her left Hand ſupports the regal Ball;*
*Her right the royal Scepter waves around,*
*And her long Robe trails far upon the Ground;*
*Her Feet the ſtately* Lydian *Buskins preſs:*
*Theſe Looks, theſe Enſigns, and Imperial Dreſs*
*The Tragick Muſe to my pleas'd Eyes confeſs.*

Attended by *Criſis* and *Suneſis*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, *Milton* and *Otway*; the two laſt were added to her Train on the Account of my being an *Engliſhman*; ſhe went directly to the Imperial Throne, erected at the upper End of the Room; where having taken her Seat, with *Criſis* on

on the one Hand, and *Sunesis* on the other, and the Poets at her Feet, I was call'd to my Audience. Modesty forbids me to mention those favourable Expressions she utter'd to me; all I dare tell, is, that I found inexpressible Raptures at the Indulgence she show'd me, and the wonderful Truths which she pronounc'd. She told me all the Duties of a Tragick Poet; and bid me never be misled by that Boyish Vanity of mere Words, the *Grammarians* Glory of *Expression*, so far as to think the Excellence of Tragedy consists in that: No, that is but a mere Dress, an Ornament only, that indeed sets off the greater Beauties to a vulgar Ear; but as it is no Part of Poetry, it can never stand in competition with its *Essentials*. Think first of your *Fable*, weigh it well, consider it thoroughly, see that all its Parts have a just Dependance upon each other; take care to chuse such Incidents to compose your *Fable*, as necessarily produce Fear and Pity; aim at Perfection, and be not contented with Indifference, or what is barely permitted; let therefore your Incidents produce one another, and all of them contribute to make the Discovery and Change of Fortune, in which the chief Beauty of Tragedy consists; for tho' the greatest of my Sons have perform'd very well in the *simple* kind, yet the Implex has always given them their greatest Fame; 'tis true, it is the more difficult Task; but what is there great in Nature that is obtain'd without Labour?

But tho' the *Fable* be the principal Part, and that which chiefly proves the Writer to be a Poet; yet since the *Fable* itself, which is the Imitation of an Action, cannot be represented without Actors, the next essential Care of the

Poet, is to conſider the *Manners*, for there is no Actor, that is, Man, without the *Manners*; for thoſe diſtinguiſh Man from Man, and are form'd by certain Compoſitions of the Paſſions, Virtues, Vices and Habits of the Mind: Theſe muſt be perfectly well mark'd, that is, plain and viſible in every particular Character, and neceſſarily producing all the Actions of ſuch Character; they muſt likewiſe be *equal*, that is, they muſt be the ſame from the Beginning to the End. 'Tis true, there are Characters in Nature which are *unequal* in their Manners; but, firſt, they are not general enough to be made choice of; and next, the Shortneſs of the Tragick Action is ſeldom capable of ſhowing that *Equality*, which muſt be ſeen even in that *Unequalneſs*, to render it fit to be admitted into the *Drama* at all. You find I have not taken notice of the *Likeneſs*, becauſe that extends to none but Hiſtorical and known Characters; and Time has not produc'd four good Tragedies founded upon Hiſtory. However, ſince there is nothing impoſſible to a great Genius, and you may, perhaps, meet with ſome Character in Hiſtory, which you may think fit to introduce into your Tragedy, remember that you give ſuch Character no Quality, which the Hiſtorian has not allow'd him; at leaſt, no Quality that is contradictory to thoſe which he has in Hiſtory; but here lies the Difficulty in chuſing Hiſtorical Characters, that they are all *particular*; whereas it is a neceſſary Condition, that ſuch as are admitted into Tragedy be *general*, ſince from a Particular no general Inſtruction can be drawn.

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One Caution I'll give you, let your Dramatick Characters be ſo artfully choſen, that they be not endow'd with the ſame Qualities and Inclinations; the farther they are from one another, the more diſtinct they will be, and the more viſible that Diſtinction will appear to the Audience.

I need not inſiſt on the *Sentiments*, ſince they are the Effect of the *Manners*, and make them known to the Hearer; you muſt not therefore wander after ungovern'd Fancy, but muſt thoroughly weigh and conſider what ſuch Qualities, Paſſions, Virtues, Vices and Habits, and their Compoſition and Mixture in that Place, would make any one think on ſuch an Occaſion; and that only you muſt expreſs in your *Diction*, the Beauties of which are very different; for every Paſſion has its peculiar Language, which excludes that Uniformity of Stile, which has been too much purſu'd in your Country as an Excellence and Perfection; nay, they have been ſo very wild in their Notions, as to think *that* the only and ſovereign Perfection of *Tragedy* itſelf. But you, my Son, mind not the Cenſure and Opinion of the Vulgar, labour not for their Praiſe and Applauſe, nor be exalted with their Smiles, or dejected with their Frowns; but follow the Precepts of Art and Nature, and ſtudy the Language of every particular Paſſion, which will be ſure to meet with the Approbation of the Judicious, which only you ought to aim at.

I have heard your Invocations with ſome Satisfaction, and, as a Mark of my Favour, I allot you theſe two immortal Poets as your Guides and Directors, to ſhow you the Secrets,

and open to you the immortal Pleaſures of this ſacred Retreat, which the God of Harmony has provided for thoſe he favours: Upon which ſhe directed *Milton* and *Otway* to attend me during my Stay, and give me what further Inſtructions might be yet neceſſary for me to receive.

As ſoon as ſhe had done ſpeaking, an immortal Symphony enſued, and vocal and inſtrumental Muſick join'd to make the Harmony the moſt tranſporting that ever I heard. *Milton*, *Otway*, and myſelf, with ſome Regret, left the Preſence of *Melpomene*, to purſue my Journey to the reſt of *Parnaſſus*, and to enjoy the Converſation of thoſe two great Poets, who led me to the Palaces of all the reſt of the Muſes, which ſurrounded all the lower Parts of that immortal Hill, a Deſcription of which would be too tedious for this Place; I ſhall therefore reſerve that to another Opportunity. But I found when we came out from them, that we had, by inſenſible Degrees, mounted above the general Level of the reſt of the World, and had a moſt engaging Proſpect over it, which cannot be expreſs'd by Words; on every Side we ſaw Groves and purling Streams, that tumbled down the Hill with a moſt muſical Cadence. Before we gain'd the Summit of the Mountain, we enter'd a moſt delicious Grotto, where we were no ſooner ſet down to refreſh ourſelves, but we ſaw a Troop of Animals, which very much reſembled Monkeys, clearing the Way, paſs on with their Governor at their Head; but they could not go by us without ſhewing ſome of their antick Tricks, endeavouring to imitate us, tho' aukwardly, in their Actions. When they were gone, I diſcover, ſaid

*Milton*,

*Milton*, in your Eyes a Curiosity to know what those Creatures are that are just gone by us: They are, continu'd he, the Imitators, who set up for Poets, by imitating the Stile of this or that celebrated Author; and he that leads them was *Famianus Strada*, the Jesuit, that was so well acquainted with antient Poets, that he gave the World an Imitation of every one of them of any Note. Their Business here is generally to cleanse the River that runs under the Palace of *Prosodia*, and which you pass'd over to come to this Place, to keep it clear of Mud, or any Obstructions that may hinder the dancing Murmurs of that Water; but they have now been employ'd to sweep and cleanse all the Paths that lead up the Mountain of *Parnassus* to the very Temple of Fame or Glory, where, in a few Hours, will be receiv'd the immortal *Garth*, to whose Inauguration there, all the Muses, and every blessed Being of this Place, will suddenly ascend. I am much surpriz'd, said I, to find *Strada* in no better a Post here, who with us has been exalted to the very top of Criticism. Whatever he has been with you, cry'd *Milton*, you find, that in the Opinion of *Apollo* and the *Muses* his Merit is not so considerable. He had no sooner done speaking but I saw another Troop pass upwards, loaded with Garments, with heavy Aspects and plodding Steps, many of whose Faces I thought I well remembered to have seen among the topping Wits of our Time and Nation: These, said *Otway*, were your little Criticks on Words, nice in Expressions, and perpetual Declaimers on the fine Language and fine Things they found in the several Poets, but never could arrive at the

Taſte of their greater Excellencies; they are here the Taylors, who are only taken up with making the Garments of the Poets; nor can they arrive at making a whole Garment, but compoſe only every one a ſeveral Part of it, which are put together by a ſtronger Genius. Theſe are Diſcoveries, ſaid I, which would ſcarce find Credit, ſhould I report them in *Britain*. Never fear, ſaid *Milton*, the Cenſure of the half-witted and ignorant Pretenders of the Age, you are choſen to greater Things than to build on the frail Reputation of the Applauſe of Fools; to pleaſe one Man of Judgment, is of more Conſequence than to gain the thundring Claps of a thouſand injudicious Audiences.

Tho' you have had admirable Inſtructions from the Divine *Melpomene*, yet I ſhall preſume, by her Permiſſion, to throw in ſome Advice, which, tho' of leſs Importance than what ſhe has ſaid, may yet be of Uſe towards your gaining that Perfection which ought to be the Aim of every wiſe Poet. Firſt then, as to *Monologues* or *Soliloquies*, you ought to uſe them with the utmoſt Caution; that is, they muſt be extremely ſhort, and ſpoken in Paſſion, as has been obſerv'd by that Noble Critick that writ the *Eſſay upon Poetry*, which is already laid up in the Archives of *Parnaſſus*. The Moderns are much deceived when they take many Things in the ancient *Greek Poets* for theſe *Monologues*; tho' they are indeed ſpoken to the *Chorus*, who are always preſent on the Stage. Another Inſtruction I ſhall mention, is in regard of Deſcriptions. The Moderns have little conſidered their Neceſſity; that is, they have not taken care to make 'em of ſome Uſe to the Deſign; but right

or

or wrong, with a boyiſh Wantonneſs, give us ſuch as are merely idle, and not at all neceſſary. The *Lucus & Ara Dianæ* complain'd of, and condemn'd by *Horace*, tickle their Imagination in ſuch a manner, that makes them quite negligent of the Admonitions of Judgment. There have been Poets in *England*, Poets did, I ſay? I mean Play-wrights, for they deſerve not the Name of Tragick Poets, who have fix'd their Reputation and Succeſs on this alone; when Fancy and Chance have furniſh'd them with an Occaſion to deſcribe a Fountain, a rapid Stream, a ſtormy Sea, they have laid out all their Genius upon it, and ſpread it about among their Friends to bribe their Underſtanding, and ſecure their Applauſe to the reſt of the Performance, tho' in it there be neither *Fable*, *Manners*, *Sentiments*, or even ſometimes Connexion. How different was the Method of the Ancients in this Particular? For as their Deſcriptions were infinitely more ſtrong, lively and eloquent, ſo were they never introduc'd, but to ſupply thoſe Things which were eſſential to the Plot, and more beautiful than the Repreſentation of them on the Stage would be; for there are often Incidents in Tragedy, which, tho' neceſſary to the Deſign, yet the Eye would judge to be ſhocking to Credibility. Thus that admirable Deſcription of the invenom'd Robe in the *Medea* of *Euripides* is wonderfully moving; tho' it could never have been repreſented on the Stage. There is nothing more hard to repreſent than Death, and thoſe cruel Objects with which our Stage too much abounds, and which have given Occaſion to Foreign Criticks to reproach us with Barbarity, that we, as *Iſlanders*, take Delight in Spectacles of Blood and Slaughter;

ter; whereas thoſe were Innovations brought in by an ignorant Age, and continued ſince by Want of Judgment and Reſolution in the ſucceeding Writers. There is another thing which robs the *Engliſh* as well as the *French* Stage of many Beauties more agreeable to its Majeſty and Deſign, and that is Love; I mean the tedious whining Scenes, where the Lover makes his Addreſſes to his Miſtreſs. There never was, and I believe never can be any Scene of that Nature that can pleaſe a true Judge: Firſt, they want Action, the very Soul of the Drama; next they want Majeſty, which is eſſential to Tragedy; again they are not entertaining, for they touch no Paſſion; they are indeed ſometimes ſomething enliven'd by a fooliſh Jealouſy about Trifles, but even then they ſeem to me as ſo many detach'd *Scenes* which ſuſpend the Action, and would therefore be much better left out. There is yet another Inconvenience of a conſiderable Conſequence, and that is, that they generally ſhock that Modeſty, which is the Characteriſtick of the fair Sex; for it brings a Neceſſity upon the Woman of confeſſing and avowing ſuch a Violence of Paſſion for her Lover, even before Marriage, as does not ſeem fitting for a Virgin to do.

I would not have you miſtake me, I am not for excluding Love entirely from the Stage; the Ancients themſelves did not do that, witneſs the *Helena* and *Alceſtis* of *Euripides*; but then that Love was always betwixt Man and Wife, that Condition allowing the Woman the utmoſt Exceſs of that Paſſion, which heightens the Character of her Modeſty and Virtue. Who can read or ſee the tender Love of *Alceſtis*, making her

chuſe to die with all the Bloom of Youth about her, only to ſave her Husband's Life, without Compaſſion? I will not inſiſt upon the Ancients for farther Proof of this Particular, I refer you to the *Venice Preſerv'd* of that worthy Author, who ſits by us; ſhow me one of thoſe *Scenes* of making Love, either in *French* or *Engliſh*, that moves like all that paſſes between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera*, Man and Wife. And all the Pathetick of *Monimia*'s Character is after the Diſcovery of her Marriage to *Caſtalio*. If therefore the Fear of making a Breach in that Modeſty, which ought to be eſteem'd eſſential in a Woman's Character, makes me declare againſt the Scenes of Love which I have mention'd, much more muſt I do ſo againſt thoſe Characters of that Sex, which are expreſly unchaſte. A *Whore* is far unfit for the Tragick *Scene*, and therefore *Cleopatra* was very injudiciouſly choſen by a great Poet of our Nation, and which he made ſtill more ſhocking, by introducing *Octavia* (as he himſelf confeſſes) a Wife perfectly virtuous, and ſuffering by the unlawful Love betwixt her Husband *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. I would not mention the *Fair Penitent*, *Jane Shore*, and ſome others, which are expreſly excluded the Tragick Scene by *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, did not you yet live where they are receiv'd with an unjuſt Applauſe.

I know it has been objected, That the Ancients were not innocent in this Particular, and that they give *Phædra* as an Inſtance of it. But alas! this is either out of Ignorance of the Ancients, or by miſtaking *Seneca* for one of them; the *Phædra*, indeed, of that Poet, is ſcandalouſly impudent; but no good Judge ever had much eſteem for *Seneca*'s Tragedies, which are a ſhame-

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ful Perverſion of the beautiful Fables of the *Greeks*, tho' taken from them; look into the *Phædra* of *Euripides*, and you find indeed an unfortunate Lady, but in nothing ſcandalous; ſhe labours under a guilty Paſſion inflicted on her by the Anger of a Deity; but how does ſhe ſtruggle with it? With what Pain and Anxiety? With what Reſolution, I might ſay, does ſhe combat with it? And tho' unable to eſcape a Puniſhment laid on her by the Gods, yet does ſhe never yield ſo far to it, as to be guilty of the leaſt Immodeſty; ſo far is ſhe from being a voluntary Proſtitute, like *Evadne* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, and the reſt that I have named.

As this Caution is neceſſary for the Female Characters, ſo there is another as neceſſary for the Male. There are two Extremes which you muſt carefully avoid; the firſt, never to introduce a perfect Virtue.

*A faultleſs Monſter, whom the World ne'er ſaw.*

He muſt be guilty of Faults, but thoſe the Effect of the Violence of ſome Paſſion, under which he labours for want of reſiſting, till he becomes criminal: But then on the other ſide, he muſt not be guilty of any Faults that are in their Nature ſcandalous, no habitual Wickedneſs, like the *Iago's* of our Stage, moſt profligate Villains, and fit only for the Puniſhment of the Hangman, not the Poet. The former Character of Sovereign Virtue has nothing in it Tragical; for it neither moves Fear nor Compaſſion; all that ſee ſuffering Virtue, feel Indignation, not Pity; it makes them quarrel with Providence, but produces not one Effect worthy of Tragedy.

On the other side, the second Character is fully as little Tragical : We rejoice to see a wicked Man suffer, nor doth it touch any one with Fear; for what moves Fear, proceeds from the Sufferings of such that are like ourselves, but not of such as are guilty of those scandalous Crimes, such deliberate Wickedness, such confirm'd Villanies, into which we assure ourselves we can never fall, and by Consequence that we have no manner of Reason to apprehend that we are liable to any such Punishment as he meets with. A Tragedy compos'd by the Precepts you have receiv'd from the Divine *Melpomene*, and me, will be truly worthy of Immortality; they were *Tragedies* like that which the great Stagyrite pronounc'd to be more moral than Philosophy ; and they were such Tragedies which were of old call'd *the Poems of Kings*; whereas those that have been too long in Vogue, are less moral than *Petronius Arbiter*, and are only fit to be call'd the *Poems of Footmen.*

There is one Thing that most modern Poets have miscarried in, and that is in the opening of their Plays, which they either clog with tedious Narrations, or else by broken Scenes, so little to the Purpose of the Action, that they might be left out without any Detriment to the Plot. I would recommend to you the Consideration of the opening of *Venice Preserv'd*, where the State and Condition of the future Action and Dramatick Persons is not left to a lame Account of indifferent Persons, merely and plainly to bring the Audience acquainted with it, but is most artfully discover'd in a passionate Scene betwixt *Priuli* and *Jaffier*, for all the Misfortunes of the latter, and his Wife *Belvidera*, proceed from that barbarous

barbarous Cruelty of the old *Priuli* in that very *Scene*.

There is one thing more I ſhall add, and that is, as to the Place of your *Scene*. Never chuſe a Siege, all things are there full of Noiſe and Hurry, Drums, Trumpets and Cries of the Diſtreſs'd; whereas the *Scene* of *Tragedy* ſhould have no Noiſe, but what proceeds from the Emotion of the Paſſions; beſides, the putting your *Scene* in a Siege, is a great Hindrance to that Unity of Place, which is certainly abſolutely neceſſary in this Poem. Here *Milton* made an End, and having return'd him my Thanks for his friendly Inſtructions, I promis'd to uſe my Endeavours to put them perfectly in Practice.

Paſſing from this Diſcourſe, I was very particularly curious to enquire into all the Tranſactions of *Parnaſſus*, and having heard Mention of a late Reformation in that Place, I expreſs'd a Deſire to be inform'd about it. That, ſaid *Otway*, ſhall be my Task, and only for your Satisfaction; for whatever you may think fit to publiſh, relating to our Abode, I am afraid you will imagine the Account of this Tranſaction too ſhocking to the general Opinion of your World, to let it go farther. You muſt know therefore, that it was but very lately we had a very ſevere Viſitation from *Apollo*, for want of which many Corruptions had taken place: *Parnaſſus* lay open, and not guarded, as now, by thoſe ſeveral Paſſes and Avenues, through which you were admitted at your coming hither; and every little Hackney *Pegaſiades* ſet down his uſeleſs Burthen upon our Hill, ſo that there was not a trifling Scribbler that had met with any Succeſs in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*, or any where elſe, but

claim'd

claim'd his Share in *Parnaſſus*; whence, inſtead of that Peace and Unity which Truth and Knowledge bring forth, there were nothing but perpetual Jars and Diſcord cauſed by the daily and impudent Uſurpations of Error, and Ignorance, till the true Poets were afraid that they ſhould be driven from this laſt Retreat of Merit by worthleſs Pretenders; and therefore they apply'd to *Apollo* for a Viſitation, and beg'd him to vindicate their Rights and his own Honour: Accordingly it was publiſhed throughout all *Parnaſſus*, that every one ſhould appear before him, and produce their Claim to their Habitation in this Place. A Day was appointed for the Poets, and Pretenders to Poetry, of every Nation, where they had full Hearing and Examination of their Works, and were accordingly either confirm'd in their Poſſeſſion of this Place, or driven out with Infamy. I will not here detain you with the Fate of Particulars of other Nations, nor ſay much of that of our own, ſince when you come up to the Temple of Fame, you will find in that Aſſembly in what Order *Apollo* and and the Muſes have rang'd us: But this I muſt tell you, that many of thoſe who had got in by their own Aſſurance, or the injudicious Applauſe of ſome leading Wits, were pronounc'd to be no Poets at all, and baniſh'd for ever from the Confines of *Parnaſſus*. You may ſee ſeveral haughty Pretenders marching away with doleful Faces, and bearing off the heavy Volumes of their Works, the Bulk of which was no Advantage to any one here: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* being only ſav'd by two of their *Comedies*, nor by thoſe could be rais'd above the loweſt Rank of them that were permitted to ſtay; and if it had

had not been for *Shakespear's Tempest*, he would scarce have been allow'd a Place among the Dramatick Poets. 'Tis true, his admirable Draughts of the *Manners* would have secur'd him a Residence in this Place, yet only as a Dialogist; others were receiv'd only for one Poem, as *Denham* for his *Cooper's-Hill*. I must observe one thing for the Honour of our Country, that *Ben. Johnson* bore the Prize of Comedy from the Ancients and Moderns of all Nations; *Shadwell* and *Wicherly*, *Menander* and *Terence*, *Moliere* and some few others, were likewise receiv'd with the highest Approbation, though all allotted but a second Place to the immortal *Ben*. I shall say nothing of our *English* Tragick Poets, lest I should seem too much exalted by the good Fortune I have had in pleasing our Sovereign *Apollo*; I shall however tell you, tho' before his Face, for Truth here may be told without the Suspicion of Flattery, *Milton* has carry'd the Honour of the *English* Name to its greatest height, setting in all publick Assemblies on a Seat with *Homer* and *Virgil*. *Martial*, finding *Catullus* reserv'd, strove hard, and made many Puns, and many fine Points, as they call them, in hopes to prevail with *Apollo* and the *Muses*, to suffer him to remain as his Compani n; but nothing could save him, he was obliged to go out of *Parnassus* with *Petrarch*, most of the Provencial Poets, and many of the *Italians*, to inhabit a pleasing Valley at some Distance from this Mountain, where all the Plants and Trees are either Shrubs, or of a dwarfish Growth, and which is call'd *the Valley of Epigram*, where tho' they want all the sublime Joy that we possess, they are not without such as are agreeable to their Capacity and Taste.

Taſte. *Parnaſſus* being thus cleans'd and purg'd of all its Droſs, Care was taken to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future; and therefore *Apollo* caus'd the Foot of the Hill to be ſurrounded by thoſe Rivers which you paſs'd, and no body to be permitted to enter without thoſe Examinations you went through at your Entrance; not that every one is brought to the Palace of *Melpomene*, as you were, only the *Tragick Writers* come there; the Heroick, to that of *Clio:* the Comick, to *Thalia*; the Lyrick, to *Calliope;* and ſo on: And when they have there obtained the Approbation of the ſeveral *Muſes* who preſide over their Manner of Writing, they are permitted to come with Freedom all over this happy Abode. You may wonder perhaps to find the Palaces of the *Muſes* at the Bottom, and not on the Top of the Hill; but you muſt know that thoſe Palaces are not the Dwelling-places of the Muſes, thoſe are upon the height of *Parnaſſus*, and ſurrounding the Temple of Fame, as you will find when you aſcend thither, as we immediately muſt; for I hear the Trumpets that ſummon us to attend the Reception of the immortal *Garth*, who is this Day there made free of *Parnaſſus*, and publickly declared to be a lawful Inhabitant of it. All I ſhall therefore add, is, That thoſe Palaces at the Foot of the Hill are the Courts of Judicature of the Muſes, where they examine, approve or reject all ſuch as are Candidates for their Favour.

Here *Otway* made an End, and we all three roſe up and went on till we gain'd the Summit of the Hill; that is, to a ſpacious Plain that join'd the two Heads of *Parnaſſus* together. I ſhall not here detain you with a Deſcription of the

the ſeveral Dwellings of the *Muſes*, nor of the wonderful Structure of the Temple of Fame, or Glory, much different from what has been given us by thoſe who have pretended to deſcribe it, whoſe Deſcriptions agree only with the Abode of Rumour: I ſhall only ſay, that as the Builders were Divine, ſo the Materials are Heavenly: It is in the Form of a vaſt *Amphitheatre*, in the middle of whoſe Circumference is a Space fill'd up with ineffable Light, and may be call'd the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the Temple, whence all the Oracles of *Apollo* are deliver'd, and all his Commands received: At this time the Immortal and Pious Bards were diſpos'd of each ſide of it; here were *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, and many more of all civiliz'd Nations; there were *Taſſo*, *Arioſto*, *Dryden*, at leaſt his Place was there, tho' he was deputed to attend on *Garth*; in his Entrance there were likewiſe *Denham*, *Cowley*, and many more, too long here to mention.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the wonderful Harmony of both Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick; among the latter were not only all the Inſtruments in Uſe amongſt the Ancients and Moderns, but many more unknown to Mankind; ſome of which may perhaps be hereafter invented: Here, in the midſt of all theſe Triumphant Songs, *Garth* was introduc'd, conducted by *Dryden* and the famous Dr. *Harvey*, one, as he was a *Poet*; the other, as a *Phyſician*. Before him was carried the *Diſpenſary* by *Criſis* and *Phantaſia*; but I was ſurpriz'd to find, that the Book that was carry'd before him was in *Quarto*; which made me ſuppoſe it was the firſt Edition. He was followed by *Proſodia* and *Tropology*, and various others, too numerous

numerous for me to particularize. He was thus led up to the Oracle of *Apollo*, and there crown'd with a Wreath of Bays, and another of Laurel, and having receiv'd the Benediction of that God, he was conducted to his Place next to *Denham*; and had confer'd upon him an Office agreeable to his Temper; which was to be Advocate of all his Countrymen, who should set up for Candidates of Poetical Fame.

I have not here time to give the Reasons why Physicians were admitted into *Parnassus*; for there I saw not only *Harvey*, but *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Sydenham*, *Willis*, *Radcliff*, and some more: I saw likewise the Works of some of my Contemporaries, who were hereafter to be admitted into this Paradise, which yet I am forbid to mention. One thing I was surpriz'd at, which was, that I could not find *Lucretius*; but I understood the Reason of it was, that he was an Atheist, and therefore excluded. I have been so long that I dare not enlarge my Discourse, to give an Account of the various and transporting Pleasures of this Place, and which Words are, indeed, too poor and barren to express. What I have to say upon that, and upon those Discoveries I made in the Temple of *Fame*, particularly relating to the few Patrons of Poetry, and the politer Arts, with the Honour and Glory they enjoy, I defer to another Opportunity; when I shall likewise give an Account of the rest of the Muses, and the admirable Precepts they gave to bring to Perfection in each their chosen Adorers. The Favours and Instructions I had receiv'd, gave me the Privilege of being carry'd back by *Pegasus* him-

ſelf, who bore me from Mount *Parnaſſus* to *Claremont* almoſt as ſwift as Thought; where, re-entring my Body, I got up and bleſs'd the Place, the happy Manſion that had afforded me ſo glorious and uſeful a Viſion; and from thence made what haſte I could to commit it to writing, in the manner I ſend it to you. I ſhall only here add, that I am, Sir,

*Your moſt humble,*

*and moſt obedient Servant,*

CARLO AMONTESOCIO.

# LETTER II.

## *On Players.*

*Totus Mundus Agit Hiſtrionem.*

*Life's a poor Player,*
*That frets and ſtruts his Hour on the Stage,*
*And then is heard no more.*

### *To Mr.* W-----s, *with a Manuſcript Play.*

SIR,

WITH this I have ſent you, by a particular Friend, a Manuſcript *Tragedy*, not doubting your Juſtice and Underſtanding, ſo far as to fear its Reading and Reception. Were it my own, I ſhould not be ſo confident of its Succeſs, either with you or the Town; but it being an Alteration of the beſt Performance of a very popular Poet, ſeveral of whoſe *Tragedies* are ſtill acted with the higheſt Applauſe, it gives me the Aſſurance to hope that it will have a more particular Regard from you, than if it had been the Product of the preſent Time. I could have many Recommendations from the beſt Judges, but that one of your Colleagues once told me on a like Occaſion, that a Play muſt recommend itſelf; which, indeed, had been true, were it to come before competent

Judges; but when Fancy and unguided Opinion are to decide the Caſe, one would imagine that the Approbation of a real Judge in the Art might have been of ſome Weight and Conſequence; for as few Gentlemen will purchaſe Pictures of any Value, without conſulting a Maſter in the Art of Painting; for fear of making ſo worthleſs a Collection, as a certain Nobleman of this Nation once did; ſo it ſeems an equal piece of Prudence, that Gentlemen of your Poſt ſhould have ſome regard to the Opinion of the great Maſters of *Tragedy*. But ſince that is not always to be had, and ſometimes is obtain'd thro' Favour, by thoſe who do not at all deſerve it: And ſince the Directors of the Play-houſe are generally Perſons who declare againſt the Rules of Art, as Obſtacles to Perfection and Excellence, at leaſt, to the taking of a Play; I ſhall lay down two or three Obſervations, by following of which they will be ſure never to receive a Play which will not pleaſe the Town.

Mr. *Betterton* told me once, upon talking on this Subject, that King *Charles* II was us'd to ſay, he wonder'd how the Players, that were perpetually converſant with Plays, could be ſo frequently deceiv'd, as not to have one in three anſwer their Expectation. The Reaſon of this, continued he, ſeems to be the filling our Heads, and loading our Memories, with good and bad promiſcuouſly, which confounds our Judgment, as having no fix'd and ſtated Rules to form it by, the Taſte of the Town being ſo uncertain and fickle, that our Obſervation of what had pleas'd could afford us very little Help in the Matter, ſince the ſame Things, that had been

receiv'd

receiv'd one Season with the greatest and most universal Applause, are hiss'd off the Stage the next.

To remove this Uncertainty, at least, as to Tragedy, the Subject of my present Writing, I shall lay down some Remarks for your Guide, which never did, nor never will mislead you, or any one concern'd in your Post; you must have a care not to be bewitch'd with what they call fine *Language*; it is not so easy a Matter to distinguish what is so, or what will be thought so by the Town, as to receive or reject a Play upon that Account: 'Tis true, there are several Plays have met with Success, only for the Opinion that the Audience had of the Fineness of the Diction, whether that Opinion was grounded in Justice, or in Fancy alone; I shall not therefore wish you to have much Regard to that, since there is nothing in it to be depended upon; what I shall tell you is infallible: You are call'd Actors, because the Business of playing is Action; the very Name of a Play, in the Original, signifies Action; and it is certain, let the Action be good or bad, it will always keep the Attention of the Audience, and the more constant and violent the Action is, the more it will be attended by them; wherever there is Passion, there must necessarily be Action; those Tragedies therefore, that have a perpetual Succession of Passion, can never miscarry. It is this Quality that has preserv'd and still keeps up the Tragedy of *Alexander the Great*, which Mr. *Crown* found fault with, in a Discourse with me one Day, because it was continually on the fret, as he call'd it, from the Beginning to the End; that is, the Passions were lively and strong

through the whole Piece, which ſo took up the Audience, that they had no Leiſure or Interval of Quiet to grow weary and be diſguſted. The Play I ſend you is of this kind; there is a perpetual Succeſſion of Paſſions, joyn'd with a wonderful Diſtreſs, which muſt ſecure you againſt all Fears of its Reception.

I ſhall therefore ſay no more about it, being ſatisfy'd that I have put it into the Hands of a Man of Honour, tho' a Player; for I am not of their Opinion who think thoſe Terms incompatible; I am ſure they have not always been ſo, the Players in *Athens* were generally Men of Figure, at leaſt, of Learning and ſingular Parts; and were often fitted by the Stage for Embaſſies of the Commonwealth. In *Rome*, where I confeſs the Stage and Playing had not that honourable Riſe as in *Greece*; yet there I find, in *Cicero*'s Time, the principal Players were not a little valued by the Nobility: Thus, in his Oration for *Archias* the Poet, I find *Cicero* ſpeaking to the Quality of *Rome*, in this manner: *Who of you were not lately concern'd and griev'd for the Death of* Roſcius, *thinking that he ought, indeed, to have been immortal, for that ſupreme Excellence of which he was Maſter in his Art?*

*Æſopus* was a Tragedian about that Time, of equal Eſteem among the *Romans*, and both of them admitted to particular Familiarity with the greateſt Men in *Rome*; and the Son of the latter had thoſe immenſe Riches left him by his Father, that he would diſſolve and drink off a precious Gem of great Price at a Draught. I ſhall not go farther in the *Roman* Empire, nor touch upon thoſe Players who made ſo conſiderable a Figure in the Imperial Court, in the Time of *Nero*,

and

and ſome others; becauſe it may be ſaid, that the Favour they met with, was owing rather to the Corruption of thoſe Times, than to their Merit as Actors.

No, I will come to the Thing itſelf, the intrinſick Value of the Profeſſion. *Petronius* tells us, that

*Totus Mundus agit Hiſtrionem;*

That is, all the World are Players. You muſt know, Sir, that the antient Actors, both of *Greece* and *Rome*, wore over their Faces a ſort of Vizor Mask, which they call'd *Perſona*; this Mask was form'd, as near as they could, to repreſent the Countenance of the Hero whom they acted, which Likeneſs they took, either from the Deſcriptions of Hiſtory, or from the Pictures and Statues of the moſt famous Painters and Sculptors, and ſo contriv'd, as not to hinder the Lines of the Face from appearing, as the Paſſion they repreſented requir'd; how this was done, indeed, is not ſo eaſily diſcover'd by thoſe *Perſonæ*, which we have receiv'd from them in their *Baſſo relievos*; but I can depend upon an Aſſurance given me by a great and ingenious Nobleman of this Kingdom, that the firſt *Italian* Comedians who came into *France*, and whom he ſaw, had contriv'd the Masks they acted in ſo artfully, that they could, notwithſtanding them, make thoſe ſeveral Alterations in their Countenance which their Parts requir'd. But be this as it will, I have not time to run thro' a full Diſquiſition of the Matter; nor would it be very much to our preſent Purpoſe, it's enough for me to obſerve, that this

Mask gave occaſion to this Saying of *Petronius*, *That all the World are Players*; that is, all Men put on a Face that is not their own, and act Parts which do not always agree with their own Temper and Inclinations. For this Reaſon likewiſe, Players were call'd *Hypocritæ*, or Hypocrites; that is, Perſons who appear to be one thing and were another. As on the Stage you have good Actors and bad, ſo in the greater World, of which yours is a ſort of Miniature, there are aukward Hypocrites, whom every Perſon diſcovers to be mere Actors; and there are others, who are ſuch exquiſite Maſters in the Art of Diſſembling or Acting, that the Spectators cannot but believe they are what they ſeem to be; and it requires ſome Time, and Diſcernment too, to find them out. *Ned Prim* puts on a ſaintly Appearance, Gravity in his Countenance, Severity in his Diſcourſe, with all that Cenſoriouſneſs on the Wickedneſs and Vices of the Age, which the greateſt Religion and Innocence could ſcarce juſtify; and yet *Ned* is a very Libertine in his Heart, and in his Life a perfect Contradiction to his Words and Profeſſions. *Harry Graveairs* loves the Company of the Gay and the Young, particularly of Women, of which, when he makes his Eſcape out of the City, he'll be ſure to mingle with the moſt vile and lewd, provided they are but Young; but within *Temple-Bar*, and ſo to the very remoteſt eaſterly Parts of the Town, he affects to be thought an Admirer of the Grave and the Antient, whether Male or Female; and acts his Part ſo well, that he paſſes for a very worthy and ſober Citizen, whoſe Blood is very Snow-broth, as *Shakeſpear* calls it, perfectly cold and chilling,

chilling, and whose Pulse never beats high enough to warm him to any irregular Desires. Thus every Morning he pays his Court to two old Aunts, the younger of which is fourscore; with them he passes constantly some Hours, and has persuaded them there is no Company in the World so agreeable as theirs, tho' he curses them in his Heart, and wishes the Devil would fetch 'em the next Moment, that he might come immediately into the Possession of forty Thousand Pounds, which he expects from them as the Reward of his Hypocrisy, and which, if he obtains, as most certainly he will, if he happen to outlive them, you will say that he is an excellent Player; and that he has perform'd his Part with the utmost Success. Thus might I go thro' all the Characters and Stations of Life, and scarce find one that does not more or less disguise his own Thoughts and Inclinations; and so may well come into the Number of those who are call'd by *Petronius* Players. They may object, for the lessening the Esteem of your Profession, that it is Mercenary, and that you assume a borrow'd Shape only to get Money; but then they do not consider that all their Disguise is not only for the same End, but mischievous; yours is directed to divert and please us, theirs to ruin us and give us Pain.

*Shakespear* has another Saying not much unlike this,

*Life's a poor Player,*
*That frets and struts his Hour on the Stage,*
*And then is heard no more.*

This Reflection of *Shakespear*'s is drawn from another Consideration than that I have mention'd out

out of *Petronius*; the former chiefly regards the diſſembling of Mankind; this the Shortneſs of his Duration, and the little Conſequence of the moſt noiſy and important of his Actions; all that Hurry and Buſtle, that the greateſt make uſe of in their purſuits of Wealth or Ambition, their Enmities and Revenge, and all their other Paſſions, vaniſh in an Hour, are heard no more, nor remember'd longer than the fretting and ſtrutting of an Actor on the Stage, which is forgot almoſt as ſoon as the Curtain falls. Theſe two Inſtances are ſufficient to ſhow the Value of the Profeſſion of a Player, that is ſuch an Emblem of Humanity, that conveys to us, at one View, the Manners of all the World: I might here mention the great Uſe and Benefit of *Acting* to Mankind, and how much it contributes to the promoting of Virtue; but that this Advantage is only accidental to it, and not eſſential, as ariſing from their acting good Tragedies, whoſe inſtructive Moral muſt teach us ſome Virtue, or warn us of ſome Vice or Folly; and this is properly and eſſentially due to the Poet, for the Player may, and often does, act Plays that are a mere fruitleſs Amuſement.

But whither am I wandred from the Point and proper Buſineſs of my Letter, which was to recommend the Tragedy I have ſent you? and hope, that tho' you are an excellent Player on the Stage, I ſhall not find you ſo off on it, but that truly honeſt Gentleman you were always taken to be, by, Sir,

*Your moſt humble Servant,*

CHRISTOPHER MEANWELL.

# LETTER III.

## *The Antiquated Whore.*

*Audivere Dimea vota Lyce.*

*To Mrs.* D------- *at her Houſe near* King-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

*For Shame, for Shame give o'er,*
*Thou over-ridden Whore.*

A Very odd Beginning, you'll ſay, Madam, of a Letter to a Lady. True, but to an old Harradan, no more than is her due: I think you are now in your fifty fifth Year; therefore 'tis time to leave off all thoſe ſoft Addreſſes to which you were, perhaps, us'd about ſome five and thirty Years ago: Can you not forget all the Flatteries of your Youth, when you have no Flatterer left but yourſelf? Do you never conſult your Looking-glaſs? or does that likewiſe flatter you, when Mankind have forſaken the ſilly Office? no, certainly that muſt ſhow you your wrinkled Brow, your hollow Eyes and Cheeks, your empty hanging Breaſts, that is, I mean, before you have put your Plumpers on, before you have dawb'd your Face o'er with a thick Plaiſter of Paint, and fill'd up the gaping Furrows of your Brow, and added the Vermillion, or *Spaniſh* Red, to your Cheeks, in hopes

hopes to betray ſome fooliſh Wanderer to your wither'd Arms. Alas, you labour in vain, poor Creature! the amorous rolling of your Eyes within your concave Brows dart no warming Fires; but, like a Candle in the Socket, give a ſtinking Blaze: Notwithſtanding all this, no body ſo frequent in the Park, at the Play, and all the Reſorts of the young and gay, as Mrs. *D*—— Prithee, leave off that gaudy frippery Dreſs, it betrays thee into abundance of Error; for while the very Journeymen and Apprentices ſtare at thee, at thy extravagant and fantaſtick Ornaments of Body, and, pointing, ſhow thee to one another, thou art ſo very abundantly vain as to pleaſe thy Folly with the monſtrous Imagination, that it is thy Charms which have called them to their Shop-doors, and made them look after thee. Prithee, fond Thing! is it not time for thee to begin to think, to grow ſerious and repent of the Sins of ſo many revolving Years ſpent in the Riot of an uninterrupted Luſt? Art thou not weary of a Lewdneſs, one Year of which would have tired the moſt Salacious of thy Sex beſides? *Meſſalina* was but a faint Type of thee, and own'd herſelf often tired with the Sport; but thou never ſatisfy'd nor tired, ſtill doſt purſue the flying Filthineſs with unwearied Endeavours. It is ſo long ſince firſt you ſet out in this ſcandalous Courſe, that you may with *Quartilla* the Bawd, in *Petronius Arbiter*, ſay, *Junonem meam iratam habeam, ſi unquam meminerem me virginem fuiſſe*; that is, *may* Juno *be my Foe, if I remember that I ever was a Virgin.* You have gain'd this Advantage by what you have done, that you may ſay of yourſelf what

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an old Poet ſaid of the Greatneſs of old *Rome*, *Orbis in Urbe*, the World is in the City. For I dare believe that you have graſp'd within the Circle of your hoſpitable Arms Men of all Countries, Religions, Sects and Factions; you made a general Comprehenſion, and refuſed none to come within your Pale, on Account of their Opinion, provided they brought but a ſubſtantial and vigorous Offering: All Degrees, from the Lord to the Footman, from the Parſon to the Sexton, from the Alderman to the Cobler, from the General to the private Centinel, have found you eaſy: So that indeed you may be allowed to have been very impartial in the Diſpenſation of your Favours, and, like the Sun, to have ſhin'd on all, without Regard to the Diſtinction of Perſons. But, prithee, now thy Sun of Youth is ſet, expect no more Adorers in a Night that affords nothing but unwholſome, and unſavory Damps, and frouſy Vapours that contaminate all that approach it. With what Conſcience, with what unmeaſurable Aſſurance canſt thou expect the moſt abandon'd to be wicked with thee, when thou ſerveſt in to the criminal Feaſt, not only a Death's Head, but a putrid Carcaſs that ſmells rankly of the Grave? *Moll. Hinton*, when ſhe had paſs'd but thro' half thy Lewdneſs, weary of the Fatigue, left this wicked Town, retir'd to a Monaſtery, and turn'd Nun. Let me adviſe thee, even for thy own ſake, to take the ſame Courſe. Who knows but that the brawny Fryars, or the fat jolly Monks, may, out of pure Zeal to the ſaving of thy Soul, furniſh thee with a new Scene of Pleaſure? for though thou art ſo ſtale here, that the very

ry Porters and Chair-men run on the other ſide the Way whene'er they ſee thee coming; thou wilt be to them a while, at leaſt, a new Face: So have I ſeen a Drab, that had paſs'd all the Stations and Conditions of Whoredom, get into the Play-houſe, and there paſs for a freſh Beauty. But I am tired with this odious Theme, for it is in vain to give thee good Advice; ſo that I wiſh thy Cuckold may retrench thy Allowance ſo low, that it may only afford thee Bread and Water, which perhaps may tame thy inſatiate Deſires, and bring thee to remember that thou art mortal; which are the hearty and ſincere Wiſhes of

TOM. TELTROTH.

# LETTER IV.

## *That every Man makes his own Fortune.* A PARADOX.

*Facit ſuam quiſque Fortunam.*

*To Mr.* Wailfull, *to be left at* Will's *Coffee-houſe in* Cornhill, London.

*Couſin* WILL,

YOUR Letters are always full of your Complaints of Fortune; I am ſorry it is not in my Power to redreſs the Injuries ſhe does you: I am afraid you caſt your own Defects, and the Evils that flow from your own imprudent Conduct upon her; for it is my Opinion, that few Men are unhappy, but by their own Fault: You are got into the Mart of the World, where good Fortune is daily purchas'd by the Induſtrious and Careful. How many have we known in our Time, who, having trudg'd it on Foot to that great City, have arriv'd at great Wealth? How many, from Footmen and Menial Servants, have come to be Men of great Poſts and Power? It is impoſſible to ſuppoſe this to be the Work of Chance, it muſt therefore be owing to their Induſtry and Care, to their Knowledge in improving ſuch Accidents and Opportunities, as offer themſelves, to their beſt Advantage.

Have you conſider'd maturely? Have you examin'd yourſelf with that Severity, which Prudence requires, and yet found no Flaw in your Conduct, that ſhould produce the Evils you complain of? Have you always been careful to take Caution for the Guide of your Dealings? Has your Induſtry ſtill laid hold of thoſe Occaſions, which, in their Front, promis'd you Advantage? For *poſt eſt Occaſio calva*, Opportunity has only a Forelock, but is all bald behind; and if it ſlip by you, as it is generally very ſwift, in vain you look after it, in vain you purſue it with fruitleſs Wiſhes; your Pace will always be too ſlow to overtake it. No, let it paſs, and be more careful of ſtopping the next that offers. But if you want Knowledge enough to diſtinguiſh what is a real Opportunity of Benefit and Advantage, all your Induſtry, all your Pains and Labour are utterly thrown away.

Beſides this, there are other Conditions which you muſt obſerve, if you would thrive in the World; you muſt not only ſtudy the Humour, Inclinations, Paſſions and Intereſt of all thoſe you have to do with, but you muſt learn the happy Art of turning all, and each of them to your own Uſe and Advantage. If this require more Pains and Application than you think they are worth; if you are ſo ſlothful that you cannot give your whole Thoughts, your Time and Endeavours to this Duty, and therefore miſs your Aim, blame not Fortune, blame your own Supinity, who rather neglect the Means of attaining your End, than quit a Lazineſs that can produce nothing but Miſery and Want. There is ſtill another thing neceſſary to your Conduct; you muſt wholly diveſt yourſelf of your Paſſions;

ſions; you muſt know nothing of Pride, Anger, or Revenge, till you have made your Fortune; you muſt take no Notice of the Inſolence, Neglect or Affronts of thoſe who are above you: Nay, you muſt not ſeem ſo much as to underſtand them, but paſs on with an unwearied Importunity, till you have vanquiſh'd all theſe petty Difficulties, and are arriv'd at Power or Wealth yourſelf; then you may uſe all thoſe below you in the ſame ſcurvy Manner in which you have been uſed: And yet a wiſe Man, tho' fix'd at the Top of Fortune's Wheel, will be very cautious of conſulting his Revenge, or any of the more violent Paſſions in the Conduct of his Actions, becauſe Power ſtands on ſo tickliſh a Point, that oftentimes the provoking of the meaneſt Enemy, may raiſe ſuch a Tempeſt, that in its Conſequence may overturn it. I have known a very great Man, whoſe Power was thought impregnable, and whom no Injuries nor Affronts could ever provoke to a viſible Anger; not that he forgot the Injury receiv'd, but ſmooth'd o'er his Paſſion ſo, as to give ſuch Security to the Perſon that had offer'd it, that diſarm'd him of his Guard againſt any future Revenge. But when Time and Accidents had concur'd to preſent him with the deſir'd Minute of his long-waited Revenge, he ſtruck home, and ſo entirely ruin'd his Opponent, that he never afterwards could hurt him.

The *Romans*, in their War with the *Samnites*, were, by the Imprudence of their General, drawn into a Nook, ſurrounded with Hills, and there hem'd in by the Enemy. The General of the *Samnites* ſending to the State to know what he ſhould do with them, having them en-

tirely in his Power; they conſulted a reverend old Senator, whoſe Name I have forgot, who adviſ'd them to cut them all to Pieces. But that ſeeming too ſevere, he next adviſ'd them to diſmiſs them all freely and honourably; for, ſaid he, if you continue the War, by my firſt Advice you had cut off ſo many Enemies; by the ſecond, you would make them all your Friends, and by that obtain an honourable Peace. But the *Samnites* took neither of the Advices; on the contrary, they diſarm'd the *Roman* Army, and made them paſs every Man in a diſgraceful Manner under the Forks, which were call'd *Furcæ Caudinæ*, from the Place. But what was the Event of this? Why, the *Romans*, mad with the Diſgrace, return'd with freſh Armour, and purſu'd the War with that Vigour, that they ſubdu'd the *Samnites*. This Advice that was rejected, affords a uſeful Leſſon to all Men in Power, who, if they ever ſtrike their Enemy, they muſt be ſure to ſtrike home; or make him their Friend by ſome generous Action.

If none of theſe Methods pleaſe you, there is but one Way that I know of, to ſecure your Happineſs, and that is, by ſetting yourſelf above Fortune, quitting all the Purſuits of her Favours, contemning her Benefits, and contenting yourſelf with what you are. And thus every Man may make his own Fortune what he pleaſes, good or bad. I wiſh my Advice may be as uſeful to you, as I intend it, which will be no ſmall Satisfaction to your

*Faithful Friend, and loving Kinſman,*

HUMPHREY WEIGHWELL.

# LETTER V.

## *Love is a Warfare.*

*Militat omnis Amans, & habet ſua Caſtra Cupido.*

*To* Samuel Lovemore *Eſq; at his Chambers in the* Inner Temple, London.

*Dear* SAM,

YOU ſend me Word, that you are mightily fallen in Love; the News is not ſo agreeable to me, as to give me much Satisfaction, ſince I conſider what Fatigues you muſt undergo in the Purſuit of a proud and ſcornful Woman; ſince, if I miſtake not, you are not cut out any more for a Soldier of *Cupid*, than of *Mars*; you are of too lazy a Temper, and love your Eaſe and Quiet too much to atchieve any great Matter in either. Have you conſider'd what it is to be a Lover? Do you know that Love is a perfect Warfare, if you will believe the great Maſter of Love, *Ovid*.

*Militat omnis Amans, & habet ſua caſtra Cupido.*

When once you have declar'd War; that is, as ſoon as you have told the Fair One, that you are in Love with her, ſhe puts herſelf in a Poſture of Defence, and intrenches herſelf round about with Pride, Coyneſs, Ill-nature, Ill-humour and ſcurvy Uſage; and you muſt by your Art or

Prowefs level all theſe Intrenchments before ever you can pretend to take Poſſeſſion of the Place. To accompliſh which, you muſt uſe great Diligence, great Boldneſs, and many Stratagems; for Cunning is as neceſſary in the Warfare of Love, as the modern Princes have found it to be in their Conqueſts of Towns and Nations. And the late grand Monarch ow'd the ſpreading of his Arms more to this than Valour. The chief Part of this Cunning depends upon your Freeneſs, your Eaſineſs in parting with your Money; for Gold has had a ſtrange Influence on that Sex, ever ſince the time of *Danae*. That young Lady's Father knowing how hard a Matter it was to keep his Daughter's Maidenhead, believing that it was not ſecured enough by her Virtue, clap'd her up in a brazen Tower under Bolts, and Bars, and Guards, both Male and Female, of old Fellows and antiquated Maids, who being paſt Pleaſure themſelves, are generally watchful and vigilant enough to hinder the Pleaſure of other People. But all this was a meer fruitleſs Precaution, for *Jove*, who had ſeen and lik'd the Girl, knew very well how to come at her; for being ſo profuſe of his Gold, that he was fabled to come down in a Golden Shower, he made all the Brazen Bars and Bolts fly open, and blinded the Eyes of her Guards ſo far, that he eaſily paſs'd to the Lady, and got upon her a future Hero. Thus you muſt not ſpare your Purſe, you muſt be ſure to bribe *Abigail*; for the Chamber-maid is often let into her Miſtreſs's Secrets, which ſhe never fails to betray, provided ſhe be but well paid; for the treacherous *Abigail* will let you know your Miſtreſs's weakeſt ſide, by which you may ſurprize her; ſhe will

will tell you the lucky Minute when all the Paſſes are left unguarded, that at other times prove impregnable. I will confirm this Poſition by one Example out of a thouſand, on the Truth of which you may depend.

*Beleaguar* was a Gentleman of *Devonſhire*, of a handſome Eſtate, and fine Accompliſhments both of Mind and Perſon; Fortune had furniſh'd him with all the Means of Happineſs, had he not fallen in Love with *Clarinda*, for whom his Paſſion was ſo exceſſive, that all her ill Uſage, her Coyneſs, and even ill Manners could not abate it. But finding that he could make no progreſs in her Heart, he apply'd himſelf to *Abigail*, whom he ſoon won with his Generoſity to come entirely into his Intereſt; ſhe, like a true Chamber-maid, inform'd him that he had a very dangerous Rival, not in any Man, but in the Bottle, for that her Miſtreſs every Night got drunk by herſelf before ſhe went to Bed, ſo that if Poſſeſſion of her Perſon was what he aim'd at, he need not doubt his Satisfaction the following Night. Accordingly when her Miſtreſs had taken her ſleeping Doſe, he was let into her Chamber by the Maid, went to Bed, and found no Oppoſition. This he repeated ſometimes, taking care always of a generous Fee for truſty *Abigail*.

There is certainly a ſort of Witchery in Love, which holds the Hearts thoroughly poſſeſs'd by it in ſuch ſtrong Bands, that the Follies and Vices of the belov'd are unable to break them. Thus it was with *Beleaguar*; *Clarinda*'s Drunkenneſs, his Poſſeſſion of her, her continu'd viſible Cruelty to him, all had not the leaſt influence againſt his Affection. *Abigail*

at last informs him that her Mistress was with Child, and that she had examin'd her with all the Strictness imaginable, whether she had not betray'd her in her unguarded Hours; but that she had brought her by Protestations and Oaths to a perfect Belief of her Innocence, and to think some other had found out the Secret of her Nightly Debauch, and made use of that Discovery to gratify their Inclinations. *Beleaguar* thought this a lucky Opportunity to bring her to marry him, and to make her the more readily comply, he forbore his Visits as if he had given over his Suit; but now *Clarinda*'s Belly beginning to swell to such a Largeness that she could not well conceal it much longer, she began to wish that she had us'd him with more Mildness, and so by Marriage have secur'd herself against that Shame and Infamy that threaten'd her. *Abigail* having full Information of her Mistress's good Disposition towards him, he renew'd his Visit; in short, they agreed and were privately married, and in due time *Clarinda* was brought to Bed of a lovely Boy, who thriv'd and grew up in the Favour of his Father, but Hatred of his Mother. She would every now and then be wishing she knew whose Bastard it was; he always told her, my Dear, trouble not thyself, 'tis mine: Yours, said she, I mean, I wish I knew who begot it. To put an end to her Vexation in that Particular, after some Years Marriage he fairly told her the whole Truth. It was in the Morning before they arose when he made this Discovery; she said nothing to him, but as soon as he was rid out a hunting, she dress herself and went away to her Father's, with whom her Husband had been at Enmity for some

ſome time. *Clarinda* made out her Story ſo effectually, that, blinded by Revenge, they had the Husband taken up for a Rape and brought to his Tryal, in which, tho' he came off with Life, he loſt his Satisfaction in a perpetual Separation from his Spouſe, on which he left the Country, and ſpent the reſt of his Days in *London*, in a profeſt Enmity of all Woman-kind, for the ſake of *Clarinda*.

This is enough to ſhew you how neceſſary it is for a Lover to be in with the Chamber-maid. But beſides this, you are not to omit all Stratagems that you can think of; you muſt follow her all Day, and every Day; nay, that won't be enough, you muſt not ſo much as let her ſleep a Nights, you muſt quit your Downy Bed, and with *Fiddles* and *Voices* charm her from hers; till by haunting her every Way, meeting her at all Places where ſhe goes, you convince her that ſhe is your whole Buſineſs, and takes up all your Thoughts and Time. My mentioning the Serenading Part, brings into my Head no unpleaſant Adventure that happen'd on that Account in my Time.

The young Lord *Femmechace* had purſu'd *Cloe*, a young Coquet and Beauty, and then the Reigning Toaſt of the Town, for ſome time to little purpoſe. He frequently Serenaded her, and was ſo troubleſome to her, that ſhe left her Lodgings of a ſudden; into which no ſooner was a Jealous old Fellow come with his Wife, but my Lord, not knowing that *Cloe* was gone, comes with his Fiddlers to give her a Serenade about two a-Clock in the Morning. The very Tuning of the Fiddles alarm'd the Jealouſy of the old Husband, and made him quarrel

with his Wife, for being ſo abandon'd a Jade to give her Gallants ſuch early Notice; to avoid which he had mov'd in ſuch a hurry, that no Body could have diſcover'd where ſhe was, without her being privy to the Information. All ſhe could ſay, and all her Proteſtations were to no manner of Purpoſe; for now the Violins began to ſpeak aloud, and the Voices were ſounding of the Praiſe of the charming *Cloe*, which put the old Man beyond all Patience; he gets out of Bed, takes up the Jourdan, runs to the Window, opens the Shutters, throws up the Saſh, and ſends out his Urine upon my Lord and the Fiddlers. The ſinging Maſter ſtood directly in his Way; who, as he was warbling out his Notes with open Mouth, receiv'd ſomething in it more unſavory than what he ſent out. You may imagine the Company were a litttle ſurpriz'd at ſuch a Reception, and mov'd my Lord that they might have leave to break the Windows; whilſt they were debating what to do, the Rain being over, the Thunder follow'd, for from the ſame Window a Piſtol was diſcharg'd, which ſo frighted the *Crowdero's*, that they immediately run away without regard to their *Cremona's*, which in their Flight receiv'd many a Contuſion againſt the Poſts in the Dark. But a worſe Misfortune befell 'em, the Watch happen'd to be going their Rounds that Minute, and hearing the Noiſe of the Piſtol, and finding them ſcamper at that Rate, ſeiz'd all they could lay Hands on to carry them before Mr. Conſtable, in order to have them committed to the Round-houſe, till the Worſhipful Mr. Juſtice ſhould be up to hear their Cauſe, and ſo to acquit or ſend them to a ſafer Durance. In

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the mean time my Lord, who run not with the Scoundrels, met with a Friend of his coming from the Tavern, who ſoon undeceiv'd his Lordſhip in his ſuppos'd Injury receiv'd from *Cloe*, and let him know, that, inſtead of her, he had addreſs'd his Song and Muſick to the moſt Jealous old Coxcomb in *England*. My Lord perſwades his Friend to go with him to the Conſtable's Stand, where he found his harmonious Myrmidons endeavouring to pacify the Rage of the Midnight Magiſtrate; by telling him that they were a Company of Fiddlers hir'd by my Lord *Femmechace* to Serenade a young Lady near that Place, but that they had been receiv'd, firſt, with a Piſpot, and then with a Piſtol, the ſudden Fear of which had put them into that Confuſion in which they were taken. Phoo, Mr. Conſtable, ſaid one of the Watch, they are a Company of Rogues and in confederacy with Houſebreakers, to whom they are as neceſſary, as a Ballad-ſinger to a Pick-pocket; why it was but t'other Day, Mr. Conſtable, when a Band of theſe Raggamuffins were a Serenading as they call it, and whilſt they had drawn all the Family to the fore Windows with their Fiddles, the Houſebreakers got in, and gutted the backſide of the Houſe moſt neatly; therefore, I ſay, Mr. Conſtable, ſend them all to the Round-houſe. My Lord perceiving by the wiſe Nods of the Conſtable, that his Company were in ſome danger of Captivity, approach'd the Conſtable and made himſelf and his Friend known unto him, by which, and giving the Watch a Crown to drink, they were all convey'd to the next Tavern.

So

So that, my Friend, you must have a care never to be ignorant of your Mistress's Lodgings. I expect now every Letter to be fill'd with your Complaints of hard Usage, of Cruelty, Pride, and the Lord knows what; but those will only make me laugh, they being the usual Companions of Lovers. I wish you either in your Mistress's Arms, or free from her Inchantments; I think the latter is the kinder Wish, and therefore 'tis repeated, by Dear *Sam*,

*Thy faithful Friend*

*and Servant,*

ANTHONY EASELOVE.

# LETTER VI.

## *On Poverty.*

*Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in ſe,*
*Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

*To* Richard Vainthought *Eſq; at his Houſe near* Feverſham *in* Kent.

*My good Friend,*

I juſt receiv'd yours of the 13th, having not been two Days in Town. Letters from you are always welcome; but I am ſorry you know me ſo ill, as to think you need an Apology for the Company you brought me into the Night before I left you; I mean *Jack Truewit.* You ſay he is a poor unfortunate Fellow, that you ſometimes divert yourſelf with, for want of other Company, but did not know of his coming when you had mine, and a great deal more to this purpoſe. But, dear *Dick*, I think you have more cauſe to make an Excuſe to me that you did not let me have his Converſation a little ſooner. You ſay he is very poor; I am ſorry for it, I am ſure he does not deſerve to be ſo, and I wiſh he had all the Superfluities of the Fools in your Parts to make him otherwiſe, and then you and they would think him a fine Fellow. But is he not the ſame Man now? is his Wit really the leſs becauſe his Pockets are empty? if not, why is he not as agree-

agreeable Company as if he had all that he wants? But I never form my Opinion of Men by their Appearance, but their Senſe, and nauſeate a Fool in fine Cloaths, and would ſhun his Company with the utmoſt Caution, at the ſame time that I would court that of a Man of Wit and Learning in Rags.

I was t'other Day taking a Walk in the Mall, and meeting with a Friend of mine of a great deal of Merit, I took a Turn with him; he happen'd to be but in a very mean Dreſs, and who ſhould we meet but the young Lord *Worthleſs?* upon whoſe coming up to me, my Friend took his leave and went away. Dear *Harry*, ſays my Lord, you are a very pretty Fellow, and dreſs's as well as any Man, and are as well receiv'd amongſt the Ladies; but thou haſt a ſtrange unaccountable Whim of picking up odd and ſcandalous Companions, that a fine Gentleman ſhould be aſham'd to be ſeen with. My Lord, ſaid I, I'm perfectly to ſeek in your Lordſhip's Meaning, for I believe there is no Man more cautious of avoiding ſcandalous Company than myſelf. Ha, ha, ha, ſaid my Lord, refuſe me if thou art not a moſt incomprehenſible Perſon; why what a ſtrange Creature you parted with juſt now? He is indeed, reply'd I, my Lord, a very ſtrange Perſon, if the Uncommonneſs of a Thing makes it ſtrange; for he is a Man of extraordinary Senſe, fine Literature, and honeſt, Qualities not very eaſily met with in the ſame Perſon in this Age. Extraordinary Senſe, fine Literature, and Ho eſty, ſaid my Lord! hum—— it may be ſo, but refuſe me if he does not make a moſt ridiculous Figure; what the Devil makes him wear ſuch ſcurvy Cloaths? My Lord, becauſe he has no better,

better, said I; but I don't converse with a Man's Cloaths, but himself; if your Lordship don't like his Cloaths, it would be very worthy of your Generosity to give him better; his Merit will highly justify your Bounty; and since your Lordship has put me in Mind on't, I must press you to do something handsomely for him. Hum ----- said my Lord, do for him! hum, hum, honest *Harry*, refuse me if I can at this Time; for what with subscribing to Opera's, taking Tickets of the Actresses for their Benefits, and other necessary Expences of this Kind, I have no loose Money to bestow in Charity; why there's Mrs. *Pert* came to me but Yesterday, and got forty Guineas of me for her Benefit-day. Well, *Harry*, she's a charming Creature; what a Bosom is there, fit for a God to lie upon! My Lord, I allow, said I, she's a good pretty sort of a Woman enough, and has Charms enough for a Lady of her Station; but what are a Thousand such as she, in comparison of one Man of Merit? Nay, thou say'st right, interrupted my Lord; but here comes the *Count* with the ugly Face, and I must speak with him, to know *when the next Assembly will be.* With that he started from me, and went directly to him; a Man who by his Impudence, and our Folly, has got Money enough to buy a Principality in his own Country. He immediately join'd him, *Will. Biter* and his Cousin *Jack*, two Fellows more scandalous than the former; but being well dress't, my Lord thought them fit Company to appear in. *Jack* is a Fellow born to a good Estate, but having thrown it foolishly away, now lives upon Women, and in such a

Port

Port and Equipage as gives him Admiſſion to Perſons of the firſt Quality. As for *Will*, he ſupported himſelf by downright Gaming; yet theſe Scoundrels ſeem'd not ſcandalous Company to his Lordſhip, tho' my Friend did. It put me in Mind of what *Juvenal* ſays,

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,*
*Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Unhappy Poverty has nothing more ſevere and cruel than its rend'ring Men ridiculous; for moſt Men think but ſuperficially of Things, and are therefore ſtricken with the firſt Appearance of a Man, either in his Favour, or in his Prejudice, and a poor Appearance is ſure with moſt Men to do the latter. The Rich hear all that ſuch a one ſays with Contempt, if not with Laughter, for they can't conceive that what a poor Man ſays ſhou'd be of any Conſequence, tho' ſpoke by the Tongue of the fineſt Orator. *Rochefoucault* ſays, *That the way to do a Man's Buſineſs in the World, is to perſwade the World that it is done already.* By a Parity of Reaſon 'tis a ſure way never to do one's Buſineſs, to let the World ſee that we do really want its Aſſiſtance; which is confirm'd by a Vulgar Proverb of ours, *To be Poor and ſeem Poor, is to be Poor indeed*; therefore let our Neceſſities be what they will, we ought in Prudence to cover 'em and hide 'em from Mens Eyes. Thoſe that have let them grow ſo far upon them, as not to be able to do this even in their Dreſs, are indeed in a moſt deplorable Condition, and almoſt without hopes of better Days, without ſome ſtrange unforeſeen Accident ſhould ſurprize them

them with a more agreeable Scene of Life, than they could otherwiſe expect; for when a Man is in this Condition, let his Merit be never ſo great, he will be unable to charm from the Rich any Favour of Conſequence ſufficient to remove his Misfortunes; for I know not how it comes to paſs, the more a Man wants the leſs he is ſure to receive, which muſt always keep him under; while the leſs a Man wants, the larger is the unequal Bounty of others to him; but as theſe Faults in the Rich are very viſible, and too well known to want any farther Proof, ſo have ſome of the unfortunate their Faults too, which contributes to their Continuance in Want.

*Butler* the Author of *Hudibras*, tho' he was a Man of extraordinary Wit and Fancy, tho' his Merits deſerv'd a much better Fate, is ſaid to have ſtarv'd, which Extremity of Poverty was owing to his own Pride and Folly; his Neceſſities were too well known to all his Acquaintance, to leave him a Poſſibility of concealing them from them; and yet his Pride was ſo intolerable, that it was the moſt difficult Thing in the World to compel him to accept of any Aſſiſtance, tho' offer'd in the moſt friendly and genteel Manner in the World. There was a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, and of a conſiderable Fortune, who over a Bottle one Night had made a cleanly Conveyance of a Purſe of a hundred Guineas into his Pocket, which he did not at all perceive; the next Morning *Butler* finding it there was extreamly uneaſy, and conſider'd what Company he was in the Day before, and found that it could be no Body but the very Gentleman that did it; he dreſt himſelf

ſelf and went to his Chambers, and carried with him the Money, charg'd him with the Affront, and went away in a pet, leaving the Purſe behind him.

How could a Perſon in his Circumſtances and of his Temper eſcape the hard Fate of Starving, ſince he refus'd all the Means that Fortune offer'd him to avoid it? Tho' few Men in Misfortunes have this unmeaſurable Pride, yet many have ſo much, that it is very prejudicial to their Relief; and this is another Ridiculouſneſs of Poverty, quite out of the View of the Poet in the former Quotation. It is certain, that Poverty is a great Obſtacle in our Purſuits of Fortune,

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obſtat*
*Res anguſta Domi.*

Men ſeldom arrive at Proſperity, whoſe Virtues and Merits have not room to exert themſelves within the Bounds of their narrow Fortune, and many a noble and uſeful Deſign has miſcarried by want of Ability in the Propoſer. Poverty is indeed an Evil too great to need any Aggravation to heighten it, I wiſh you nor yours may never find it. But let not your preſent Proſperity make you overlook Merit in Rags; be not ſo terrified with this diſtant Evil, as to make you avoid the Perſons oppreſt with it, provided they are Men of real Deſert in themſelves. My Service to *Truewit*, and convey a Guinea to him, not as from me, but from yourſelf; I wiſh it were in my Power to anſwer his Merits in a more ſenſible Manner. But you know that my For-

Fortune can but just suffice to support me as a Gentleman. I am

*Your loving Friend,*

HARRY HEARTY.

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

It was an ill-natur'd Reflection of the witty Lord *Rochester* (as he was call'd) in one of his Letters, *That a poor Fellow made but a poor Friend.* Nor is it in reality true, for there may be a great many ways of proving a Man to be a very good Friend, tho' he be not able to lend his Friend Money. Friendship indeed does require a sort of Equality in the Persons engag'd in it; but this is not always confin'd to their Equality in Wealth, provided the Ballance be kept even by any other Means. *Aristides*, call'd the Just, of *Athens*, was a Man of a very low and penurious Fortune, so far, that it was thought he wanted even Necessaries; he had exprest a great Friendship for *Callias*, who, by the Favours done him by *Aristides* during his Execution of several Posts of State, had heapt together considerable Riches. The *Athenians* finding *Aristides* so poor, publickly accus'd *Callias* as false to his Friendship, in letting such a Friend want whilst he abounded; and he had certainly been con-

demn'd, had not *Ariſtides* come into the Court and aſſur'd the Judges that *Callias* was not in fault, for that he had frequently preſt him to accept a ſhare in his Fortune, which he always refus'd to do, that the *Athenians* might not think the Favours he had done his Friend were for his own ſake. This Inſtance ſhows us, that in *Athens* Poverty was no Hindrance to Virtue, ſince that Great Man paſt thro' all the moſt conſiderable Poſts of State in the midſt of it. But whatever it was in *Athens*, in our Time it has a quite contrary Effect; for now Men are choſen into Poſts by their Wealth, not Virtue or Knowledge.

# LETTER VII.

## *The falſe Zealot.*

*Tantæne Animis cœleſtibus Iræ!*

### *To Mrs.* Teazeall *near the* Abbey *in* Weſtminſter.

*Madam,*

THO' I did not think of troubling myſelf with ever Writing to you; yet upon the Arrival of your Nephew, and on his Account, and the barbarous Uſage he met with from you, I ſhall attempt for once to waſh the *Ethiop* white; for I am ſenſible it is but to little purpoſe to talk Reaſon to a Woman that is wholly a Slave to her Paſſions, eſpecially the Paſſions of Anger and Revenge. But when I conſider the great Pretenſions you make to Religion, your mighty noiſy Zeal for the Church, I would conclude that you were a Chriſtian, and that therefore I might have ſome Hopes to bring my Arguments to bear. Your Quarrel with your Nephew, if I am rightly inform'd of the Matter, is thus: He in his Cups one Night was pleas'd to ſay that you were not handſome, or to that purpoſe, and that he wonder'd by what Witchery you held his Uncle's Heart with ſo deſpotick a Power; and this, ſomething magnified by the

malicious Repreſentation of a Chamber-maid, has made you his irreconcileable Enemy. You cannot deny but that upon the Accuſation he heartily diſavow'd his Knowledge of any ſuch thing, but that if his Drink had really betray'd him into ſuch Words, they were entirely different from his ſober Thoughts, and ask'd your Pardon with the utmoſt Submiſſion. This would have been enough to have pacified one of the Wicked, however it has fail'd with a Lady ſo religious as yourſelf. But miſtake not, Madam, it is not your going to the Abbey twice a-day to Prayers, it is not your clamorous Invectives againſt all thoſe that deviate in the leaſt from your Opinion, that make a Perſon truly religious, at leaſt that make a Perſon a true Chriſtian; the Doctrines of Chriſtianity are of much another Tenor, they are all Love, Forgiveneſs, long Suffering, Patience; there is no room for Anger and Revenge, thoſe you renounce in your baptiſmal Vow. I'm afraid, Madam, you are a downright Atheiſt; for how is it poſſible you ſhould believe in God and Jeſus Chriſt, and dare to ſay, *forgive us our Treſpaſſes as we forgive them that Treſpaſs againſt us*, as often over as it is daily repeated in the Offices of the Church, and at the ſame time make your Husband turn out of Doors the neareſt Relation he has in the World, without any Means of Support, either to Starve or take Ill-Courſes, meerly out of Revenge for ſuch a Peccadillo, as the not admiring your Beauty, and to refuſe all Manner of Acknowledgment and Submiſſion that he can poſſibly make you? But I am preaching to the Winds, not expecting to move you in the leaſt; for ſince you fear God ſo little

little as to dare his Vengeance, and are no more touch'd with the Precepts of the Goſpel, I can expect no happy Event of my Endeavours. I intend therefore very ſpeedily to come to Town; and if I prevail not with your Husband in your Nephew's behalf, I will at leaſt have the Satisfaction in pulling off your Vizor, and ſhow to all your Acquaintance how little you deſerve what you ſo much endeavour to obtain; I mean the Name of a godly and religious Woman. So I bid you adieu.

JOSHUA WELDON.

# LETTER VIII.

## *On the Love of our Country.*

*Vincit Amor Patriæ ——*
*Neſcio, qua Natale Solum Dulcedine cunctos*
*Mulcet, & Immemores non ſinit eſſe ſui.*

*To* John Modernal *Eſq; to be left at* Man's *Coffee-Houſe,* Charing-Croſs.

SIR,

I AM very glad to hear by yours of the 15th, that you are got into a very noble Poſt in the Government, and I don't queſtion but that you will behave yourſelf ſo well in it, that you'll convince all Men you perfectly well deſerv'd it. You have impos'd a Task upon me, which I cannot ſo well diſcharge, as the Importance of it, in my Opinion, requires; becauſe I am here in the Country entirely without Books, and nothing but a very bad Memory to ſupply me with thoſe Inſtances, which ſeem neceſſary on this Occaſion; however, I ſhall endeavour to do the beſt I can.

You ſay you have heard a mighty Talk of your Country, and of the Duty and Love which every Man owes it, eſpecially thoſe who are in any Poſt of Truſt or Power. I am pleas'd with this Enquiry of yours, becauſe it ſeems to have

ſome

ſome Concern agreeable to the Sentiments of a *Patriot*. Yes, Sir, it is moſt certain, that there is a Duty and Love due to your Country, that is, to the political Society of which you are a Member. 'Tis true, in theſe modern Times, this is what is very little known, and much leſs thought on; every one now views the Publick as a Property, a Dupe of which he is to make the moſt he can, without regard to the Intereſt, or, even, Safety of the Publick; not but that we frequently hear a mighty Noiſe about the publick Good, and have loud Clamours againſt the Male-adminiſtration of the Men in Power. But this is generally made by thoſe who are out of Place, only to get in, that they may do worſe than even thoſe who went before them; and prove that the publick Intereſt is the leaſt thing in queſtion; and that all the Struggle is who ſhall bubble the Nation. And this, in reality, is the ground of all our political Quarrels: This is the true Riſe of thoſe raging Parties of Whig and Tory, which has brought ſo long a Diſtraction upon us; and I may ſay, that all the Alterations that have been made in the Perſons who have poſſeſs'd our Offices of Truſt and Power, has only been to ſhift Hands, and not to get rid of the Evil: All this Noiſe and Buſtle, I ſay, is not to deliver us from being rid at all, but who ſhall ride us, whether Aſſes or Foxes; the Aſſes ſeem the heavier Burthen; and they ſay that a Horſe tires ſooner under an ill Rider than under a good one.

There was another Spirit among the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, they had another Notion of the Love of their Country; it was a Point of their Religion to ſerve it without private Pro-

ſpects: Thus *Tully* ſays, *Omnibus qui Patriam conſervaverint, juverint, auxerint, certus eſt in cœlo & definitus locus, ubi ſempiterno gaudio perfruuntur beati;* that is, *There is in Heaven a certain and fix'd Place, where all thoſe who have either preſerv'd, help'd or enlarg'd their Country, enjoy eternal Happineſs.* Thus they made eternal Happineſs the Reward of being a good *Patriot*; and, indeed, upon very good Grounds, upon ſovereign Reaſon; for ſince humane Society is the evident Inſtitution of Heaven itſelf, it ſeems a natural Conſequence, that thoſe who contribute moſt to the Good and Benefit of that, have the beſt Claim to the Favour of Heaven; and as humane Society in general is divided into ſeveral particular Societies, and that each particular has its proper Intereſt to purſue, diſtinct from that of the general, and incompatible with ſeveral of thoſe which make up that General; it neceſſarily follows, that the Duty of Particulars to Society is bounded by the Good of that Society, of which each is a Member, and without which particular Societies could not ſubſiſt.

I remember that there is, in the Fragments of the divine *Euripides*, a Saying to this purpoſe, *That he who praiſes the Manners of another Country, has in that betray'd his own:* And this Saying is grounded on the very Nature of Things; for we cannot praiſe the Manners of another Country, without thinking them better than thoſe of our own; and when we once give that Preference, we are eaſily drawn in to eſpouſe the Intereſt of that Country againſt our own, as of leſs Value and Eſteem in our own Opinions.

But

But to produce this Love of our Country, it is neceſſary that the Conſtitution of this Country, by being valuable, ſhould deſerve this Love; that is, it ſhould be calculated ſo evidently for the Good and Happineſs of thoſe who conſtitute this Society, that not to defend it, would be to act againſt that Happineſs which all Mankind deſire. Humane Nature covets Liberty, and where that is eſtabliſh'd, it will be defended by every Member, as long as they think juſtly. But Liberty, you'll ſay, is a Word of a dubious Signification: What therefore I mean by Liberty, is that the Society be govern'd by Laws, made by the Conſent of every Particular, either in himſelf or in his Repreſentative, and not by the arbitrary Will of any one Man, which never can have, or, at leaſt, never had a due and juſt Regard to the Good and Happineſs of the People.

It always has been in States conſtituted in this Manner, where this Love I ſpeak of has been eminent, and ſo ſacred, that very few have ever dared to go againſt it, tho' under never ſo uneaſy Circumſtances and Sufferings from it. Thus when *Themiſtocles* was baniſh'd *Athens* by *Oſtraciſm*, for no other Crime than his Popularity, he fled into *Perſia*, and was receiv'd very favourably by the Great King, and the Revenue of three Cities allotted him for his Maintenance; and ſo an Opportunity was offer'd him of revenging his Diſgrace upon his Country. For the Great King having a Mind once more to try the Power of *Perſia* againſt the petty State of *Athens*, which had hitherto ſtill worſted his Armies; he declar'd *Themiſtocles* his General, under whoſe Conduct he did not doubt of better Succeſs;

Succeſs; but that brave Hero, unable to refuſe the Command, rather choſe to poiſon himſelf, than lead an Enemy againſt his Country.

This Love of our Country and Liberty was ſo ſettled and ſacred a Principle amongſt the *Grecians*, that they eſtabliſh'd publick Rewards for any Man that ſhould kill a Tyrant: Thus we find in *Lucian* a Conteſt betwixt two who pretended to this Reward.

Among a thouſand Inſtances of eminent *Grecians*, whom Hiſtory has recorded as wonderful Patriots, I think there is ſcarce one more remarkable and touching than that of *Timoleon*. His Brother had uſurp'd the Sovereignty of *Corinth*; *Timoleon* had a true Brotherly Love for him; yet he not only endeavour'd to hinder him from this Uſurpation, but often perſuaded him to reſtore the Liberty of his Country, to no purpoſe: However, he gave this ſignal Proof of his natural Kindneſs for his Brother, that he brought him off when overpower'd by his Enemies in Battle, even with the Hazard of his own Life. But yet, as dear as his Brother was to him, the Liberty of his Country was much dearer; and therefore he headed a Conſpiracy to redeem its Freedom with the Loſs of his Brother's Life, he being in the Room while the reſt diſpatch'd him, and which was not forgiven him by his own Mother, and the reſt of the Females of his Family, as long as he liv'd. He paſs'd twenty Years after this before he was taken notice of by the State; but then Agents coming from *Syracuſa*, to ſolicit the *Corinthians* to ſend Forces into *Sicily*, to deliver them from the Tyranny of *Dionyſius*, they rais'd three Thouſand Men, and ſent

*Timoleon*

*Timoleon* to command them. He arrives in *Sicily* and ſets the *Syracuſians* free; and, to prevent any future Uſurpation, utterly deſtroys the Citadel which commanded the City, and was always the Seat of the Tyrant, and kept the City in awe. But the Benefits that *Syracuſa* had receiv'd from him, and the general Love of the People for thoſe Benefits, were not ſufficient to ſecure him from the malicious and envious Aſſaults of two turbulent Fellows of that City, who abuſing the Liberty he had given them, brought a publick Accuſation againſt him. The People of *Syracuſa* were ſo enrag'd at their Impudence, that they would have deſtroy'd them, had not *Timoleon* himſelf interpos'd. *No, Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *let them proceed in this legal Manner; for this have I fought, that no Man ſhould be too great to be accus'd. I will anſwer their Accuſation; and if I clear not myſelf to the People of this City of the Crimes they lay to my Charge, let me undergo the Penalty of the Law.* In ſhort, he was heard, and came off with Applauſe. This ſhows the Benefit of Liberty, where all Men are liable to the Law, and no one exempted from Juſtice.

There is another Inſtance among the *Romans*, where the Power of natural Affection was too weak to combat with the Love of the Country; and that was in *Lucius Junius Brutus*, who, to fix the Liberty of *Rome*, put to death two of his own Sons, and ſeveral of his near Relations. I ſhall not mention *Virginius*'s ſtabbing of his Daughter, by which he put an End to the Tyranny of the *Decemviri*; ſince that Action may ſeem to proceed from another Cauſe, than the immediate Service of his Country, which was to ſave his Daughter from being vitiated by

by *Appius*, one of the Ten, who out of Luſt had brought falſe Evidence to ſwear that *Virginia* was his Slave, and not the Daughter of *Virginius*. This, indeed, was the Cauſe that the *Romans* threw off the Tyrannous Government of the *Decemviri*, and reſtor'd the *Conſuls*. What ſhall I ſay of *Fabricius*, who refuſed the Gold of *Pyrrhus*, becauſe he would not touch a Preſent from an Enemy, tho' nothing was requir'd on his Part but to accept it?

*Curtius* ſacrificed himſelf for the Good of *Rome*, where a great Chaſm happening to open in the Earth, whence iſſued unwholſome Vapours, he jump'd into it alive to make it cloſe again, as the Oracle had promis'd. It would be endleſs to run over all the Inſtances of this kind, that the *Roman* Hiſtory affords us before the Corruption of *Rome*, by the Conqueſts and Effeminacy of *Aſia*. I ſhall content myſelf only with that of *Regulus*, whoſe Heroick Conſtancy is prais'd by *Horace*, in one of his Odes. The Fact was thus: *Regulus*, in the *Carthaginian* War, was taken Priſoner, and carry'd to *Carthage*; that State grew uneaſy by the War with the *Romans*, and therefore ſent *Regulus* to *Rome* on his Parole, to return again to *Carthage*, provided he could not prevail with the *Roman* People to make Peace: When he came to *Rome*, he was ſo far from perſuading them to Peace, that he exhorted them to continue the War, ſince the State of their Enemies Affairs was ſo deſperate, that they had no way of ſecuring it, and putting a Stop to the Progreſs of the *Roman* Arms, but by a Peace. Having effected his Deſire he return'd to *Carthage*, contrary to the earneſt Importunities of his Friends, and was there put

to

to a very torturing Death, being inclos'd in a Barrel driven full of Nails, or Iron Spikes, and ſo roll'd down a Hill, which Cruelty the *Romans* afterwards ſufficiently reveng'd, by the Deſtruction of their City.

Theſe are enough to give you a Taſte of that Love of their Country which the Antients had, and which is ſo different from our general Notion of Things at this time a day, that it ſounds like Romance. To attempt any thing for the Service of your Country, tho' in the Diſcovery of the moſt flagrant Corruptions of any Offices, is call'd a *Don Quixotiſm*, and laugh'd at as ridiculous; and it is certain, no one ever yet endeavour'd to diſcover the Abuſes of the *Victualling Office*, *Navy Office*, *Cuſtom Houſe*, and the reſt, but met with Ruin for his Reward. However, let me recommend to you this old antiquated Virtue, the Love of your Country; let not your Hand be imbrued in its Blood; nor do you joyn to haſten that Ruin which ſeems to come with too great a Speed without you.

Thus I have given you an extempore Anſwer to the Queſtion you propos'd; if I have hit your Meaning, I am ſatisfy'd; if not, upon better Inſtructions, I ſhall endeavour to amend my Defects, who am,

*Dear Sir,*

*Your faithful*

*humble Servant,*

WILL ANTIQUE.

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

I have a Word or two to add by way of Poſtſcript. It is a melancholy Conſideration, to reflect at how low an Ebb a Publick Spirit is at this Time, when every one is wholly employ'd in the purſuit of ſome private End, moſt commonly very oppoſite to the Publick Good. But yet I believe we have no more Cauſe to be Melancholy than the reſt of our Neighbours, and all Times ſince the Loſs of the *Roman* Liberty. It muſt be confeſs'd, for indeed it cannot be deny'd, that all thoſe noble Examples hinted at in my Letter, were only to be found in Commonwealths, they ſpringing naturally from that ſort of Government; and the Reaſon ſeems pretty plain, allowing that the beſt Actions ſpring from Self-Intereſt or Self-Love, rightly underſtood. The Members of a Commonwealth have no way to drive on their own particular Intereſt, no Way to arrive at Power, but by their Court to the People; nor have they any way of making that Court, but by great and popular Actions, from whence the Good of the Publick muſt neceſſarily follow: But in all Monarchies, the Diſpenſation of Power and Wealth is in the Prince; and therefore thoſe who aim at either, have nothing more to conſider, than how to gain his Favour; and that is moſt generally obtain'd, not by Virtue and Actions beneficial to the Publick, but by a fine Addreſs in Flattering his Vices, and being ſome way or other uſeful to them. This has produc'd a Maxim in Religion, quite contrary to that quoted

quoted from *Cicero*, which is to make the Will of a Prince a Sovereign Principle in Religion itſelf, a Doctrine that naturally deſtroys all Thoughts and Aims at any Thing Great and Glorious. And yet it is not all Commonwealths that produce theſe Wonders: *Venice* may be call'd a Commonwealth, becauſe an Ariſtocracy; but I cannot remember any extraordinary Hero's that City has given the World. No, it is only thoſe Commonwealths that have a pretty large Mixture of a Democracy in them, as thoſe of *Greece* and *Rome*; and as a Confirmation of this Opinion, we may obſerve, that neither *Greece* nor *Rome* ever produc'd one Man truly great, a perfect Lover of his Country, after the Loſs of their Liberties.

# A DESCRIPTION OF *NEW ATHENS* IN *Terra Auſtralis incognita.*

By one who reſided many YEARS upon the SPOT.

## LETTER I.

*Sibi convenientia finge.*

*To* J----- H---- *Eſq; at his Houſe near* Holborn, London.

DEAR SIR,

IN my former I gave you an Account of our Ship's being caſt away on the Southern Coaſt, without the Loſs of any one Man, or much of its Cargo; I let you know the Hardſhips we underwent in an

an uninhabited Country, and how, endeavouring to make Diſcoveries in our Long Boat, we fell into the Hands of a very hoſpitable People. I gave you alſo an Account of the ſeveral Cities, the Manners and Cuſtoms, through which we paſs'd, and which were not very different from our own; the People being actuated by the ſame Paſſions of Avarice, Envy and Malice, which are ſo common in *Europe*, divided by the ſame Factions and Parties, both in Politicks and Religion; and this, till we arriv'd at the Foot of vaſt unpaſſable Mountains, which Nature ſeems to have made as the Barrier betwixt theſe wretched People, and thoſe happy Men who inhabit the other Side of it. You muſt obſerve, that all thoſe on this Side the Mountain were originally Exiles baniſh'd from the other Side for Crimes which would not be ſuffer'd among them; ſuch as Avarice, Ingratitude, unchriſtian Dealing, Luſt, and the like; and they are ſtill the Receptacle of all thoſe who are puniſh'd for ſuch Offences on the other Side the Mountain, and have Governors in every City ſent from them. This was the Subſtance of my laſt Letter. Being come to the Foot of theſe Mountains, which run from North-Eaſt to South-Weſt, near fifteen hundred Miles, we were ordered to get ready to paſs them; which we did in this very ſtrange Manner: The Place of our Paſſage was almoſt a perpendicular Precipice; we enter'd into a ſort of a Room or great Coach, which held about fourteen. There when we were ſeated, with ſuch things as were neceſſary for us in our Paſſage, and the little Baggage that each of us had brought with us, we were drawn up by Pullies about threeſcore Yards to the firſt land-

ing Place, which was done by a hollow Wheel, Slaves turning it by walking in it like Turnſpits at *Briſtol*. Being come to the firſt landing Place, our Machine was immediately thruſt forward into another Pully, and we drawn threeſcore Yards higher to the next landing Place, and ſo on, till we came near the Summit of the Mountain; when we left our Machine, and came into a very large fair Plain, from whence we ſurvey'd a moſt delicious Country, diverſify'd with eaſy Hills, pleaſant Vallies, winding Rivers, ſmall Seas, Iſlands, Towns, Cities and Villages. Two, among the reſt, were evidently remarkable for their Largeneſs; one ſeem'd to ſtand in the Sea, which, I was told, was called *Athens*; the other upon the Continent, much larger than the former, upon a very fine River at a little Diſtance from the Sea; and this was called *Romana*, the Imperial City or Capital of all this Place that we ſaw; and was full of ſhining Domes and Spires, which almoſt dazled our Eyes at that Diſtance. About this pleaſant Plain, upon the Mountain, were ſcatter'd ſeveral Houſes of Entertainment, fit to receive, with all Manner of Convenience, ſuch Paſſengers as were permitted to come that Way: In the midſt was a ſpacious Hall, or Court of Judicature, where proper Judges were aſſign'd to examine every particular Perſon. But before we came to our Examination, we were ordered to refreſh ourſelves, and wait the Arrival of the reſt of our Ship's Crew, who were all brought up by the next Return of the Machine; and who having likewiſe refreſh'd themſelves, we were all brought into the Hall, and each Man's Baggage ſet by him, which, as well as ourſelves, were examin'd.

examin'd. Mine consisted chiefly of Books, particularly Poets, such as *Ben Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Milton*, and many of the Classicks, both *Greek* and *Latin*. I thought I discover'd a particular Satisfaction in the Judge at what he saw; and calling me to him, he told me, that he was pleas'd that Fortune had given him an Opportunity of obliging the curious *Athenians*, by sending them a Person that seem'd so agreeable to their Inclinations, and to oblige me by allotting me an Abode in the most Learned and Polite City in the World: For tho' he did not understand great Part of my Books, they being in a strange Language; yet by those that he saw in *Greek* and *Latin*, he concluded me worthy of the Favour he design'd me. This Speech he made to me in tolerable *Latin*, tho' often mix'd with Words that nothing but the Sense of what he said, could make me understand. The Examination of the rest of our Crew took up some time, and I was fain to play the Interpreter with that little *Latin* I had, to expedite their Dispatch; but this being at last all over, there came in an Officer, who mark'd every one of us in the Face with a most lovely and beautiful Flower, which was so far from being a Mark of Infamy, that it was our Security and Honour; for by that every one was oblig'd, wherever we came, to receive and use us with Respect and Hospitality: But another Use of this Mark was to hinder us from ever going out of their Country, lest by the Discovery we had made, we should bring others to invade it. All the Governors therefore of the Frontiers had expresOrders to let no one pass who had that Mark, which was made with so

ſubtle a Juice, that no Pains or Waſh cou'd ever remove it.

Now the Time was come when we were to be ſeparated, and every one ſent to ſuch Town or City as the Judge thought was proper for his Inclinations and Capacity. Of all our Crew, I had but one that was permitted to go with me to *Athens*, and he was an extraordinary *Mathematician*, and very expert in making Draughts neceſſary for the forming of Maps. We were allow'd ſome time for our taking Leave of each other; which Ceremony being over, I and my Companion being plac'd with one of the Country, in a little *Coach*, or ſort of *Chaiſe*, ſet forward in the following Manner.

The Declivity of the Mountain, on the other Side, is not near ſo ſteep as that by which we came into the Plain, and yet it is more ſteep than any Hill I ever paſs'd in my Life; tho' I have gone down the *Alps* into *Piedmont*. Tho' this Paſſage be very ſwift, yet it is likewiſe very ſecure; the Road is no broader than juſt to contain the Vehicle into which you are put; which being plac'd in two Grooſs, runs down with great Rapidity to the Foot of the Hill. Parallel to this Road there is another, by which People aſcend to the Plain; for they never aſcend and deſcend by the ſame Road, and therefore are never in Danger of falling foul upon one another. Being come down the Hill, at an Inn at the Foot of it, we were furniſh'd with another Chariot that brought us in a few Hours to a pretty Sea-port, where having refreſh'd ourſelves for three or four Days, we took Shipping and ſail'd directly to *Athens*, and the Wind being fair, we arriv'd there in about eleven or twelve Hours.

This

This City ſtands upon a ſmall *Peninſula*, the broadeſt Part of which is not above four Miles over; and it is conſiderably rais'd above the Sea, and fortify'd by Nature with a Ridge of little Hills from the very Continent to the End of the *Peninſula*, which is near four and twenty Miles. Theſe little Hills have, by an incredible Application and Labour, for ten Miles together, been work'd into a ſort of a Wall, broad enough for three or four Coaches to go on a-breaſt, and all planted with Rows of ſhady Trees, which ſupply the Citizens with a Defence, as well as the moſt agreeable Prominade in the World. The City is about eight Miles long, and near four over, and is divided into four Parts by four Canals, which paſs from the Sea through it, to the little Creek of the Sea that divides the *Peninſula* from the Continent for above twenty Miles, and is about a Mile and half over, and makes a moſt commodious and ſafe Harbour for all their Shipping.

Every one of theſe Canals is about fifty Yards in Breadth, and ſo far from the Surface of the Streets, that the Sides are fill'd with convenient and capacious Store-houſes, where all the Goods and Merchandize brought in by the Shipping, are placed without incumbering the Streets with heavy Carriages; and hence they are brought up by Cranes, and diſpers'd as Occaſion requires. Over theſe Canals there are ſeveral Bridges, all of one Arch, tho' ſo very wide, that the *Rialto* of *Venice* is but a Bauble to them. The Town is built of a curious white Stone, and with perfect Regularity; the Streets being in an exact Line from one End of the City to the o-

ther. In the Center of the City ſtands a moſt noble *Rotondo*, which may be call'd its Cathedral, or Epiſcopal Church; beſides which, there are ten magnificent Churches in each Diviſion of the City, which makes the whole Number one and forty: Each of theſe Churches ſtands in the middle of a Square, and has a Coridore ſupported by fine Pillars, in which the Congregation take a Walk, and paſs through them to the Church. All the great Streets are fill'd with the magnificent Houſes of the principal Citizens, the *Colleges* and *Schools* of the Students, and *Halls* of Judicature; all the Shops and Places of Trade are in the leſſer Streets; but thoſe leſſer Streets are of a greater Width than *Cheapſide*. One thing is remarkable, That there is no Trade that is offenſive to the Noſe, the Eyes or Ears, that is permitted to be in the City itſelf: Thus Butchers, Poulterers, Smiths, Waſher-women, and the like, are confin'd to little Suburbs divided from the City by a ſmall Canal, whoſe Streets are every Morning waſh'd by Waters from certain Engines, which throw a Stream through every Street, that carries off all the Filth that ſuch Trades produce. There is nothing finer than the High-Street, which, for eight Miles together, leads you up to the Royal Palace, a moſt magnificent Pile, and worthy ſo Noble a City. The Gardens and Walks belonging to this Palace, are contriv'd both for Pleaſure and Uſe; for at the ſame time that the River, which runs from the Continent over the Neck of Land that joins the *Peninſula* to it, is divided into an hundred Channels to ſupply the Water-works; it is thence convey'd into the City,

City, to furniſh freſh Water to all the Inhabitants. The Palace is not only for the Reſidence of the King, but the Reception of the *Areopagus*, or Chief Council of the Nation, and to lodge all ſuch Ambaſſadors as come from Friends; thoſe who come from the barbarous Nations in the moſt Southerly Parts of that Tract of Land, are never permitted to lie in the City, but rather forc'd to remain aboard their own Ships, or to be a ſort of Priſoners, during their Negotiations, in the Citadel, which ſtands upon the *Iſthmus*.

Thus I have given you a ſhort Deſcription of the City of *New Athens* itſelf, which, tho' wonderful in all its Parts, is far leſs valuable for its Structure, than for the Excellence of its Inhabitants; of which I ſhall treat in the following Part of my Letter, having firſt inform'd you of my Reception at my Arrival.

We were no ſooner landed, but we were conducted to the Hoſpital of Strangers, a Pile of Building equally admirable for its Magnificence and Convenience. There are no Inns in this City for the Reception of Strangers, they are always the Care of the Publick, and are provided all Neceſſaries and Conveniencies by Officers, who are anſwerable for any Indignity or Abuſe to any Stranger, either in his Lodging or Diet, which are ſupplied by the Government at the moſt eaſy Rate; but then no one is permitted to ſtay in this Hoſpital longer than a Fortnight: So that if their Buſineſs require a longer time, they provide themſelves with Lodgings in the Houſes of ſome of their Friends or Acquaintance. To this Place my Friend and I were conducted, with all our Baggage, where

we remain'd till the King had receiv'd the Letters sent with us, and ordered such to attend us as he thought most fit and capable of giving him a full Account of our Merits and Abilities. Every Morning we were invited to go to Church, and offer up our Prayers after our own Way; for that is a Duty which no one of this City of what Degree, Age or Station soever, is permitted to neglect, unless hinder'd by Sickness.

The first Business that we were set about, was to learn their Language; to the obtaining a Mastery in which, my little Skill in the *Greek* was no small Help; for tho' their Tongue be very much alter'd from the ancient *Greek*, yet it retains not only the Character, but many of the Radical Words of the *Attick* Dialect. The Care of my Instructor, with my own Diligence and Application, made me such a Proficient, that I could, in two Months time, talk it almost as well as a Native; and in two Months more, was able to translate any thing out of *English* into it. But I have forgot to tell you, that as soon as I had Instructors ordered me by the King, I was remov'd from the Hospital of the Strangers, into a very pleasant Apartment in the *College* of the *Muses*, where I enjoy'd all things that were any ways necessary to make my Life easy and pleasant; and as I grew a greater Master of their Language, my Pleasure was heighten'd by the Conversation of the most Polite, as well as the most Humane of all Mankind; and which confirm'd me in a Mastery of their Tongue sooner than I could else have accomplish'd it: They omitted no Means of rendring their Instructions agreeable, as well as useful, watching my Inclinations and Humour with that

Care

Care and Nicety, that they would be ſure never to make my Leſſons tedious or burthenſome. But now I was to give ſome Proof of my Study, by tranſlating ſome of our *Engliſh* Poets into their Language : I choſe the *Samſon Agoniſtes* of *Milton* to begin with, as finding his Way of Writing in that, more like their Tragedies than any other of our *Engliſh Poets*. They were ſo pleas'd with this Performance, that it was ſhew'd to the King, who was a Prince of an admirable Genius himſelf, and ordered me, upon it, to be admitted into the Number of the *Athenian Poets*, with a handſome Penſion for my Maintenance ; and Directions were given for the tranſcribing and acting the Tragedy of *Samſon Agoniſtes*, as ſoon as the *Chorus's* could be ſet to Muſick, the Actors taught, and the Copy publiſh'd ; for it is a Cuſtom here, that no Play is to be acted, till it is publiſh'd, and in every body's Hand ; that having perus'd it with Sedateneſs and Judgment in their Cloſets, they ſhould not be brib'd by the Beauty of Repreſentation, to give an erroneous Judgment of the Poet's Performance ; but I found by the Tedioufneſs of the Publication, that how ingenious ſoever they were, they knew nothing of the Art of Printing. I perſuaded my ſelf I could not oblige them more, than by giving them what Inſight I could into this Invention : Nor was I miſtaken, for they heard me with Rapture ; and having acquainted the King with it, I was ordered to diſcourſe the Matter at an Aſſembly of the *Virtuoſi*, where the King himſelf preſided. In order to make my Diſcourſe the clearer, I got ſeveral Letters made after my own Model, and a Compoſing-Stick according to my Directions, and with their Help, made the Matter

Matter ſo plain, that the King ordered me to ſit down at the Board, and, with his own Hands, plac'd on my Head a Wreath of Golden Laurel, with this Aſſurance, That I ſhould always have his Protection.

'Tis an amazing thing to think with how much Speed they arriv'd at a Perfection in it; for they now print with much more Correctneſs and Delicacy than any Part of *Europe*.

I was not alone in the Favours I receiv'd from the *New Athenians*, my Comrade had his Share; he was a Man of admirable Parts, tho' he had found but little Encouragement in *England*; he was a very good *Mathematician*, and had a great Genius for Building of Ships, and was accordingly received by the Intendant of the Marines, and had his Apartment allotted him in the College of the Admiralty. The Naval Force of theſe Countries conſiſts in a ſort of low-built Gallies and Galliots; for, knowing nothing of the Uſe of Guns, thoſe were thought ſufficient to cope with the barbarous Nations, who liv'd near the Southern Pole, and with whom only they ever had any Wars.

My Comrade firſt made them a Model of one of our Men of War, with which they were ſo well pleaſed, that they ordered ſeveral to be built according to it. In the mean time my Comrade, to make his Service the more compleat, diſcourſed with them about the Uſe of *Guns* and *Gunpowder*; but it being a difficult Matter to make them apprehend what he meant, without an Experiment, the Materials for the Compoſition of Gunpowder being pretty plentiful in that Country, and he being perfectly well skill'd in the making of it, it was not long e'er he

he had a ſufficient Quantity to ſhow them the wonderful Force of it. They were the more pleas'd with this Invention, becauſe there happen'd then to be a Diſcourſe of a new Invaſion from the barbarous Natives, who are a hardy martial People, and delight in War.

By that time the Ships were built, my Comrade had got a pretty Quantity of Gunpowder, and great Guns enough to equip his new *Armada*, and likewiſe to plant ſeveral upon the Walls of the City, on that ſide which was next to the Sea. But the King, that he might not give any Umbrage to the great Emperor of *Romana*, diſparch'd Ambaſſadors to him to let him know the wonderful Diſcoveries this Stranger had made, with Aſſurances of ſending him to him, whenever he ſhould command, that he might not want thoſe Advantages againſt the common Enemy, which ſeem'd of that Importance to the publick Safety.

But before any Anſwer could come to this Embaſſy, the Barbarians, without ever declaring any War, had fill'd thoſe Seas with their Ships, which made up, by their Number, that Terror, which their Bulk could not give; they were about three hundred Sail, and made directly for *New Athens*, to the great Terror of that City. But my Comrade, in the midſt of this Conſternation, undertook to fight and diſperſe all this *Barbarian Armada* with only the Ships that he had built, and five Hulks of old Veſſels, of which he had made Fire-ſhips, a thing unknown in that Country before. I think the Number of our Fleet, beſides the Fire-ſhips, was but ſeven, the biggeſt of which came not up to our Third Rates: With theſe my Comrade ſail'd out of the

the Port, and went to meet the Enemy, who being flush'd with the Succeſs of their ſudden Irruption, came up with us, and ſoon ſurrounded our little Fleet, but were ſomething ſurpriz'd at the Largeneſs of their Make. We ſoon ſet our Fireſhips among them, which they ſurrounded and grappled with great Expedition, ſo far, that they could not diſengage themſelves, when they found them all on Fire, which put them into a very great Confuſion; and this was very much encreas'd when we began to give them Broad-ſides, which ſoon put 'em to flight, thinking that the Gods themſelves were come down in Thunder to puniſh their Treachery.

In ſhort, we took, ſunk and diſpers'd the whole Fleet, ſcarce twenty of which got home to their own Country, to the no ſmall Satisfaction of our *Athenian* Maſters, who were too generous and grateful, not to give a Reward to the Conqueror equal to his Merits: He was immediately made free of that Nation, had a publick Triumph, and was preſented with Royal Gifts, being admitted to the King's own Table, who immediately ordered him to prepare to go with the greater Part of his new Fleet to *Romana*, and ſent Deputies with him to preſent him to the Emperor, and give an Account of all that had paſs'd, and the great Deliverance the whole Chriſtian Commonwealth in thoſe Parts had receiv'd from him.

It is out of my way to give an Account of the noble Reception he met with, and the Honours that were paid him on his Arrival at *Romana*; it is ſufficient to let you know that he was treated like a Sovereign Prince, and a particular Inſtrument ſent by Heaven to check the Inſolence

Insolence of the Barbarians, who by their frequent Irruptions disturb'd that Tranquility which all those Nations otherwise enjoy'd; for you must understand, that all the Countries for above fifteen hundred Miles every way are Christians, and tho' consisting of several Governments, they all hold it an unpardonable Crime for one Christian State to make War with another; to avoid which, there is a general Council compos'd of Deputies from the several Nations, who hear and amicably decide all Disputes that may arise betwixt Nation and Nation. This Overthrow of the Barbarians gave long Peace to this Country, during which my Comrade furnish'd *Romana* and all its Dependencies with Arms according to the Manner of *Europe*, and liv'd in great Splendour and Reputation, in which I shall leave him, to return to my Account of *Athens*.

I told you of my Translation of *Milton's Samson Agonistes*, which being now ready to be acted, it was perform'd at four Theatres in one Day; for you must know, every Quarter of *Athens* has a Theatre for the Representation of Tragedies, in which, some Tragedy or other is perform'd every Night; besides which there is a fifth Theatre in the Royal Palace, which is only made use of for the Entertainment of Foreign Princes when they come to that City, as they do once a Year from all Parts of that Continent, of which Number, the Emperor of *Romana* is always one. To describe them all would be superfluous, I shall only make a short Description of that in the Royal Palace, after the Model of which the rest are built: The Stage is one hundred Foot broad, the Place of the Audience

dience is a Segment of a Circle of above two hundred Foot Diameter; it is divided into what we call a Pit and Boxes, with only one Gallery over; but the Boxes are divided in the Middle from each other by a ſort of Throne or Royal Seat, where the King and Regal Family ſit to behold a Tragedy. This Throne ſtretches out about a dozen Foot into the Pit, and is ſupported on each Side by rich and coſtly Pillars, either of Silver or Gold, or of precious Stone, much more beautiful than Porphyry; over the Canopy are ſeveral Figures of Angels, two of which ſupport an Imperial Crown, all whoſe precious Stones are compos'd of Lights which illuminate the Place; two larger Angels, who ſtand more forward to the Pit, ſupport a ſort of a Sun, whence iſſue illuſtrious Beams that enlighten the whole Theatre, without any Sconces as we have, and by Conſequence without all that filthy Smoak which our Candles make. This Sun throws his Beams upwards and downwards as well as directly forward, by which you diſcover the Beauty of the Cieling, which is a fine Cupola, form'd by a Maſter in the Art of Perſpective; for tho' the Ceiling be flat, and deſcends towards the Stage for the convenience of ſpreading the Sound, yet you would imagine it a lofty Dome. Beſides theſe Illuminations, there come others from two ſide Pillars upon the Stage, which make the Place of Action very bright and glorious. The Stage here differs from ours, it being broad and ſhallow, the Depth being made out, when Occaſion requires it, by admirable Paintings in Perſpective; and indeed the Painting of the Scenes is ſo admirable, that I dare believe a *London* Audience,

as

as whimsical as it is in that Particular, would not want that ridiculous Variety which they now possess by the Change of Scenes; for they never change here any more than they did in old *Athens*, where such vast Expence was made use of for the Adornment of the Stage, without any such shifting of Scenes, as is now in use in *England*. This is a short and imperfect Account of the principal Theatre in *New Athens*: The other Theatres are equally large, and bear some Proportion to the Beauty and Richness. One thing I had forgot, and that is, an Account of the Seats of the Audience, which are not Benches as in our Theatres, but distinct Seats, by which Means, tho' they are plac'd in a sort of a Semicircle, every one of the Audience sets with his Face to the Stage, and so participates equally both in the Sight and the Hearing. This is enough as to the Place of Representation; but as to the Persons who make this Representation, they are likewise very different from what we have among us. There is none admitted to be an Actor or Actress from out of the Dregs of the People, nor who have the least Stain upon their Reputation; and as they are suppos'd to be born of Parents of Credit, so they must be more than commonly Educated, tho' the common Education here would pass for extraordinary elsewhere. The Men, besides their Learning in History and Poetry, are all taught Painting or Designing, by which they learn not only graceful Postures for themselves, and such as are agreeable to the very Passions, but also how to dispose their Supernumeraries or Mute Persons into such Groupes, as may render them agreeable, if not beautiful to the Audience. To this pur-

purpose likewise they are not a Company of Ragamuffins, Old, Young, Tall and Short, Awkward and Clumsey, and Ill-dress as with us; but all proper young handsome Fellows, about six Foot high, and well Dress, as well as perfect in Dancing and a graceful Motion, by which the whole Representation becomes Solemn and Touching. The Women are likewise taught History and Poetry, and perfectly instructed in the Action and Gesture, Figure and Motion, proper to every Character and Passion; both the Men and the Women are extreamly careful of observing the Decorum of the Representation, a Neglect in which is here unpardonable, and look'd upon as an insufferable Insolence offer'd to the Audience. With such Actors, and on such a Stage, I was infinitely pleas'd to see old *Milton* perform'd; the Chorus's were compos'd with wonderful Art, the Musical Notes being perfectly adapted to express the Words with the greatest Harmony; and they seem indeed to have retain'd that Genius for Musick of which we hear such Wonders in the Authors of Antiquity. I cannot say, that *Samson Agonistes* was a Tragedy equal to many of their own, and yet thro' the Humanity of the People it was receiv'd with the highest Applause. This having pleas'd 'em so well, I was importun'd to give them some more of the Products of our Nation; but I, who perceiv'd their admirable Taste, would fain have been excus'd from a Task whence I expected so little Applause. However, having *Otway's Orphan*, and *Venice Preserv'd*, I translated them, but met not with that Satisfaction which I flatter'd myself they would give my Performance: But at the same time

time that they acknowledg'd the Poet's Maſtery in the Draught of the Paſſions, eſpecially that of Pity, they aſſur'd me that his Breach of the Unity of Place had render'd their Stage incapable of repreſenting them.

I thought it was in vain after this, to pretend to give them any thing of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, or even of *Shakeſpear* himſelf. However, I inform'd *Hermogenes*, one of the Society of Poets, of the Method follow'd by *Shakeſpear* in all his Plays; and to give him the greater Influence, I tranſlated many of his *Topicks* into their Language, which pleas'd them infinitely; but I told him that this Poet was entirely ignorant of the Rules of the Drama, and therefore that all his Plays were but ſo many Pieces of Hiſtory, which by conſequence could have no *Moral*, and were of little Uſe or Importance.

Notwithſtanding there are four Theatres in this City, there were no Comedies acted in any of them, upon which I gave them a Verſion of the *Alchymiſt* of *Ben Johnſon*, expreſſing my Wonder at their Neglect of that Poem, which yet had its Riſe as well as Tragedy in ancient *Greece*. 'Tis true, ſaid *Hermogenes*, that *Greece* gave beginning to Comedy as well as Tragedy; but the former was never ſo much encourag'd by the wiſe State of *Old Athens*, as the latter. Comedy, indeed, was born in the Villages amongſt the meaneſt ſort of People, and always retain'd ſomething of the Licentiouſneſs and Ruſticity of its Original, and was even in thoſe Days look'd on, as a lower and leſs valuable Entertainment, as being more adapted to the Guſto of the Vulgar, whoſe Lives, Converſations and Adventures were the general Subject

of that Poem. The old Comedy was but a ſort of publick Lampoon, which was made uſe of to ſet the very Mob againſt ſome of the moſt eminent Citizens. There is an Example of this in the Fate of the Divine *Socrates*, the Cry againſt whom was firſt ſet on foot by *Ariſtophanes*, the moſt eminent of all the old Comick Poets, whoſe Licentiouſneſs at laſt grew to that height, that the Government was fain to ſuppreſs the Chorus, in which the greateſt part of the Abuſe was generally contain'd. After this aroſe the new Comedy, in which the Names of the Dramatick Perſons were not real, as in the former, but fictitious; and the Subject generally ſome Adventure of an old Covetous Father, his Son, and ſome Whore, with the Humours of *Davus*, *Chremes*, or ſome other impertinent Servant, who generally manag'd the old Gentleman for the Advantage of the Son and his Miſtreſs: *Menander* was the great Maſter of this new Comedy, and he was followed among the *Romans* by *Terence*, who, like all other Copiers, fell very much ſhort of his Original.

As for this Author of your Country, whoſe *Alchymiſt* you have given us, he ſeems much more excellent than either *Terence* or *Menander*; and yet with all his Excellence, I am very well aſſur'd he would not be receiv'd in this Country, for the following Reaſons: Firſt, becauſe the *Ridicule*, which is eſſential to this Poem, is what we have the utmoſt Averſion to, ſince it is the Nature of that to divert us from thinking ſeriouſly of Things; and is, by conſequence, a great Enemy to Reaſon and juſt Thinking. In the next Place, I thank Heaven we have none

of

of those Vices and Follies among us, which require this sort of Remedy. Beyond the Mountains, indeed, where the irregular Appetites of Mankind prevail too much, Comedy may be of some use, and is therefore allow'd on; while Tragedy is neither desir'd by them, nor permitted to them: It is the finer Spirits only with which this Country is generally blest, that can raise their Souls to so sublime and rational a Pleasure as that of *Tragedy*, and which I am apt to believe we have in the most perfect State of any Nation in the World.

These Reasons were sufficient to satisfy me, that Comedy was a Province not to be attempted in this Place.

One Day *Hermogenes* ask'd me if I had no more Poems of that Author who had written the *Samson Agonistes*. I reply'd, that I had an excellent one call'd *Paradise Lost*, which was in great esteem in our Country, notwithstanding its general ill Taste of good Poetry: I run over the several Arguments of the Books to him extempore, which pleas'd him so well, that he got the King's Order for my applying myself wholly to translate it into their Tongue, and which I had but just finish'd before I lost the Happiness of those fortunate Regions, by an Accident which I shall tell you before I close this Account.

Before I dismiss this Point of Poetry, I must tell you the Method of their accepting or rejecting any Dramatical Piece: The Players, as learned and judicious as they are, have no hand in the determining the Merit of any Tragedy, or whether it shall have the Benefit of a publick Representation or not; that is decided

by the Body of Criticks and Poets, who have their principal Reſidence in the College of the Muſes; and that no Favour or Affection, or any Prejudice to the Author may influence them in their Judgment, no Author is to be known till after the Performance of his Piece, under this Penalty, that it ſhall not be acted if the Author be not kept entirely ſecret; for tho' the Judges are Men of eminent Candor, as well as Learning and great Genius, yet to remove all poſſible Prejudice to Merit, this Caution is inviolably obſerv'd; and that the Judges may not be teaz'd with Plays of little Value, every Author is oblig'd to ſend in firſt a Plan of his *Fable*, which if approv'd, publick Notice is given that he may ſend in the Tragedy itſelf: And then if the Performance, in the *Manners*, *Sentiment* and *Diction*, be any ways anſwerable to the Excellence of the *Fable*, the Play is acted without any more trouble to the Author, without any ſlaviſh Solicitation of either the Players or Parties. Whereas in *England* there is nothing leſs conſider'd than the Merits of the Piece, if the Author can make an Intereſt with the Players, and ſome leading Men of the Town; that is generally enough to furniſh him with the Succeſs he deſires, let his Piece be never ſo indifferent in itſelf.

The ſame Method is obſerv'd in *New Athens*, in regard of all other Poems; for the Author is never known till the Fate of what he has written is decided; by which means the Thing, and not the Name, prevails in the publick Applauſe.

I have mention'd the College of the Muſes: It is a large and noble Pile of Building, and its Apart-

Apartments extreamly pleaſant and convenient; every Member has, at leaſt, four Rooms, and a pretty little private Garden; for the College ſtanding juſt by the Walls, the Members for larger Walks aſcend the Ramparts, which I have told you are ſet with Rows of ſhady Trees. In the College there is a publick Hall, in which the Members are oblig'd to dine together, at leaſt, twice a Week; where, after Dinner, which is generally about two a Clock, they ſpend two or three Hours in learned Diſcourſe, held up by the Benefit of a Bottle of the fineſt Wine in the World. Beſides the Hall, there is likewiſe a very pretty Chappel, where Prayers are perform'd every Morning and Evening. And thus much for the Poetical Part of *New Athens*.

There are, beſides this College of the Muſes, ſeveral others of a very magnificent Structure, eſpecially that of the Nobles, where not only the Nobility of all this Country are educated, but all ſuch of Quality who come from the other Parts to Study at *Athens*, the Number of which is very great.

Beſides all the Colleges, which are too numerous for me to mention, there are in every Pariſh publick Schools, in which the Children of every Pariſhioner are oblig'd, till fifteen Years of Age, to be inſtructed in all manner of Literature, of which their Age is capable; nor are their Inſtructors ſuch wretched ignorant Fellows, as teach in your Charity-Schools at *London*, but Men of Probity as well as Learning, who are capable of teaching their Pupils what they ought to learn, both in the Duties of Religion and that of the State; tho' in this

Country, indeed, they are very nearly related, ſince all the moral Doctrines of the New Teſtament are incorporated into the municipal Laws, which brings me to a ſhort Conſideration of the Religion of theſe People.

They are here all Chriſtians, and may be truly ſo call'd, ſince, as I have obſerv'd, the Precepts of the Goſpel are the Laws of the Land, and a Breach of them is puniſh'd by the Civil Magiſtrate: Thus, if a Man be found guilty of a Breach of the Precept of doing as you would be done by, he is certainly fin'd or impriſon'd; or, upon a frequent Tranſgreſſion that way, baniſh'd beyond the Mountains, which is look'd upon to be the greateſt Puniſhment that can be inflicted upon them. The Scripture is in the vulgar Tongue, and read by every one; and yet there is no Diſpute about Opinions in Faith, which is avoided chiefly by this Maxim; that no Word or Term be admitted that is not expreſly found in the Goſpel itſelf: Thus, tho' there are ſeveral who believe the Subſtance and Matter of the Trinity, yet the Word, as being the Invention of Man, is not ſuffer'd to be made uſe of, but every Man left to his own Judgment, to believe or not believe all manner of Speculations, which have or may be drawn from any Expreſſions in the New Teſtament; ſo that theſe great Grounds of Quarrel, Diſſention and Animoſity, which rage ſo much in other Parts of the Chriſtian World, and turn the Goſpel of Peace and Love into Confuſion and Hatred, are here utterly unknown; for they believe that the principal Buſineſs of the Goſpel is to regulate, improve, and perfect our Morals, to render us active in the Duties of

Brotherly

Brotherly Love, and the Love of the ſupreme Being: And this, they ſay, is the Chriſtian Religion; for they find, when our Saviour comes to Judgment, he does not condemn or reward any Man for his ſpeculative Opinions, tho' never ſo pompous and magnificent towards himſelf; but for their not doing or doing the Duties of Charity to one another: And this is ſo fixt in them, that if any Quarrel happen between two Perſons, which is very ſeldom, one does not reproach the other with being of High-Church or Low-Church, or any other Denomination ſprung from the difference of Opinion; but they cry, you have not done as you would be done by, you have done that to another, which you would not have another do to you. And indeed, Oppreſſion of the Poor, is a thing that cannot come into this Country; for all working People, of what Trade ſoever, have certain Prices and Payments fixt to their Labour, as is ſufficient to maintain them, their Families and Dependants. And if a great Dealer employs any under Workman, and abate him of his Price, as with us; or if any Workman can prove that he was employ'd by the greateſt Man in the City, he can recover his ſtated Price of him, notwithſtanding any Agreement to the contrary.

Their Eccleſiaſtical Government is divided into Deacons, Elders and Biſhops; for they will not allow of the Name of Prieſt, as being a Word not juſtified by Scripture, there being no ſuch Order mention'd in the Goſpel; the Deacons are a ſort of Helpmeets to the Elders, of which there are three in every Pariſh Church, who officiate in ſaying of Prayers twice every

Day, and Preaching twice every *Sunday*; but it is obſervable, that they are never permitted to take any Text but out of the four Goſpels, by which means all their Sermons run upon the active Duties of Chriſtianity, or upon the Paſſion and Sufferings of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which they expreſs with that Force and Pathos, for they are excellent Orators, that few of the Audience come away without Tears. Their Pulpits are not like ours, juſt big enough to contain the Preacher, but more like the *Roman Roſtra*, which were large enough to allow room to the Speaker to move ſome Steps, and give that Action to the Diſcourſe which might make it more touching to the Audience. The Biſhop, who is ſupreme in his own Dioceſs, exerciſes his Authority chiefly over his Deacons and Elders, and preſides in a Court where all Accuſations are brought againſt them, and they heard in their own Defence; but if caſt for any Irregularity of Life, either Avarice, Pride, Revenge, want of Charity, or Drunkenneſs, they are depriv'd of their Places, and baniſh'd beyond the Mountains: But theſe Condemnations very ſeldom happen; for the Clergy are maintain'd in ſo handſome a manner, that there are no ſcandalous indigent Fellows admitted into their Number, for it is ſuch as thoſe, in other Countries, that generally bring that Reproach upon the Clergy, which is ſo frequently in the Mouths of moſt Men. If the Elders have any Children, they prove no Incumbrance to 'em, for as ſoon as they are of fit Age, they are taken from them and put into thoſe Schools, which are ſettled for both Sexes; and when they grow up, they are provided for by the Publick. The Biſhop is

oblig'd

oblig'd to hoſpitable Living, in which he expends the greateſt Part of his Revenue, his Children being likewiſe provided for by the Publick. When a Biſhop dies, the King names four, that is, one out of every Quarter of the City; and the Elders meeting in the Cathedral, chuſe one of them. As they chuſe the Biſhop, ſo each Pariſh chuſes his Elder; by which means a Man of Merit always gets in; for there is no being choſen by a Number of People, but by being popular; nor any way of being popular but by eminent Parts, and an unblemiſh'd Life; at leaſt, in a Place where the Majority of the Electors have a large Share of good Senſe and Probity.

One Thing I had forgot, and that is, that tho' they have both Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick in their Churches, it is all great and ſolemn, and ſuch as naturally raiſes the Soul to ſublime and heavenly Thoughts, and never mingled with thoſe light Airs, which are too frequent in ſome of our Cathedrals, and of which ſome of our greateſt Maſters of Muſick have been ſo prepoſterouſly fond, as to force them upon the moſt terrible Words. Thus in King *Charles* II's Time, theſe Words were ſet to a Jig,

*The Pangs of Death have encompaſſed me about.*

Which made that pleaſant *Monarch* ſay, that it was the firſt Time he had ever heard of Death's dancing a Jig. Of this kind alſo are our *Voluntaries*, as they call 'em, in which the Congregation are merrily entertain'd with the Volubility of the Fingers of the Organiſt; but how this can contribute any thing to Devotion I know not;

not; but I'm ſure there's no ſuch thing in *New Athens*. I might ſay more of the Religion of this People; but what I have ſaid ſeems enough to ſhow you their Happineſs. However, I cannot omit one thing, which is the Puniſhment of Adultery; but that is a Vice not ſo common there, as in moſt other Parts of the World; and, perhaps, the Puniſhment very much leſſens the Number of Offenders, for when it is diſcover'd, the Man is baniſh'd beyond the Mountains; and the Woman has a ſort of Compoſition rub'd over her Face, which immediately infects it with Tumours and Swellings to that degree, that the moſt beautiful Face is made the moſt ugly and forbidding, and ſhe herſelf degraded from her Quality, tho' never ſo high, and ſent into that Quarter of the Town where the Waſher-Women are, and under them kept a Slave to hard Work as long as ſhe lives.

It is obſervable, that there is not in this rich and popular City ſo much as one Coach; but all, both Male and Female, are oblig'd to walk when they go out, except Women with Child, or ſuch as are ſick or lame, or very old, and theſe are carry'd in a ſort of Chair, not very unlike our Sedans; but they are not permitted to go where the People walk, but in a Paſſage peculiar for all things of Burthen, that are carry'd upon Mens Shoulders; for thus the Streets are divided; the middle part of the Street is pav'd with a Stone about four or five Inches over, and there on that paſs all Carts and other Vehicles of Burthen, which are never permitted to be ſo heavy loaden as the Cars are in *London*; for the People here are merciful to their Beaſts, as well as one another. Of each ſide of this

Pave-

Pavement there riſes another, about a Foot above the Surface of the Street, ſix Foot over, and of a broader Stone, and upon this Paſſage or Pavement, all the Chairs and Men of Burthen paſs. Above this again, about a Foot and half, is another Pavement, which reaches to the Houſes, and which is about twelve Foot broad, that is, in the High-Streets, but narrower in the narrower Streets, and upon this all Paſſengers on foot go. The Streets are every where kept perfectly clean, which is done by every Houſe, being oblig'd in the Morning early to ſweep before their Doors, whilſt the Water comes from the Engines plac'd at the End of every Street, and waſhes away all the Filth into the Common-Shores, which Common-Shores are ſo large, that one of our Carts may go in it loaden with Hay, and to which, at High-Tide, the Water comes from the Canals, and ſo keeps them clean and ſweet.

I believe you may, by what I have ſaid, conclude that this is one of the happieſt Cities in the World; for their Happineſs is ſecured by the Safety of their Peace and Tranquility, as well as their Health, by theſe following Means; firſt, there are no Poor, that is, neceſſitous, wanting Perſons, who are deficient in the neceſſary Subſiſtance of Life; for it is the Buſineſs of the Deacons of every Pariſh to viſit all Families in it, and find out ſuch as Misfortunes may render unhappy; and immediately, as ſoon as they are known, the free Contribution of the Brethren of that Pariſh puts an End to their Unhappineſs. Another thing is, that there are no Lawyers here, no Attorneys, Pettifoggers, Solicitors, Bailiffs, and the like, who, in other Countries,

Countries, have a large hand in the Ruin of Families. Here the Elders of the Pariſh make up and compoſe all the leſſer Diſputes; and every one of the four Quarters of the City have two Orators, who plead pro and con the more difficult Cauſes before the King himſelf; but they have no Fees from their Client, but are paid by the Publick a certain ſtated Salary; ſo that they have no temptation to embarraſs the People in litigious Suits, but are willing to make an end of them all with the utmoſt Expedition.

That which ſecures their Health, next to the happy Situation of the Place, is that they have no ſuch thing as an Apothecary in all this Country, and not above a dozen Phyſicians, who are call'd Gheſſers, as knowing very well that the Art of Phyſick is purely conjectural, the Medicines are few and ſimple, contriv'd to help Nature, and not to put it upon a double Labour, by Multiplicity of Drugs, when Sickneſs renders it the leaſt capable of combating with the Evils of the Diſtemper alone, contrary to the Cuſtom of this Part of the World, where the Phyſician, to gratify the Apothecary, multiplies the nauſeous and loathſome Draughts of Phyſick to the Patient; ſo that betwixt the Diſtemper and them, he periſhes, to enrich the Apothecary and Doctor. Specificks, which are here thought ridiculous, are there in great eſteem, as being confirm'd by an Hiſtorical Practice, and the Experience of many Ages; and this comes to paſs by the Fewneſs of Diſtempers; for Intemperance, the Source of moſt of ours, is not known in this fortunate Climate.

I ſhould

I ſhould ſay ſomething of the King, and ſeveral Prerogatives; but it will be ſufficient to let you know that this wiſe People allow him all thoſe Privileges which may render him capable of doing good to his People, without any that may enable him to be injurious to their Liberty and Happineſs. Accordingly, there is no Prince in the World, who is attended with greater Pomp, Magnificence and Ceremony, than the King of *New Athens*, and the Territories thereunto belonging; he never is ſeen in publick, but with the higheſt Applauſe and Veneration of the People, who look upon him as the Inſtrument of God for their Good.

At his Inauguration, the two principal Members of the great Council tell him plainly, that tho' he be greater than any particular one in his Kingdom, yet that all united together are greater than he; that he ought always to remember that that illuſtrious Office, to which he was now exalted, was inſtituted for the Good and Happineſs of the People he is to reign over, and not to gratify his private Paſſions and corrupt Inclinations, without regard to the Peace and Quiet of his Subjects; and much more to the ſame purpoſe, in which the Encouragement of Virtue, and *Arts* and *Sciences*, and all manner of uſeful Knowledge, is recommended with great Efficacy; for theſe People are of Opinion, that a general Knowledge among the People is the beſt Security of a general Happineſs; and that Ignorance is a dangerous Inlet to Novelties, Commotions, and all other Diſturbances whatever.

But tho' by this, and other Circumſcriptions of the regal Power, they have arm'd themſelves pretty

pretty well againſt thoſe Encroachments by which the ſupreme executive Power has, in other Countries, overthrown Liberty, ſince it was impoſſible to have a Kingly Government, without confiding very great Truſts to the King; and that there are Men in all Courts who are apt to flatter the Prince, and induſtrious to find out Ways and Means to enable him to gratify their own private Aims of Avarice or Ambition, it is an eſtabliſh'd Law, without any Exception, that every Perſon ſhall ſet his Name to the Advice which he gives; which keeps them in awe, and makes them extreamly careful to give no Advice that can be injurious to the Publick, being ſure, if they did, to meet with an exemplary Puniſhment, it being out of the King's Power to pardon the Offence.

By this means the Miſcarriages of Government never fall upon the Crown, as in other Countries, but on the true Authors of them. And to avoid the Inconveniences that often ariſe by the long Continuance of any one Set of Men in the Adminiſtration of publick Affairs, the King's Council, and all Places of Truſt and Profit were eſtabliſh'd by Law to be annual, by which means all grounds of Parties and Faction were remov'd, ſince no tricking nor ſiniſter Deſigns could be of any uſe to perpetuate their Authority: And thus, every Perſon, capable to ſerve the Publick, either in Military or Civil Affairs, had their Turns to make their Merit conſpicuous. From hence it came to paſs, that the State, inſtead of depending upon a few, had a perpetual Succeſſion of able Heads to ſupport it; and I'm of Opinion, that this annual

nual Succeſſion of Magiſtrates gave ſo many illuſtrious Hero's to the Commonwealths of *Athens* and *Rome*; however, if we may believe the Hiſtory of this Country, this Method has for one Thouſand Years preſerv'd the Happineſs of *New Athens*.

But I fear I have been ſo tedious in the Account I have given you of this Place, tho' very ſhort of what it deſerves, that I ought to draw towards a Concluſion, without proceeding to a Deſcription of the other Cities of this *New Attica*. However, I cannot make an end, without informing you how theſe old *Grecians* came into this Part of the World; and I ſhall give it you, as near as I can, in the Words of the Learned *Socrates*, a Member of the College of Hiſtory of this City; for every part of Knowledge here has its peculiar College. This *Socrates* was in nothing inferiour to that Primitive Martyr of the Unity of the Godhead in *Old Athens*, and an equal Lover of Truth and Honeſty; yet with this Advantage, that he was enlighten'd with the Doctrine of the Goſpel.

One Morning as we were taking a Walk upon the Ramparts, I mov'd this Queſtion to him, which he anſwer'd in as few Words as the Matter would bear. I ſhall not need (ſaid he) to give you any Account of the Misfortunes which befel *Old Athens* till its final Deſtruction, at leaſt, as far as I can tell, by the Inundations of barbarous Nations. Juſt before the ſecond Approach of thoſe People, a pannick Fear had ſeiz'd on all the Inhabitants of *Greece*, and the People of *Athens* and *Attica* had a very large ſhare in it, being terrified by the extreme Cruelties and Devaſtations committed by the Barbarians

in

in their former Irruption: In the midſt of this Conſternation, a Man of great Authority and Eſteem with the People, and who had been a great Traveller, prevail'd with them to liſten to his Advice. His Name was *Demophilus*; and his Advice was; that ſince they lay ſo expos'd to the Barbarians, as frequently to feel the Effects of it; and that the *Roman* Empire was ever too weak or too negligent to afford them Protection, they ought in common Prudence to take care of themſelves: But ſince they had by Experience found, that they were unable to do this in the Country where they liv'd; he proffer'd himſelf to be their Conductor to a more fortunate Climate, where they might be ſecure againſt all thoſe Evils, with which they were there daily threaten'd. He confeſs'd, that *Greece* was a very pleaſing Country in itſelf; that Nature had beſtow'd upon it ſo many Bleſſings, that few Places in the World could equal it; but that all this Happineſs vaniſh'd, if they would but conſider that they had no manner of Security of enjoying thoſe Bleſſings, but muſt expect either immediate Death upon the Place, or to be tranſported into inſupportable Bondage, by a People that had no Notion of Chriſtianity or Humanity. That it was not the Fertility and Pleaſantneſs of any Soil, that made a Country dear to its Inhabitants, or indeed, that deſerv'd the Name of our Country, which was only due to the Laws and Liberties which the People enjoy'd; that thoſe were of ſuch a Nature, that they might tranſport them with 'em wherever they went. He concluded his Speech, with aſſuring them, that he was commiſſion'd by Heaven itſelf to conduct ſuch as would follow him to a

Place, where they might enjoy those Laws and Liberties without Fear or Danger: That, indeed, it would cost some Time, and a great deal of Labour and Fatigue to Travel to this happy Climate; but certainly, that no Pains or Labour could be thought too great to purchase Security and Happiness to themselves and Posterity.

This Speech, and the other Applications of himself and Friends, join'd with a fresh Rumour of the Approach of the Barbarians, made about one hundred thousand follow him in this Expedition; carrying with them all that was valuable and useful to them, either in their Journey or future Settlement.

It would be to no purpose to give you the Particulars of his Voyage, the many Difficulties he met with, or the Murmurings of his Followers, in a Journey of three Years Continuance, thro' strange Countries, vast Deserts and the like; having vanquish'd all which, and having pass'd a very large Tract of uninhabited Land, he at last brought his People to a large and deep River, to which he gave the Name of the River of *Hope*; and here they made their last Stand; *Demophilus* assuring them, that they had nothing to do towards the possessing that noble and beautiful Country he told them of, but to set all Hands to work, and cut down Trees, of which there were there a very great Plenty, to build Boats to carry them down that River. The first that were built, *Demophilus* desir'd might be dispatch'd with him and the rest of the Heads of his People, to go and bring them further Assistance. Accordingly they departed, with a Promise to return in a Week's Time; rowing with

the Stream, they arriv'd in this Continent of *Attica*, and landed in a Harbour, which we now call *Bizantium*, then only a little Village, containing about twenty Houſes.

The *Greeks* that came with *Demophilus*, were infinitely pleas'd with the Beauty of the Land; but much more ſo, when they found the Humanity of the Inhabitants. For this Country was inhabited by about one hundred and fifty thouſand Men, Women and Children, before the Arrival of the *Greeks*, and may properly be call'd the Aborigines of the Place; for we have nothing in Hiſtory that gives us the leaſt Account of their coming hither from any other Part of the World. They were not Idolaters, but believ'd only in one God; they were Affable, Courteous and Docile; in ſhort, they were very much pleas'd with this new Acceſſion of People to their little State: Not to dwell upon Trifles, or every minute Circumſtance, Care was taken to convey all the reſt from the Deſart to this Continent, to the infinite Satisfaction of the weary Travellers, to find this happy Retreat after all their Pains and Fatigue. In ſhort, they ſoon made the old Inhabitants Chriſtians; and by marrying and intermarrying among them, grew together into one People; and this was the Occaſion of the Corrupting, if I may ſo call it, of the old *Greek* Language, into that which you now find us ſpeak.

We eaſily prevail'd with our new Brethren, to chuſe *Demophilus*, and *Ariſtus* the Head of the old Inhabitants, joint Kings of the united People, under whoſe Government all Things ſeem'd to proſper; wholſome Laws were made, and Liberty

Liberty every way ſecur'd, Towns and Cities were founded, and Arts and Arms improv'd; but this City of *Athens* was not built till ſome Ages afterwards, when the Country was grown Populous, and wanted as it were a ſort of Elbow Room; when *Theophilus*, one of the Succeſſors of the two firſt Kings, whoſe Families had been united ſome time before, look'd upon this Spot of Ground, as a fit Place to build *New Athens* upon; the *Iſthmus* and *Peninſula* ſeeming to be a proper Barrier or Bulwark againſt the Invaſions of the Southern Barbarians, who then began to infeſt theſe Coaſts. From ſmall Beginnings this City is arriv'd at length to that Magnificence in which you find it; and in which, I believe, ſcarce any City in the World excels it, except the great City of *Romana*, the Capital of this Part of the Chriſtian World: But to give you an Account of that, its Riſe, Progreſs and Hiſtory, requires more Time than is now upon our Hands; for now our Hours of Lecture are come, and we muſt each repair to the Performance of our Duty, leaving the Enquiries of Curioſity to thoſe vacant Times, when we are not employ'd on more important Buſineſs. Having ſaid this, we each return'd to our ſeveral Colleges; but I ſhall defer not only my Account of *Romana*, but of all the ſeveral Cities of *Attica*. I ſhall only conclude this Diſcourſe, with a ſhort Account of my unwilling Return to theſe Parts of the World.

After the Barbarians had receiv'd that great Defeat, which I mention'd before; they lay ſtill for many Years, till the Terror of that Defeat, and the Memory of it were both vaniſh'd; and new Deſire of Plunder, with their Native

Hardineſs and unquiet Temper, put them again in Arms. I was at that Time in the City of *Romana* with my old Comrade, who was declar'd General in this Expedition againſt the Barbarians: At his Deſire I attended him to the War; which was ſoon brought pretty near to a Concluſion, by the Force of our Artillery and ſmall Fire-Arms, againſt which the Enemy could by no means think of ſtanding; ſo that we having penetrated a great way into their Country, a Treaty was propos'd and agreed to, during which, I and ſome more ventur'd, out of Curioſity, to go up to the Top of a vaſt high Mountain, from whence we might diſcover to the Northward vaſt Seas, and great Tracts of Lands; but as we came down again, miſtaking the Path which led to our Camp, we purſu'd one which brought us into that of the Enemy, where we were ſoon made Priſoners, notwithſtanding the Treaty, for they have little regard to Faith or Honour. There happen'd to be among them one who had been a Priſoner in *New Athens*, and there had ſeen me frequently; his Knowledge of me, with the Mark in my Face, which I mention'd formerly, convinc'd the Chiefs that I was no Native of thoſe Parts; but one of thoſe from whom the Chriſtians had learn'd thoſe terrible Engines of War; and therefore they aſſur'd me I ſhould not give myſelf any Fears of ill Treatment from them, ſince by letting them into the Knowledge of the ſame Advantages, I might hope for all the Honour and Reſpect their Country could pay me: Whatever I could ſay of this Breach of Faith was to no manner of Purpoſe, for we were all hur-

ried

ried away far into their Country, without any Hopes of Deliverance. In ſhort, I was detain'd there ſome Months, till I found an Opportunity of making my Eſcape from my Keepers, by the Help of a young Woman, who furniſh'd me with the Habit of the Country, and with ſufficient Diſguiſes to paſs from Place to Place, if I had known whither to direct my Flight; but wandring Northward as much as I could, I came at laſt to an Arm of the Sea, with my Female Companion, which forbad us going any further. We had not been long conſidering there, but we diſcover'd a ſmall Ship making to the Shore, who manning their Boat, ſoon ſeiz'd us and carry'd us on Board. For my Part, I did not much care into whoſe Hands I fell, ſo that I could eſcape the Natives of that Country; but I was as pleas'd as I could be in that Circumſtance, to find it a *French* Ship, who being driven into thoſe Parts by ſtreſs of Weather, ſeiz'd us in hopes of knowing what Country it was, and what the Nature of its Inhabitants. I let them know that it was a moſt barbarous and inhoſpitable Coaſt; and that they could not do better than to make all the haſte they could from it, begging them to take me with them, which they conſented to do; and the Wind coming to the South-Eaſt, we ſail'd North-Weſt with a brisk Gale. But ill Fortune had not yet forſaken me; for after we had ſail'd ſome Days proſperouſly enough, a new Storm aroſe, and toſs'd us with ſuch Violence, for two or three Days, that at laſt we deſpair'd of eſcaping; but the Storm paſſing over, the Maſter aſſur'd us that we were not very far from Land; and,

as he thought, from *Carolina*, whither he would make, becauſe his Ship was very leaky, ſo that all we could do was to keep her above Water till we made the Shore, at leaſt, ſo near that none of us periſh'd when the Ship ſunk. When we got aſhore, I was very well pleas'd to find that it was *Carolina* indeed; for ſince I could find no way of returning to *New Athens*, I was at leaſt pretty ſecure of finding a Paſſage to *Old England*, which I did in about two Months time, having buried my Southern Deliverefs in *Carolina*.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a ſhort Account of part of my Adventures, during my Abſence from *England*. If this find your Acceptance, I don't know but that I may, ſome time or other, give you the reſt; I ſhall only now add, that I am

*Your faithful*

*humble Servant,*

MAURICE WILLIAMS.

# LETTER II.

## ALBERONI: *or, A Vindication of that Cardinal.*

### *A* Political Paradox.

*Multis Utile Bellum.*

*To* Adam Jubbs *Esq; at his House near* Coventry-street, Piccadilly.

Dear Sir,

I Know you have always been averse to enter far into any Party, lest they should expect you to sacrifice the Freedom of your Sentiments to whatever they should think fit to do for their present Interest, in perpetuating their Power, without regard to the Publick Good; by which means we generally find you in the Number of the Grumblers; for I never knew in my Life, which has been for near threescore Years, any Party, when they got into Power, that did not give just Occasion, by a Conduct unequal to their Professions, of Discontent to all true Patriots. I except the present Ministry from this Reflection; for I have been too much out of the World since their Accession to Power, to know enough of their Transactions to form a certain Judgment of them; you who live in the Town, and frequent the politick Assem-

blies of Coffee-Houſes, Chocolate-Houſes, and the other Reſorts of the Talkative, know better what to determine, in this Particular, than I do. I think I have known you, ſince my Acquaintance with you, four or five times *Whig* and *Tory*, according as the Powers in being either pleas'd or diſguſted you. How honeſt this Conduct may ſhow you to be to the unbiaſs'd Conſiderer, I know not; but I'm ſure that the cunning Part of the World will not think you very politick or prudent; for the cunning Men endeavour to turn the publick Diviſions of the Nation to their own particular Advantage, ſome by violently eſpouſing one Party, and ſome by as violently ſetting up for the other; and ſome fortunate Fellows by carrying Matters with ſo even a Hand, that they make an eaſy Tranſition from the falling Party to that which is riſing: But theſe are Men, generally ſpeaking, whoſe Aim is Riches, not Power; and who are in Poſts of great Profit, tho' not of Dignity, in which they make themſelves thought ſo neceſſary to the new Comers to Power, of either Party, as to continue them in their Poſts. I could name ſeveral, who by this means have got good Eſtates by holding their Places in all Turns, as Men who were neceſſary for the Diſcharge of thoſe Poſts, by their long Continuance in them.

But in reality there is nothing in this, but the Fear and Ignorance of the Men in Power of both Parties; for there are always Men of Capacity and Ability enough, in each Party, to perform any Place in the Revenue, which is the Stage that affords moſt of the Parts that bring in conſiderable Profits, either to the Principals or under

under Officers; for, my Friend *Adam*, the Publick is the Dupe or Bubble, which every Side endeavours to get into their own Management, not for the Love they bear it, but for the Profit it affords them.

Tho' this happens to some few, after they are once got into Posts, yet scarce one these forty Years have made the first Step in Preferment, without appearing to be of some Party or other.

*Multis Utile Bellum* is a Maxim that was often preach'd to me by a Friend of mine, when he found that I was something of your Mind, and not fix'd firmly in any one of the Parties. These publick Divisions, said he, are a sort of Warfare, where each Side is drawn up in Battle-Array, to struggle for Riches and Preferment; each one that comes into the Fight, on one Side or the other, has a Lot to get some of the Plunder, while he who never comes into the Field cannot hope for any Share of it.

This holds good, not only in the domestick Divisions of Nations, but in the Wars betwixt Kingdom and Kingdom; for here likewise *Multis Utile Bellum* is certainly true; for tho' few Nations, as political Governments, get much by War, unless they happen to make considerable Conquests; yet Multitudes of the People of those Nations, which compose the Soldiery, or those who supply the Soldiery with Arms, Ammunition, Cloathing and Food, get Wealth to themselves and their Families: And War is likewise beneficial to some Nations, by disciplining their People, and using them to Arms, by which they are deliver'd from a destructive Sloth, and enabled

abled to defend their Country againſt any foreign Invader.

The *Spaniards* have, for many Years, that is, from the Time of *Philip* II, been very remiſs in keeping their People up to Arms, which, join'd with their native Pride and Sloth, expoſed them either to the Inſults of their Neighbours the *French*, or to depend upon foreign Alliances with thoſe States, whoſe Security, indeed, depended on their Safety. What little help they ever gave to the Confederacies form'd in *Europe*, for their Defence, theſe laſt forty Years ſufficiently ſhow; which makes me wonder that Cardinal *Alberoni* has been ſo much ridicul'd and laugh'd at, as a mad and whimſical Undertaker; whereas he appears to me a Man of great Politicks, and one who judges too nicely of Things, to have a favourable Judgment paſs on his Actions by a vulgar Conſiderer: As he is an Enemy to my Country, I wiſh all his Deſigns againſt it may be confounded, that is, meet with the ſame Event they have hitherto done; yet it would not be juſt to rob him of his due Merit, tho' an Enemy. As a *Spaniard* he has acted both like a Patriot and a great Stateſman; he has begun to rouze that Nation which has been ſo many Years unactive, and benumb'd with a ſort of a general Lethargy and ſupine Neglect of Arms; he has, I ſay, rouz'd them to martial Exploits, and ſent them upon ſuch Expeditions, and at ſuch a Juncture of Affairs, as would give them Succeſs enough to fluſh them to greater Attempts. Thus they carry'd *Sardinia*, and bid fair for the Kingdom of *Sicily*, from which they are not yet totally diſlodg'd.

I can-

I cannot believe that *Alberoni* ever imagin'd that he ſhould put his Maſter, the *Spaniſh* King, in a quiet and ſafe Poſſeſſion of ſuch Acquiſitions as he ſhould make on that Side; but he by this has furniſh'd him with a diſciplin'd Army, us'd to Action, which in time may be of more uſe to him nearer Home. He had great Hopes from the Diviſions in *France*, and the ſtrong Parties there ſupported by the Jeſuits againſt the Regent, in the Minority of a King, of not above ſix or ſeven Years of Age; and the Intereſt of *Philip* V, and his Claim, notwithſtanding his former Renunciation, to the Crown of *France*; and in caſe he could bring the Gallick Male-contents to a Reſolution of declaring for his Maſter, either as Regent or King of *France*, he would then have a diſciplin'd Army of ſome Force, to ſupport his numerous Friends among them. His Diligence and Application, both in the Naval and Land Preparations, cannot be ſufficiently admir'd, that in ſo ſhort a Time could furniſh out ſo many Ships, and ſo many Men, in a Nation almoſt deſtitute of both, on his coming to the Adminiſtration. And this Application of his is lately made more wonderful, by the taking *Fort Paſſage*, where they burnt ſix Men of War already built, and Materials for twenty more, which were to be built with all Expedition; and this only in one Port of *Spain*. How great the ſame Preparations are in other Parts of that Country I know not; but can never believe that all their Naval Preparations were confin'd to *Fort Paſſage*, a Place ſo near to *France*; and, by conſequence, ſo liable to be taken by them. However, this is a plain

Proof

Proof that *Spain* is not so despicable, or incapable of making great Efforts, when actuated by a brisk and masterly Genius. But you will say, to what Purpose all this Bustle, Trouble and Expence, since he could not be so mad, as to imagine *Spain* capable of contending with all the rest of *Europe*, on this Occasion confederated against it, when it could scarce keep its Head above Water against *France* alone, tho' join'd with all the other Powers of *Europe?*

To this I reply, *First*, That he was very well acquainted with the Divisions in *France* and *England*; and that, if he could bring them to bear, he effectually dissolv'd that Confederacy, whose Support and Cement were *France* and *England*. *Secondly*, That if both these Designs fail'd him, that his Master was secure of a Peace upon reasonable Terms; since it was not consistent with the Safety of *Europe*, that *Spain* should fall into the Hands of *France*, to hinder which, such long, such bloody, and such expensive Wars had been undertaken. And I do further suppose, that he does believe that *France* itself would never consent that *Spain* should again fall into the Hands of the House of *Austria*, especially, since if *Philip* were compell'd to quit *Spain*, he would be oblig'd to return into *France* as a Prince of the Blood; and by consequence, by Right, become Regent during the Minority of the King, as being the nearest of kin, which would likewise put an effectual End to his Renunciation, which was enter'd into in consideration of having the Crown of *Spain*; but by taking that from him, they put him in the State he was in before he accepted of it; and leave

him

him an undoubted Right to ſucceed *Lewis* XV; in caſe he ſhould die without Heirs lawfully begotten by his own Body.

Upon theſe Views, I fancy *Alberoni* is not ſo whimſical a Perſon as ſome may think him. How far I am in the right on't I know not, nor do I much care; I have only eas'd myſelf by putting down my Thoughts of this Matter; which, if they amuſe but a quarter of an Hour of your Time, will be ſufficient Satisfaction to

*Your Friend*

*and Servant,*

ANTHONY EASY.

# LETTER III.

## *Againſt Delay.*

*Cras nimis ſero eſt, vive hodiè.*
*Principiis obſta: ſero medicina paratur,*
*Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.*

*To* Jonathan Tardy *Eſq; at* Idle-Hall *near* Canterbury, Kent.

*Dilatory* JONATHAN,

I Thought before this time I ſhould have ſeen you in Town, to join with me in ſoliciting for your honeſt Nephew *Jack*, as well as to look after your own Affairs here, which ſuffer extremely by your Abſence. I think it is now about ſix Weeks ſince you ſent me word that you would be in Town in three or four Days at fartheſt; but I do not expect you now in ſix Weeks longer; nor indeed then, unleſs you will fairly give over what you have ſought with ſo much Earneſtneſs; Earneſtneſs did I ſay? why if your Words were to be underſtood like other Peoples, I ſhould think that Word proper enough for what you writ; but conſidering, that when a thing comes into your Head, that may afford you either Pleaſure or Profit in your Opinion, you are preſently all on fire for the Accompliſhment of it; the firſt Day you are eager,

eager, the second something warm, the third more cool, and so on, till you quite forget the first Heat with which you espous'd it; and by delaying the Chace generally lose the Quarry; however, it serves you to talk of over a Bottle of *October*, and to amuse your Friends with the wonderful Designs you are going upon, at which they generally laugh, till you are almost angry that they should doubt your Diligence and Application, tho' they know that the fairest Prospects could never get you yet, by all their Promises, from *Idle-Hall* to *London*. I have known you, I think, these Thirty Years, and I verily believe not one of those Years but furnish'd you with at least four or five new Designs or Projects, every one of them the most charming in its Turn, and to be pursu'd with the utmost Diligence, if I might have given any Credit to your Words; and yet all vanish'd like a Dream, and ended in your Words only; not that they were all really to be neglected by a wise Man, or the idle Tricks and Designs of cunning Projectors, but many of them might have been very useful to your Country and yourself; and neglected merely by your dilatory Temper, which makes you grow cool on the scent of the best Designs in a few Days. You put me in mind of an old Friend that is now dead, who was not easily remov'd from the Thing that was before him; when he was at the Tavern, tho' he lov'd his Bottle as well as any Man, yet by delaying to drink in his Turn, by telling some whimsical Story, he often lost his Glass, and so paid a double Club to every Reckoning. When twelve a-Clock came, and the Company put him in mind that it was time to go home, he would

would say by and by, Here Drawer bring the other Bottle and to pay; and thus on till Day-light; from whence he got the Name of *Break-a-Day*; and he would curse the blessed Sun for intruding into the Room, and robbing him of his Company, by informing them that it was high time to go home: But he generally took care to avoid that Evil, by chusing a Room which was naturally dark, and artificially confirm'd so by close Shutters, by which he join'd two Nights in one, lengthen'd by excluding the intervening Day; and this merely to put off that that must come to pass, his going home, tho' he most commonly took care to save his Legs that Labour, by being carry'd home drunk.

But this, perhaps, may look as if it proceeded from his Love of the Bottle, and not his procrastinating Temper; but it is plain it was the latter; for when he was at home he was equally putting off his going abroad, tho' he promis'd his Friends, perhaps, every Night to go with them, and every Night put them off to the next, till his Desire of the Tavern grew too strong for his Laziness. And this was the constant Course of his Life, still putting off the Hour of his going abroad, and delaying that of his Return home.

Whoever is troubled with this Folly of Delay, will never make his Fortune in the World, since he will certainly lose every Opportunity of doing it, which seldom returns when once lost; nor, indeed, would it be to much purpose to return to Men of this Temper, who would be sure to lose it, let it come never so often.

*The lucky have whole Days, and those they use,*
*The unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose.*

And by that means make themselves unhappy. Your Case, indeed, is something different, you are possess'd of a plentiful Fortune, and therefore have no need of that Activity in the pursuit of Business, which Men of narrow Circumstances are oblig'd to. They should always bear in their Mind that wise Maxim of our Ancestors, *Never to defer that till to Morrow which you can do to Day.*

But tho' you are not oblig'd to this Activity which I mention, in regard of the Goods of Fortune, yet you have been a Man of Pleasure and a Lover. Delays are as dangerous in Love as in War or in Courts, which makes me believe that you were never very fortunate in your Intrigues with the Fair, for they are full as fickle as the blind Goddess; and if you miss the Opportunity, 'tis ten to one but there's an End of your Amour. For my Part, I always consider'd that I was not sure of to Morrow, and therefore I perpetually made use of the present Day; I consider'd that the Distempers of Fortune were like those of the Body, the longer you let them prevail without applying a Remedy, the more difficult was the Cure. But laying aside all these Speculations, I advise you to come away immediately to Town, for your Nephew's sake, for your own sake, and for the sake of

*Your faithful Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

PHILIP FORELOCK.

# LETTER IV.

## *The Fop.*

*Paſtillos* Rufillus *olet*, Gorgonius *Hircum*.

*To Mr.* Plaindreſs, *at his Houſe in* Watling-ſtreet, London.

*Dear Friend*,

I Have ſpent my Time very agreeably in the Country, till the beginning of laſt Week, when there came down two Monſters from *London*, of a much different kind, tho' they are perpetually together, *Rufillus* and *Gorgonius*. *Rufillus* is a perfect Sir *Courtly*; or, indeed, Sir *Courtly* would be look'd on as a very faint Copy of *Rufillus*, he is ſo exquiſite a Fop. *Gorgonius*, on the other ſide, is the erranteſt Sloven, the moſt negligent of Dreſs, and fond of every thing that is not admir'd by *Rufillus*. This always ſtinks of Perfumes, that of his own groſs and filthy Vapours,

*His frouſy Pores taint the ambient Air.*

*Rufillus* ſays he always keeps him company to be a Foil to his Perfections, as a handſome young Whore generally goes Arm in Arm, in all the publick Places, with a Doudy would

would almoſt frighten you. Thus, while *Rufillus* diſplays his Fopperies, and by ſtirring himſelf gives freſh Motion to his Perfumes, *Gorgonius* qualifies the uneaſy Scents, by Eructations from above or below. And while *Rufillus* minces the *Engliſh* to give it a Fop's Nicety to the Ear, *Gorgonius* burſts out into Language as broad as a *Scotchman*, and as rude as a *Bully*. This is the wretched Variety under which I have been confin'd now almoſt a Week, and which will make me quit this charming Place, were I not aſſur'd we ſhould be deliver'd from their Company in two Days.

Why the Devil does not your great Hive of *London* keep all her Monſters to herſelf, and not detach them abroad to diſturb the Quiet of us Country Folks? There *Rufillus* might paſs among the Ladies for a fine Gentleman, and *Gorgonius* among the Sots for an honeſt blunt Fellow; there *Rufillus* might ſpend all his Morning with his Taylor, Peruke-maker, Sempſtreſs and Shoemaker, to ſay nothing of his Hoſier and Valet de Chambre, his Bubble-boy and Perfumer, to equip himſelf by five or ſix a Clock in the Evening, to make a ridiculous Figure among the Men, and an agreeable one among the Ladies: They tell us that the Spice-Iſlands are ſmelt many Leagues at Sea before they come in view; and *Rufillus* ſends his aking Odors almoſt a quarter of a Mile before him. *Gorgonius* ſeldom gets ſo early abroad; the Tavern Hour is generally his Levee; and 'tis very well it is ſo, elſe the noxious Smells that come from him would be very offenſive to the Paſſengers in the Street, and frighten them with the Apprehenſion that ſome Plague was near, by the unwholſome Va-

pour that from him assaulted their Nostrils; but passing only from his Lodgings to the Tavern, the good Liquor and the Tobacco fortify the Company's Stomach against him.

What strange Animals are these? *Rufillus* seems made only for the Benefit of his Taylor, and the other Trades that club to set him out a most accomplish'd Coxcomb; he's more ignorant and more impertinent than the silliest of the sillies Sex; but he has a good Estate left him by a rich Relation, which took him from *Furnival's-Inn* and the eighteen-penny Gallery, to place him in fine Lodgings in the *Pall-mall*, or in the Front-Box, or the Stage in the Theatres, where he sets himself as a Mark for the Ladies Eyes to admire, and the rest of the Audience to laugh at. But enough of this Coxcomb, we shall be rid of him in two or three Days; and then I hope we shall have your good Company, which will soon banish the Thoughts of this Fatigue from

*Your faithful Friend*

*and Servant,*

WILLIAM NAIVE.

# LETTER V.

## *That the Unfortunate have no Friends.*

*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,*
*Nullus ad amiſſas venit amicus opes.*

*To* Alexander Friendly *Eſq; at his Houſe near* Maidſton *in* Kent.

SIR,

I Received your obliging Letter of the fifth Inſtant, by which you are pleas'd to invite me into the Country, with the Promiſe of a hearty Welcome, and ſo pleaſant an Apartment, that I cannot miſs of frequent Viſits in it from the Muſes, aſſuring me I ſhall enjoy it as long as I pleaſe. This is an Argument of that friendly Temper which is fix'd in your Nature, and diſcover'd by all your Actions; and gives me the Satisfaction of finding, that I have not yet loſt all my Friends by my Misfortunes; but it happens ſo that the Indiſpoſition of my Body deprives me of that Happineſs which you generouſly offer me, being not able to go out of my Room.

But, my good Friend, how comes it to paſs that you are not like the reſt of my Friends, but continue your Kindneſs when they have all forſaken me at a Time when their Friendſhip was moſt neceſſary to me? As for the common Herd,

the general Acquaintance which one meets with in this World, I am not at all concern'd for their Loſs; but I confeſs I am not ſo indifferent for the Deſertion of two Gentlemen, from whom I expected other Things, becauſe of their excellent Senſe; I ſhall diſtinguiſh them here by the Names of *Hugo* and *Addo*, both Men of admirable Parts.

*Hugo* is a Gentleman of uncommon Qualifications; he's a very good Poet, eſpecially in the Lyrick way, he draws very finely, and is an excellent Judge in Painting. He is, beſides, a conſiderable Proficient in the Art of Muſick, he's a very good Critick, and a general Scholar; but whilſt Nature has been ſo bountiful to him, in ſuch fine Qualities of Mind, ſhe has been extreamly penurious in her Favours to his Body; not but that he is very agreeable in his Perſon, very amiable in his Countenance, which diſcovers all the Marks of good Senſe and good Temper, but his Conſtitution is ſo weak that he ſeldom enjoys the Bleſſing of Health.

*Immodicis brevis eſt Ætas & rara ſenectus.*

Men of ſuch Accompliſhments ſeldom arrive at old Age; and this, I believe, will be the Fate of my Friend *Hugo*; I mean of *Hugo* who was once my Friend, and has forſaken me I know not why. All the Cauſe that I can gueſs at I ſhall tell you as ſoon as I have given you the Character of *Addo*.

*Addo* is a Gentleman who has equal Obligations to Fortune and Nature. Nature laid the Foundation of thoſe conſiderable Benefits he afterwards receiv'd from Fortune, by giving him

him a Genius and Parts capable of recommending him to the Great. These he improv'd by Study at the University, and brought to Perfection by Travel and Converſation: Nature ſmil'd upon him at his Birth, and Fortune in every Step of his Life. It is very rare and uncommon for Nature and Fortune to go thus Hand in Hand, in the forming the Happineſs of any one Perſon; and yet without this Union of Nature and Fortune, it is impoſſible for any one Perſon to mount the arduous Steps, which lead to Power and Wealth, with that Eſteem which makes every one applaud the Succeſs to which ſuch a Perſon arrives. *Addo* has had this Happineſs, to gain the ſeveral Poſts he has paſs'd thro', without the Envy of any one, and with the Approbation of all: As to the Qualities of his Mind they are very uncommon, for he has at once a Genius for Poetry and Buſineſs; he is a perfect Maſter of all the Claſſicks, and at the ſame time of all thoſe political Maxims, which are neceſſary to conduct him to the Aim of his Deſires, thro' a ſort of People, who have, in their own Natures, very little Knowledge of, and much leſs Regard to thoſe Arts, and that Learning which makes *Addo* ſo conſiderable in the Eyes of the Polite. Tho' he has all the Genius of a great Poet, yet he has ſcarce any of the Vanity; he is ſo little fond of the Praiſes due to his Writings, that beſtowing them upon others, he has rais'd Men of very deſpicable Parts to the Reputation of being Writers of the firſt Claſs. You know the Perſons I mean, I ſhall not need therefore to name 'em. There is one Quality in *Addo* as an Author, which is as uncommon as admirable; and that is, a

wonderful Modesty and Diffidence in what he does, tho' he has such a Mastery in Learning of all sorts, as might justify a more dogmatick Proceedure: I know he has been accus'd, by a Person who has infinite Obligations to him, that he is extreamly averse to make use of his Interest for the Service of his Friend; and that if a Word speaking in that Friend's Behalf would make him happy, he would not go over the Threshold to do it. But, dear Sir, this Character comes from a Man, who, thro' the whole Course of his Life, has been particularly remarkable for a heinous degree of that very Guilt of which he accuses *Addo*, and from which my particular Experience can vindicate him.

These being the Characters of *Hugo* and *Addo*, I shall now tell you my Conjecture of the Cause of the Loss of them. You know the Malice of my Fortune has oblig'd me sometimes to *scribble*, even for my Subsistence. In a Book I lately publish'd, I had a mind to give the World a Taste of the Violence of Love, in a few Letters from a fair deserted Lady to her royal Lover. To make the Characters the more considerable, I rais'd them to the first Rank of Fortune; and gave the Hero certain royal Virtues, which should make him the more distinguish'd and considerable: But it seems, that in drawing so perfect a Hero, I hit upon Virtues which were remarkable in an illustrious Character of the present Age. But how was it possible to dress up my Hero in any extraordinary Virtues, without having some of those to be found in that illustrious Character that is full of every Excellence in Nature? Yet this it is that has given Offence to these two worthy Gentlemen,

not, I hope, out of the Dictates of their own Senſe and Judgment, but in Complaiſance to the capricious Niceneſs of ſome great Men, who are willing to have their Zeal taken notice on, for ſtretching of it beyond the Bounds of Juſtice and Reaſon; for *Hugo* and *Addo* are both acquainted with my Devotion to that illuſtrious Character, and the Sufferings I have undergone, and ſtill do undergo, for my Attachment to him, when many, that are now clamorous on this Account, were aſham'd or afraid to appear in his Cauſe: This would be enough, one would think, to convince them that I could not be criminal in my Intentions; and therefore, that whatever Judgment might be made of the Writing, I do not deſerve to ſuffer ſo grievous a Puniſhment as the loſs of their Favour.

Beſides, there is nothing in the Fact itſelf that will bare a Parallel. My *Heroine* is Young, Beautiful, paſſionately Fond, and yet Unfortunate; Qualities neceſſary to produce thoſe paſſionate Letters which I propoſe to write: The Lady whom my Enemies would ſuppoſe to be meant, is neither Young, Paſſionate nor Unfortunate, and therefore could never be in my Thought when I drew the former.

But ſuch is the Tyranny that rules all Men, who either have, or expect to have, any great Poſt, that they muſt reject even the moſt Innocent, if his Misfortune make him obnoxious to the Surmiſes of the Men in Power. This, in ſhort, is my Fate with *Hugo* and *Addo*, unleſs there be at the Bottom another Cauſe, which I am very unwilling to lay at the Door of Men of their acknowledg'd good Qualities; and that is, that they grow weary of a Perſon, whoſe Neceſ-

Neceſſities compel him too frequently to ſeek their Aſſiſtance, without any Proſpect of that Intereſt of their Services, which the Cunning of this World lay out all their Favours in; Age, Sickneſs, Lameneſs, and Blindneſs, are too forbidding to engage Men of ſo ſervile a Principle. But whatever be the Cauſe, unleſs that which I formerly mention'd, I am confident this is not ſo with *Addo* and *Hugo*; they are Men of too much Senſe and Goodneſs to be guided by theſe mean Conſiderations; and tho' I'm extreamly troubl'd at the unhappy Event, I am ſtill entirely ignorant of that which produc'd it: But I muſt do with this, as with all other Misfortunes I cannot help, endeavour to forget a Loſs that I cannot retrieve. The only Comfort I have in this Juncture, is, to find that I am not indifferent to you, which hinders me from being entirely unhappy, ſince I can write myſelf

*Your ſincere Friend,*

*And Servant,*

CARLO AMONTESOCIO.

# LETTER VI.

## *Againſt Avarice.*

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
*Auri ſacra fames?* ———

*To the moſt Honourable ------ of ------*

*My* LORD,

YOU do me too much Honour, in requiring my Advice on a Subject ſo publick and political as your Letter mentions. 'Tis true, I have been a ſort of an Underling in publick Affairs, during a late Adminiſtration: But, my Lord, we mov'd by Principles ſo very different from thoſe which now obtain, that my Advice, in this Particular, would be to no manner of purpoſe; yet I cannot loſe this Opportunity of giving your Lordſhip ſome Advice, which more particularly regards yourſelf. I know that Noblemen, as well as Kings, are not fond of hearing Truth, eſpecially when it attacks their Inclinations; and every Man has ſuch a Reſerve of Pride and Self-opinion, that he cannot eaſily bear to hear his Conduct cenſur'd, as if that brought his Underſtanding in queſtion, or rather condemn'd his favourite Actions, with ſo evident a Juſtice, that his Underſtanding could not complain of the Verdict.

I am

I am ſenſible that your Lordſhip's Underſtanding is perfectly good, that your fine Taſte in the politer Arts is very uncommon, which makes me the more willing to remove that Blemiſh, which alone does ſully your Character; I mean, that *Auri ſacra fames*, which is but too viſibly the Canker that eats up your Reputation, tho' I look upon Avarice to be to the Mind what the Gout is to the Body, a Malady that the Phyſicians and the Philoſophers have not yet been able to find out any Remedy for, at leaſt, ſo far as to work a perfect Cure; yet there have been Medicines that have render'd the Fits more tolerable, and leſs frequent and laſting. This, I am ſure, has been true in the Gout; and I think I have known ſome Inſtances where it has not been leſs ſo in Avarice; that is, I have known ſome Men, whoſe Minds have been ſufficiently infected with this Diſtemper, ſtruggle up, upon Occaſion, to Actions truly generous; but whether this has been the Effect of ſome ſhort Prevalence of a contrary Virtue, or the more to gratify that Vice by ſome future Proſpect, which that ſhort Deviation into Generoſity drew more near, and gave them a better Opportunity of gratifying their darling Vice; let the Motive be which it will, it is certain, that the Action is always beneficial to the Reputation of him that does it; and therefore, tho' the Perſon may not deſerve the Name of a generous Man, he will certainly merit that of a prudent Man. Avarice is like Envy, odious to all Mankind, and deny'd even by thoſe who are the greateſt Slaves to it; yet whilſt they are aſham'd to avow the Folly, that Shame is not ſtrong enough to prevail with them to avoid it.

Avarice,

Avarice, tho' it propoſes to thoſe who are guilty of it their Advantage and Intereſt, yet in publick Characters there is nothing more injurious to them; for when ſuch a Man is known to be avaricious, every one is upon his Guard againſt him; nor will any one apply to him, but ſuch as his immediate Poſt obliges to it. If your Lordſhip be a Perſon who value your Reputation, and the Eſteem of Mankind, you muſt avoid this Vice with your utmoſt Care; or, at leaſt, diſguiſe it ſo artfully as to hide the viſible Tokens of it. I cannot but think that your Lordſhip has a Deſire of being diſtinguiſh'd from the common bulk of Mankind; whence elſe thoſe Titles of Dignity, with which the Crown has adorn'd you? But, my Lord, Titles are of very little Conſequence to the Perſon who poſſeſſes them, and makes a very ſmall Advance in the Eſteem of the World, unleſs the Virtue and Perfections of that Perſon be as exalted as his Titles: But it would be a hard Matter to perſuade the World, that a Perſon, by what Title ſoever dignify'd, can merit our Eſteem when guilty of Avarice; for that Vice obliges its Slaves to ſuch little and mean Attempts, as muſt render them contemptible; and whereever there is Contempt, it is impoſſible there ſhould be Reſpect and Honour. Your Lordſhip is a Man of Reaſon, and therefore ſhould be ſuppos'd to have ſome regard to that in the Conduct of your Life; but Reaſon is the greateſt Enemy that can be to Avarice, that always propoſes ſome Aim or End that brings, or contributes to, a real Happineſs; but Avarice is not only accompanied with a perpetual Care and Pain, and inexpreſſible Fear and Solicitude,

but

but never arrives at any End, but is always purſuing, with a fruitleſs Anxiety, what it is ſure never to enjoy. I confeſs that Happineſs conſiſts in Opinion, and that its Object is not the ſame in all Men; but then you muſt allow me, that every Man who purſues a Happineſs, purſues, at leaſt, the Enjoyment of ſome particular Object, the Poſſeſſion of which makes amends for all the Pains and Fatigues he has gone through to obtain it; but the avaricious Man ſeeks Riches, not to enjoy them, that is, not to make uſe of thoſe Pleaſures, and that Satisfaction, for which their Poſſeſſion is only valuable; for a mere Heap of Gold and Silver is of no more conſequence, than as much Lead or Iron. I do not forget the Anſwer made by a Miſer, to one who told him, that he took all that Pains to rake his Riches together, only to enable his Son to ſquander them away. *Let him* (ſaid he) *but I defy him to ſpend them with half the Pleaſure that I got them.* But, my Lord, this was a falſe Boaſt of the wretched Miſer; for it was plain, by his whole Life and Converſation, that he never knew what Pleaſure was; and that the only Benefit he could reap by all his Gain, was only to give a tranſitory Eaſe to his Pain, a ſhort Relief or ſlaking of his Thirſt, which immediately returns upon him more violently, or a poor penurious Meal to the moſt vorations Appetite; and you might as well tell me, that the Man who feels a perpetual Hunger and Thirſt enjoys Pleaſure and Happineſs, as that a Miſer, who perpetually covets more, finds a Felicity in unſatisfy'd Deſire. All our Paſſions, which are the Source of our Pleaſure as well as our Pain, propoſe ſome End, ſome Object,

Object, which obtain'd, they reſt from Purſuit, and poſſeſs it with Pleaſure; but Avarice is a ſort of Fox-Chace for Life, where you are ſure never to come at the Quarry------But, my Lord, I begin to reflect that I am talking againſt the acute Pains of the Gout, to a Perſon labouring under the Violence of that Diſtemper; all I can ſay will not leſſen the Anguiſh; and all my Reflections are of little Conſequence to that Gout of the Mind Avarice, which Heaven alone can cure, and a wiſe Man allay; and your Lordſhip's Wiſdom gives me hopes, that if you cannot work a perfect Cure on yourſelf, you will, at leaſt, make the Evil tolerable by your prudent Conduct, and the intermixing ſuch Acts of Generoſity, as may conceal your Diſtemper from the Publick. However, I hope your Lordſhip will be ſo candid as to believe, that all I have ſaid in this Letter has been the Effect of my Deſires to ſerve you, and to prove that I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordſhip's*

*moſt humble Servant,*

J. MILTON.

# LETTER VII.

## *The reciting Poetaſter.*

*Iham forte via ſacra, ſicut meus eſt mos,*
*Neſcio quid meditans nugarum & totus in illis:*
*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,* &c.

*To* Spondee Dactyl *Eſq; at his Chambers in the* Inner Temple, London.

*Dear Couſin,*

I AM glad to hear by your laſt, that you are in perfect Health, and follow your Studies with the utmoſt Application; that is the way, indeed, to arrive at Power and Wealth; for the Study of the Law is the moſt beneficial of any that employ the Mind of Man; it ſtands upon a Bottom that can never fail, as long as Mankind are directed and ſet at work by that litigious Temper, which is not likely to ceaſe in our Days. But give me leave to tell you, that you ſeem poſſeſs'd with another Inclination, which appears incompatible with your Study of the Law, I mean your Inclination to Poetry, for I have ſeen many of your Verſes; and muſt, with the Freedom of a Friend and Kinſman, tell you, you had better ſtick to *Cook* upon *Littleton*, than throw away your Time on *Virgil* and *Horace*, and *Cowley* and *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Waller* and

and *Dryden*. You may be capable of making a very good Lawyer, and raiſing yourſelf and Family at the Bar, when you may poſſibly make but a ſcurvy Figure in the Province of Verſe, from whence there is but little to be got to ballance the Risk which you run of being thought a mere Poetaſter; or which is next to it, a bare Verſifier. I own your Numbers are ſmooth, and your Diction correct and forcible; but in all thoſe Eſſays of yours, which I have ſeen, I can find little of Deſign or Fable, which diſtinguiſh'd the antient Poets from the mere Dabblers in Verſe: I own you may pleaſe the injudicious Town by a Smoothneſs of Numbers, and a Pomp of Expreſſion; but theſe are the

*Verſus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.*

There is another Folly, I am told, you are extreamly guilty of, and which ſhows you to be far gone in this Diſtemper; and that is, your Fondneſs and Vanity of reciting your Verſes in all Companies; and this, indeed, gives me ſome Doubts of your Genius, none having been eminent Reciters of their own Works, that ever writ things worthy reciting. *Virgil*, who had the moſt graceful way of reading his own Verſes in the World, never read them in publick, but with the utmoſt Reluctance, tho' always certain of Applauſe when he did it; whereas *Fannius*, a Scribbler, deſpis'd by all the Men of Senſe in that Time, was the moſt diligent Man in the World in forming of Aſſemblies to read his Performances to; and yet it was then a Cuſtom for the Poets to recite what they had written in publick; but I believe that Cuſtom was ſoon

worn out; for we find *Petronius Arbiter* giving us an Account, that his Poet *Eumolpus* was pelted with Stones by the very Boys, to make him leave off reciting in publick. I have wish'd before now for the same Relief, against a reciting Poetaster of my Acquaintance.

*Retteau* was a Fellow bred to Business, tho' not without some little *Latin*, which he learn'd when he was a School-Boy. This, and reading Romances, and keeping Company with some of the under Poets of the Age, had possess'd him with the Spirit of Rhiming, so that it made him as great a Plague to others as Satisfaction to himself. If you call'd upon him at his Office, you would find on one side of his Desk, the *Waste-Book*, *Cash-Book*, *Journal*, *Leidger*, &c. and on the other a Song to *Phillis*, *Damon*'s Complaint, and many more of that kind; and let the Business require never so much Expedition, if any one came in who would hear him, it was all laid aside till he had recited the Verses he had by him; and you were never secure by any Place or Company from his repeating Humour; the Streets and the very Churches were not Defence enough against it. Coming down *Cheapside* one *Sunday*, just as Church was done, and the Streets crouded with People, I met *Retteau*; and thinking myself pretty secure, both by the Place and the Time, I bid him good-morrow, which was enough to give him a handle for his plaguing me for at least half an Hour with his Verses, whip his Hand was in his Pocket, and out comes the Letter-Case, repleniſh'd with a Cargo of Crambos. *Oh, I am glad*, said he, *I have met you, I have a Curiosity or two to shew you, which yet have bless'd the Eyes of very few; the Pro-*

*duct*,

*duct, I can assure you, of the top Genius's of the Age:* By which he hop'd to engage my Attention; but if I happen'd to praise them, he took care, before we parted, to let me know they were his own. With much ado I got rid of him for this time; and when next I met him it was at a Musick-Meeting, where, as soon as the Performance was over, he started from me, much to my Satisfaction, to find that the Plague was design'd for others and not myself; for *Retteau* being, among other useful Qualities, endow'd with an incomparable Assurance, seiz'd upon some of the first Quality, and lugs out his Poetry upon them; not that he had the Honour of being known to them, but the good Luck to know them. The Persons of Quality were pleas'd with his odd Impertinence, and diverted themselves with his fantastick Behaviour; and tho' they plainly laugh'd at all he said and show'd them, yet *Retteau* imagin'd that he had obtain'd his End, by making them laugh, tho' on the most serious Subject, went off in Triumph, and overtook me in Transport, for I had left the Place before him, for fear of being taken by those noble Persons for a Fool of the same Magnitude.

Tho' all those Gentlemen who love to read their own Verses, are not equally troublesome and impertinent, yet they all are capable of making a Man very uneasy in Company, since they read not to submit their Poem to you for Correction, but to bribe your Applause, by the Deference they seem to pay to you in admitting you to the hearing of it: Some of them have so good a Memory, that while you think they are reading they are only repeating, and employ their Eyes

to watch your Countenance, thence to gather your Approbation or Diſlike, with a greater Certainty than from your Words: So that all the while one of theſe Poets reads, you muſt ſet a ſtrict Guard upon your Looks, or you will be ſure to diſoblige him in ſpight of all you can ſay in his Favour.

I would not have you think, by what I have ſaid, that I am againſt your ſhowing your Verſes to a Friend; on the contrary, I would never have you part with any, till you have had the Opinion and Correction of the moſt judicious of your Acquaintance; but then leave the Peruſal of them to themſelves in their own Cloſets, when they may weigh them with Sedateneſs, for few or none can make right Judgment of things of this Nature, by a bare Recital; for the Reciter either gives them a Grace in the Repetition, which they have not in themſelves; or elſe, on the other ſide, they make ſo bad and aukward a Recital, that the Verſes ſuffer, and ſeem worſe than really they are.

Theſe are ſome of the ridiculous Circumſtances which the Affectation of writing often expoſes a young Man to. *Ben Johnſon* very well obſerves, that he had known many a Man make his Fortune by uſing Poetry as a Miſtreſs, but never any one who took it for better and for worſe, and made it his Wife. I am not therefore againſt your writing now and then a Copy of Verſes; becauſe, let their Merit be what they will among the Judicious, they may happen to recommend you to ſome Man of Power, who would be thought a Patron of that Art, tho' a fine Taſte and a good Judgment in it is ſcarce to be found in Men of that high Station,

and

and therefore we see they generally direct their Favours by the Applause of the Town, than which there is nothing more false and uncertain, as the learned and judicious *Ben Johnson* long ago observ'd, when he tells us that the applauded Poetry of the Age was in reality so despicably bad, that a Man would not wrap up a wholsome Drug in it. Write therefore Poetry seldom, recite it never, give your whole Mind to the Study of the Law; and by that you may raise yourself without cringing to any great Man of them all. This is the hearty, sincere, and friendly Advice of

*Your loving Kinsman,*

WILLIAM WILEY.

# THE LOVES OF DON ALONSO Duke of *LERMA*, AND *Donna Olympia Dibianchi.*

*Amata Relinquere pernix.*

IN the Time of *Philip* III of *Spain*, *Don Alonzo* Duke of *Lerma* was sent Ambaſſador to *Rome*. He was very young for that Poſt, having yet not ſeen his 30th Year; but the Greatneſs of his Quality and the Brightneſs of his Parts,

Parts, join'd with the Favour of his King, eaſily ſupply'd that Defect. He was in his Perſon very graceful, in his Countenance there ſhone a lovely Manlineſs, his Eyes were quick and piercing, his Stature tall, and his Inclinations amorous; all which together made him very ſucceſsful with the Fair Sex.

*Donna Olympia* was about eighteen Years of Age, very beautiful, and married to an old Huſband; yet behav'd herſelf with that Conduct and Virtue, till ſhe ſaw *Don Alonzo*, that ſhe gave entire Satisfaction to her Husband, and ſecur'd herſelf againſt all the Cenſures of the Malicious. The only Places where the Women have any tolerable liberty in theſe Countries are the Churches, which makes them more frequented by the Ladies than otherwiſe they would be, being the Scenes where the beginning of moſt of their Amours are acted. There happen'd about this Time to be a great Solemnity perform'd at the Church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, to which a plenary Indulgence had invited a great Concourſe of People, among whom was *Don Alonzo* and *Donna Olympia*: The *Spaniard* came not ſo much out of Devotion to the Holy Virgin, as out of hopes of finding ſome new Adventure with ſome fair Votary of hers. *Donna Olympia*, indeed, if we may judge by her paſt Actions, came not with any Earthly Intentions, but was drawn thither by the cogent Superſtition of the Day and of the Place. As ſhe paſt by *Don Alonzo*, he was extreamly taken with the fine Mien and Shape of her Perſon, but her Face was hid with her Veil: However, he order'd one of his Attendants to watch her Home when ſhe went out, and that the more eagerly, becauſe as ſhe paſt

by his Stand, she took care artfully to throw aside her Veil so far, as to give him a Sample of the Beauties conceal'd by it; for when she came in, the Charms of *Don Alonzo* had so fir'd her Breast, that she hop'd by this Discovery to engage his Pursuit.

The Messenger *Don Alonzo* sent to follow her Home, brought him Word, that she was the Wife of one *Seignior Dibianchi* a Rich and Miserly *Roman* Banker, and that her Name was *Donna Olympia*; adding, that he thought she was one of the most beautiful Women that ever he beheld in his Life, which he discover'd by an Accident as she past along; for the Wind being pretty strong, at the sudden turning of a Street, blew her Veil quite off from her Face. This new Description of the Beauty of *Olympia* by his Servant added to the Eagerness of the Duke, to begin an Amour from which he promis'd himself so much Pleasure. He was not negligent of improving every Moment to the advantage of his Passion; he therefore, upon enquiry of his Agents, found that the Family was entirely govern'd by an old ill-natur'd, covetous *Governante*, to whose Conduct the old Gentleman entirely confided the Guardianship of his Spouse's Honour; so that *Don Alonzo* believ'd, that if he could gain the *Governante* to his Interest, he should not miss that Success which he desir'd in his Amour; and the only way to do this, he knew, was to gratify her predominant Passion of Avarice; and this was manag'd by his Agent with that Address, that what by some ready Gold, and Promises of Mountains upon the Success, he entirely gain'd the *Governante* into his Master's Interest; with a Promise to deliver a Letter to her,

her, and plead ſo heartily for *Don Alonzo* with her, that ſhe could not but prevail.

The next Day *Don Alonzo* took care to ride out of *Rome*, attended by a noble Train of Servants; he took *Dibianchi's* Houſe in his Way both coming and going. The *Governante* being inform'd of his Deſign of paſſing that Way, took care to place *Olympia* in one of the Windows, where ſhe might ſee and be ſeen. *Don Alonzo* made one of the moſt graceful Figures on Horſeback in the World; and *Olympia*, if ſhe was ſmitten before, was now entirely enſlav'd by this ſecond View; nor was *Alonzo* leſs in Love with her, by having ſo full a Sight of her Face and Perſon.

The *Governante* took care to praiſe the *Spaniard* to a Degree above what any Mortal Man could deſerve, and to try all the Ways that a cunning old Woman could contrive, to inſinuate a Paſſion into the Breaſt of ſo tender and young a Creature. *Olympia* was ſecretly pleas'd, to find her an Advocate for her Lover, whom ſhe before apprehended would prove the greateſt Obſtacle to their Happineſs; but how agreeable ſoever this Diſcovery was to her, ſhe took care to conceal her Satisfaction, and to put on an Air of Coldneſs or Indifference to all the *Governante* ſaid to her on this Subject.

As ſoon as *Don Alonzo* came Home, all tranſported with what he had ſeen; he ſet himſelf down to his Scrutore, and wrote the following Letter.

LET-

# LETTER I.

## Alonzo *to the Charming* Olympia.

THE Exceſs of your Beauties, which have ſo entirely vanquiſh'd the ſtubborn Heart of *Alonzo*, and made me of the coldeſt of Mankind, the warmeſt and moſt paſſionate Lover in the World, is the only thing which comforts me in my Diſtreſs; for ſurely ſhe who excels all other Women in Beauty, muſt likewiſe tranſcend them in Compaſſion; for Nature would have given you theſe Charms, of which you are Miſtreſs, to no manner of purpoſe, unleſs ſhe alſo ſupply'd a Will to cure thoſe Wounds they make; unleſs ſhe taught you the Juſtice of rewarding a faithful Lover, why ſhould ſhe give you the Power of making one? That I am ſuch a one you may eaſily believe, from conſulting your own Charms in your Glaſs; they will tell you, that it is impoſſible to ſee them without the higheſt Love and Deſire: But *Olympia's* Power over me began even before I was bleſt with a Sight of her Eyes; her very Perſon was ſufficient to alarm my Heart, and breed that Diſquiet, which has never left me ſince I firſt ſaw you paſs by me in the Church: Yes, fair *Olympia*, your Empire o'er me began by rivaling Heaven itſelf, and turning all my Prayers to the bleſſed Virgin, and the Angels and Saints, into Wiſhes, directed all to the Earthly Angel before me.

me. But when I had a full View of your Perfections in my Cavalcade, I was entirely loſt in a Paſſion, deſtin'd by my Stars, either for my exceſſive Happineſs or Miſery. Yes, bright *Olympia*, my Love is too ſtrong to admit any middle State; Happineſs or Miſery is my Lot, and that dear tender Boſom muſt decide which is to be my Portion. I know, alas! too well, that you are another's; but I know at the ſame time, that it was not your Choice which made him Maſter of a Treaſure, which he can neither know nor enjoy; for to know and enjoy ſuch a Treaſure as *Olympia* is, a Man muſt be Young, Generous and Brave, and have a good Portion of Senſe: But *Dibianchi* is Old, Avaricious and Baſe, without Senſe enough to ſeaſon him from a Fool; ſure theſe are Qualities that can never render him dear to *Olympia*. Your Relations made no ſcruple to ſacrifice you to the Wealth of a Miſer, and by that Means to cut you off from all the Pleaſures that Youth and Gaiety require; and will you contribute to the Curſe they impos'd on you, and not liſten to a Lover, who is ready to venture every thing to enlarge you from ſo unworthy an Impriſonment, and bring you acquainted with thoſe Raptures of Love, which you only can inſpire and receive? this Juſtice requires of you, both as to you and me. If you hear not my Prayer, you make me the moſt miſerable of Men; ſo miſerable, that to bear it would be a Proof both of my want of Love and Reſolution: No, *Olympia*, you may aſſure yourſelf, that without your Pity *Alonzo* is no more.

This

This Letter was ſent to the *Governante*, and by her deliver'd to *Olympia*; who, tho' ſhe deſir'd to read it with the utmoſt Impatience, yet ſhe ſuffer'd the *Governante* to preſs her with abundance of Earneſtneſs, before ſhe would conſent to peruſe it; and yet more Arguments to get her to return an Anſwer. At laſt ſhe took Pen and Ink, and made this Reply.

## LETTER II.

### Olympia *to* Alonzo.

*My* LORD,

IT is with ſome Reluctance, and a great deal of Importunity from your Advocate, that I prevail with myſelf to make any Anſwer to your Letter. It is a ſort of Crime in a Married Woman, to read any Letter from a Stranger; but I fear it is making myſelf a Partner in your Guilt, by taking ſo much Notice of a Declaration of Love, as to ſend any Anſwer at all to it, tho' it be a Denial. However, perhaps ſo much may be due to your Quality, as to let you know, that your criminal Suit is here to no manner of purpoſe; for tho' my Husband be Old, and perhaps not entirely free from thoſe Defects you imagine in him; yet my Virtue, I hope, is ſufficient to ſecure his Repoſe. You tell me I am Young and

and Charming, and would you therefore endeavour to rob me of my principal Charm, Virtue? without the Guard of which, all those Beauties, which you are pleas'd to tell me I have, would be no more than the Charms of a Prostitute; a thing, which I am confident could never move a Man of so fine a Taste as *Don Alonzo*; and there is but little Hopes of your Constancy, when you would rob me of that very thing which is the chief Cause of your Love: Trouble me, therefore, with no more Letters on so hateful a Subject; not that I am angry at the Passion that a Man of *Alonzo*'s Parts and Qualities tells me he has for me, for we all take Pleasure in being belov'd, at least, in thinking that we are so, even in an Age, when Mens Professions are not to be weigh'd by their Words. But if your Love be more than Words, prove it by your Silence; and not seek by my Unhappiness to ease your own Disquiet.

OLYMPIA.

*Alonzo* was very well pleas'd that he had obtain'd any Answer at all; for tho' she seem'd to reject his Passion, he perswaded himself that she could not have done more than she did on his first Address. He therefore wrote her this following Letter.

LET-

# LETTER III.

*Fair* OLYMPIA,

YOUR Anſwer to my laſt gave me a great deal of Pleaſure, as well as a great deal of Pain. A Letter coming from thoſe dear charming Hands, could not but afford an infinite Satisfaction to a Man that loves like *Alonzo*. I gave it ten thouſand Kiſſes, and plac'd it in my Boſom near my Heart, where it lay all the paſt Night, and inrich'd my Slumbers with ſuch Dreams, ſuch tranſporting Viſions, whoſe Raptures can be equal'd with nothing but *Olympia* herſelf. But then, when the Morning Sun had made my Room light enough to return to the Peruſal of your Letter, my paſt Joys found a ſevere Check from your Reſentment of my paſt Conduct, and thoſe Obſtacles which you rais'd againſt my future Happineſs, by making it incompatible with your own: No, fair *Olympia*, could I be ſatisfied, that my Love could be any ways injurious to your Felicity, I would ſooner undergo ten thouſand Deaths, than to attempt the Satisfaction of my Love any farther; but why muſt my Paſſion be ſo fatal to you? or how, indeed, can it be ſo? You ſay it is to rob you of your principal Beauty, your Virtue; but is it impoſſible that two can Love, and yet be innocent? and if that can be, what ſhould make mine more criminal than any others? I fear

fear you take Virtue in too rigorous a Senſe; ſure you might admit both my Letters and my Viſits without any detriment to it. I only deſire to tell you of my Love, to convince you that I am entirely your Slave, and therefore abſolutely under your Command in all my Actions; ſo that you can never be unſafe in the Company of that Man, who only lives and moves juſt as you ſhall order it. If, after all, you perſiſt in this unmerited Cruelty; I ſhall ſoon convince you by my Death, that none ever lov'd ſo well as

ALONZO.

His Agent took care, as ſoon as Opportunity offer'd, to deliver this Letter to the *Governante*, who had brought *Olympia* by this time to own that *Alonzo* was not indifferent to her; but ſhe could not prevail with her to write him any more Letters, becauſe ſhe did not by any Means think it proper, to give a Confeſſion of her Love under her own Hand; ſo that for the future all was manag'd by Meſſages, till *Olympia* gave her Conſent that he ſhould come and pay her a Viſit, which by *Dibianchi's* Abſence at *Freſcati*, they had a lucky Opportunity of effecting. All People at *Rome* are like their Leaders, Mercenary, and will do any thing for Money; accordingly, *Alonzo's* Agent had brib'd a Carter, who generally brought Meal and Corn to *Dibianchi's* Granaries, to convey *Alonzo* in like a Miller; and from the Granaries, with ſome Difficulties and ſome Danger too, he mounted up into *Olympia's* Apartment, who was not a little pleas'd

pleas'd and diverted at the Sight. But ſhe ſoon furniſh'd him with a rich Night-Gown; which he, having caſt aſide his Miller's Habit, clapt about him. Whether theſe young Lovers talk'd only of Platonick Love, and were as careful of their Virtue, when together, as when aſunder, I ſhall not pretend to determine; I ſhall only ſay this, that they found out ſeveral Ways and Means of Meeting together, as often as poſſibly they could, till the Time was now come, that *Alonzo* was preparing for his Departure for *Spain*, which gave *Donna Olympia* no ſmall Concern for the approaching Loſs of a Lover, who ſhe valued more then her Honour or her Life. For ſhe preſt *Don Alonzo* very earneſtly to take her with him; but he, whoſe Paſſion was not quite ſo mad as hers, did all he could to perſwade her againſt ſo wild a Reſolution, but could not prevail; but on ſolemn Promiſe, either to return again to *Rome*, or make ſuch Proviſion for her Reception in *Spain*, as might render her Journey thither leſs dangerous than now it would be. But whether *Alonzo* ever intended any ſuch thing or not, or whether he grew tir'd of an Amour which promis'd him nothing new; or laſtly, whether the new Grandeur and great Poſt, to which he arriv'd ſoon after his Return to *Spain*, baniſh'd all the lighter Thoughts of Love, I know not. But *Olympia*'s Impatience being proportion'd to her Love, made her write him the following Letter into *Spain*.

LET-

# LETTER IV.

## Donna Olympia *to* Don Alonzo *Duke of* Lerma.

IT is now three Months, *Alonzo*, ſince you left *Rome*, full of Vows and Proteſtations of eternal Conſtancy; and Oaths, that as I was entirely Miſtreſs of your Heart, you would omit no Opportunity of Writing to me, and of preparing all Things ready for my Journey to your Arms. Oh! *Alonzo*, are all theſe Vows, all theſe Oaths already forgotten? do you remember no more the Pains and Agonies, in which you left the unhappy *Olympia?* you ſure once did Love me, for it was impoſſible that Man could be ſo exquiſite a Diſſembler, to fain all that Love, which every Action and Word of yours ſeem'd full of. If there had been no real Paſſion in all you ſaid and did, remember our laſt Parting; it ſeems preſent to me even now, the Tears guſh afreſh from my Eyes, and the Agonies of my Heart are too ſtrong to ſuffer me to go on without a Pauſe——— When I fell on the Floor, and ſwoon'd ſo often away that you deſpair'd even of my Life then; yes, even then I was not without ſome Comfort, for when ever I lifted up my Eyes, I had the Pleaſure to find the viſible Symptoms of all my Agonies in dear *Alonzo*'s Countenance, and which promis'd a ſincere Partner in my Fate if I had then expir'd.

Oh! that I had, then had I not suffer'd more dismal Pangs in my Doubts of *Alonzo*'s Constancy; then I had only felt the Pangs of Death, and scarce those, whilst I was breathing my Soul into *Alonzo*'s Arms; but now I feel the Pangs of the Death of Love, which can never be known in their full Height by any one who Loves with less Ardour than *Olympia*. But is it possible that *Alonzo* can be false? is it possible that he should think no more of *Olympia*? forgive my Fears, I would not be unjust to *Alonzo*; perhaps he may have written to *Olympia*, tho' the dear Letter never came to my Hand. *Spain* is a great Way off, and a thousand Accidents might intercept the wish'd for Blessing without his Fault; and yet three Months are gone, and not one Word have I heard from him. Were he that true, that constant *Alonzo* I once thought him, he would let no Day pass without Writing something to me, nor any Hour slip by him, without thinking of me; and sure one of all those Letters might have come to my Hands; but none, none, not one, not a Line, not a Word, proves beyond Controversy, that my *Alonzo* is false or dead. Oh! that it were the latter; for such is the Extravagance of my Passion, that I had rather he were dead than false; Death should soon unite us, but Falshood separates us for ever. You will find by my Letter the Distraction of my Mind; if you have any Compassion left for me, whose Compassion for you has undone me, send me a Letter of your Truth; pretend at least to Constancy, and form some Excuse for your Silence and long Neglect of all your Vows and Oaths, that I may not curse my Credulity, in a Man without Faith

and

and Honour: Cruel Reflection, difficult Task, to think ill of the Man whom I once have lov'd. Remove my Doubts and confirm my Pain, by telling me that you Love no more; for even that terrible Certainty would be less tormenting than the State of Suspence; and it would be shorter, for it would immediately put an end to the Life of

OLYMPIA.

*Olympia* took care to have this Letter convey'd by a particular Friend, who was then going to *Madrid*, and promis'd to take care that it should certainly be deliver'd into the Duke's own Hands. In a few Days after, it was all the News of *Rome*, that the Duke of *Lerma* was in very great Favour and Power with the King his Master; which, added to his Silence, made *Olympia* conclude, that she was entirely banish'd from his Thoughts, which was confirm'd in about a Month's Time, by a Letter from the very Person who carried hers. Which inform'd her, that immediately upon his Arrival at *Madrid*, he had found Means to present the Letter to the Duke himself; but that all the Reply he had, was, Ah! poor foolish Woman; which News threw *Olympia* into a Fever, in which she was in imminent danger of losing her Life. Her Husband, old *Dibianchi*, omitted no Charge in the best Physicians to procure her some Relief.

It is the Custom in *Rome* and all over *Italy*, that the elder Physician always takes some young Student in Physick with him to his Patients; and there, by showing him the real

Symptoms of Nature in every Diſtemper, reconciles the Practice and the Speculation, explaining the latter, which Books only teach by the former; which a juſt Obſervation of the Diſtemper can only inſtruct them in. The old Phyſician, whoſe Patient *Olympia* was, to this End brought conſtantly with him a young Student, who was every way Beautiful: His Hair was a delicate Yellow, and hung in Ringlets upon his Shoulders, the Down was but juſt come on his Chin, his Eyes were a ſprightly Blue, his Stature inclining to Tall, his Shape fine, and his Mien agreeable. The Charms of this under Graduate were more effectual in the Cure of *Olympia*, than all the Preſcriptions of the old Phyſician; ſhe mended apace, but the ill Effect of that was, that the lovely Student came no more. Now ſhe, in her turn, apply'd herſelf to the *Governante*, and beg'd her Aſſiſtance in the Satisfaction of a Paſſion much more violent than that ſhe had entertain'd for the Duke of *Lerma*: The *Governante* had been too active in the former Amour, to think herſelf ſecure any other way, than by a perfect Compliance with all *Olympia*'s Deſires; by which Means you may be ſure it was not long before they brought this Affair to its deſir'd End. And *Olympia*, in the Arms of her new Lover, ſoon forgot the Infidelity of her old one; ſo eaſily can a Woman paſs from the Violence of one Paſſion to that of another.

LET-

# LETTER V.

## *A Defence of* MAHOMET.

### *A* PARADOX.

*Nil tam difficile, tamque occultum, quod non dicendo fiat Probabile.*

Abdulla Mahumed Omar *to* Eben Mecca, *Health, the 15th of the Month* Moharram, *in the Year of the* Hegera 1094.

IT was a juſt Obſervation of the ſage *Muly Iſhmael ben Solomon*, that the Prudent and Wiſe read little and think much; for indeed as there is no end of writing of Books, ſo that Man who gives himſelf up to the reading all that comes out, ſquanders away his Time in the idle Amuſement of other Men's Thoughts, which would be much better employ'd in growing familiar with himſelf, and weighing his own Reflections as he ought; or in taking care of his Affairs; and I can't but think that our *Arabians* have done wiſely in not tranſlating the Books of other Nations into our Language, at leaſt, that what they have done in this kind, is contain'd in a very ſmall Compaſs. The Book which you ſent me by the faithful *Caleb*, againſt our great Prophet, confirms me in this Opinion; and I muſt needs tell thee, that you

might have better employ'd your Hours, than in tranſlating it into *Arabick*. It is no new Matter to find a chriſtian Author railing at the great Prophet, and heaping together a company of falſe and ſcandalous Reflections, to render him and his Religion odious to their own People. The Author you ſend me, indeed, ſeems much the moſt fair and candid Enemy that I have met with among them; he has, to my Hands, confuted the lying Narrations of moſt of thoſe who before him have written on the Life of *Mahomet*; but yet there remains ſo much Rancour dreſt up in abundance of Falſhood, that I can't help ſending you a few curſory Reflections upon what he has advanc'd; for a full Anſwer to every Particular of his two Tracts would take up too much Time.

If ever you fall into Company with the Author, who you tell me is ſtill alive, I would have you, as far as you dare venture in that Country, to urge to him what I ſhall here offer.

That Author is very much to be ſuſpected of Falſehood, who lays his Foundation on ſuch Facts, the Truth of which it was impoſſible for him ever to come at a certain Knowledge of; but when ſuch an Author becomes very particular in the moſt minute Circumſtances of Things not capable of being known, it is an evident Demonſtration, that Truth is the leaſt of his Care. The Author you ſend me is of this kind, and makes it his Buſineſs to pick up a company of Stories, equally fooliſh and ſcandalous, from the ignorant Enemies of the great *Mahomet*, whom he repreſents as a moſt ſagacious and cunning Perſon, and not therefore likely to expoſe either his Deſign or his Defects to

ſuch

such as could or would make use of them to prejudice that illustrious Character, which, as this Author contends, was his Aim to establish of himself in the World: Nay, this very Writer tells you, that he never so much as own'd the Cheat to *Cadigha* his Wife, whose Interest would have oblig'd her to Secrecy, but that by his frequent inculcating to her his Visions, she was, at last, convinc'd of their Reality. But how this Author came to know the private Conversation betwixt *Mahomet* and his Wife; and that his Slave *Zayd Ebn Hareth* embrac'd his Revelation merely to get his Liberty, would be worthy this Author's declaring to the World, lest at the same time that he is endeavouring to fix an Imposture upon *Mahomet*, he gives undeniable Proof of Forgery himself; or, at least, that he is a Retailer of Forgery; for this Information must either come from Friends or from Enemies; I mean this, not only of what I have mention'd, but of all that Stuff which he has heap'd together about the private Transactions of *Mahomet*, before he got that Power to which he afterwards arriv'd. This Information, I say, must come either from a Friend or Enemy; not from a Friend, for Friends never deliver Informations to the prejudice of a Friend; if from an Enemy, he would do well to show how an Enemy could be admitted into Secrets, which could not, in common Sense, be confided to any but the surest of Friends: Next, this Information must come either from a *Musselman* or a *Renegado* (for such a one he somewhere quotes) not from a *Musselman*, for the faithful Believer could never give information of things injurious to the Prophet, whom he believ'd deputed by

*God*; if from a *Renegado*, I do believe this Gentleman will not, in his own Caſe, think ſuch a one a ſufficient Evidence againſt the Faith which he profeſſes; and if he will not allow the Evidence of one who has forſaken his Religion, and embrac'd *Mahometiſm*, we have no Reaſon to allow the Accounts of one, who has left us to embrace the Faith of the *Chriſtians*; ſuch Men generally endeavour to make themſelves agreeable to thoſe to whoſe Religion they are Converts, by blackning thoſe whoſe Religion they have forſaken.

The ſame may be ſaid of the Account this Author gives of *Mahomet*'s making the *Alcoran*, by the help of *Bahira*, a Chriſtian Monk, and *Abdollah Ebn Salem*, a *Perſian* Jew; for tho' he quotes from the *Alcoran* itſelf, that *Mahomet* complains of his being accus'd by his Enemies at *Mecca*, that he had receiv'd Aſſiſtance in the forming the *Alcoran* from others; yet that is far from proving that thoſe were the Men whom he mention'd, for it is not very likely that the Excellence of the *Arabick* Language ſhould be derived from two Foreigners, a *Syrian* and a *Perſian*: But he ſays this was well known at *Mecca*, which is an Affirmation without Proof; and, by conſequence, ſufficiently confuted by a Denial.

It is certain and obvious to every Man, that knows any thing of the World, that eminent Merit can never appear in the World, without raiſing Enemies; and therefore it was no Wonder that *Mahomet* had his Share of them in this City of his Nativity, *Prophets ſeldom meeting with Honour in their own Country*; and therefore, tho' I ſhould grant that theſe things were the Tittle Tattle of the great City of *Mecca*; yet I can

ſee

ſee no great Advantage this Conceſſion will be to this Author, ſince the Tittle Tattle of a Town is but a very fallacious Foundation for an Hiſtorian to build his Accounts on. There were found in *Jeruſalem* (according to the Accounts which the Chriſtians themſelves give us) Miſcreants who call'd even *Jeſus* himſelf a Wine-Bibber, and ſaid that he caſt out Devils by the Power of *Belzebub* the Prince of Devils; yet ſure this Author will not allow thoſe Blaſphemies againſt that holy One, to be ſufficient Fact for an Enemy to inſert as Truth, in any Hiſtory he ſhould think fit to write of the Life of that Prophet of the Chriſtians. Thus I might go thro' moſt, if not all the Facts related by this Author; but I think this is ſufficient to prove, that little Regard is to be had to whatever he delivers, ſince there's little Reaſon to ſuppoſe that he has taken more care of Truth in them, than in what I have made my Remarks upon; I ſhall therefore turn my Conſiderations to remove the Load laid upon *Mahomet* by this Author, as a Venter of an Impoſture; that is, of delivering a new Religion prejudicial to Mankind, as the Revelation of God, which was yet his own Invention, to promote and gratify his Ambition and Luſt; for this is the Sum of the Charge brought againſt him by this Author. Before I come cloſe to this Point, I muſt beg the Author's Leave to endeavour to ſet him right in his Notions of ſome Particulars, in which he is certainly very erronious or very ignorant; I mean, his Notion of his Ambition and his Luſt: As for his mounting up to Power, by advancing of his Doctrine, that was abſolutely neceſſary for the promoting of that Doctrine, and ſo was, juſtly ſpeaking, the Means and not the

End

End of his Aim and Desire. Thus *Moses* could not effect the Deliverance of the Children of *Israel*, but by assuming the Power of their Leader and Head, the Maker and the Dispenser of their Laws; yet sure no Man ever yet upbraided him with Ambition, as the End and Design of his carrying the Children of *Israel* out of *Egypt*, since without that Power he could not fullfill that Mission upon which *God* had sent him. And thus it was in the Case of *Arabia*, which being divided into many Tribes, who had frequently War with each other, *Mahomet* had no way of uniting them into one Body, and of fixing his Religion among them, but by making himself their Head or Leader, which Necessity sufficiently clears him from the Imputation of Ambition.

As for his Lust, which this Author makes another Motive of his stirring and promoting his new Religion, I cannot see the least Ground in Reason for it; and all that the Author gives, is because he had one and twenty Wives; or, at least, fifteen. This Author is born in a cold Country, and because the Laws and Customs of that Place oblige the Husband to have but one Wife, he attributes the having more to a sinful Lust, tho' it has always been a Use in most of the hotter Countries, to have a Plurality of Wives; and Nature itself seems to have establish'd this; for whereas there are more Males than Females born in a colder Climate, there are more Females than Males born in those Regions nearer the Sun, as is plain from this, that there is no want of Females, tho' every Man have more than one. Whatever this Gentleman may make a Sin, it is plain that *Poligamy* was never

never thought one in the purer Ages of the World, even according to that Account which we find in the Bible of the Chriſtians, for to that I all along refer, and not to the Alcoran, becauſe I know the latter is of no Authority with my Adverſary. *Jacob* had not only two Siſters to his Wives at the ſame time, but alſo went in to his Maid Servants, and begot Children upon them, without any Imputation of Luſt. What does this good Author think of *David?* a Prophet confeſs'd, and a King according to God's own Heart; beſides *Michal* and *Merab*, he had, before his coming to be King, *Abigail*, the very recent Widow of old *Nabal*; and after he was King, three hundred Wives and Concubines, without being upbraided and reproach'd with Luſt; nor was he ever found fault with on account of Women, ſave only in the Buſineſs of *Uriah*, where both Luſt and Murder met together. Nor did the Chriſtian Diſpenſation put an End to the Lawfulneſs of *Poligamy*, or deliver any Laws or Precepts againſt it; nay, it may be deduc'd from the Chriſtian Bible, that the primitive Chriſtians had the ſame Cuſtom, elſe this Injunction had been very ſuperfluous, *Let a Biſhop be the Husband but of one Wife.* But, in truth, the confining of Men to one Wife came from the Pagan *Romans*, whoſe Cuſtom being to marry but one Woman at a time, and they having conquer'd ſo vaſt a Part of the then known World, fix'd their Laws and Cuſtoms among all the Nations which they ſubdued to their Empire.

Had this Author prov'd that *Mahomet* gratify'd his Luſt by a promiſcuous Copulation, that he did, upon all Occaſions, indifferently go in to,

to, and poſſeſs whatever Woman came in his Way, and allow'd the ſame in his Followers, he had done ſomething towards making good his Charge of Luſt againſt him; but to condemn him for a limited *Poligamy*, only becauſe it was the Cuſtom of a northerly People to have no more than one Wife, is a Proceeding as whimſical as unjuſt; and it is ſtill more unjuſt to draw this Conſequence from it, that his firſt and chief Aim and Deſign, in his great Undertaking, was to gratify that Luſt; from which, and from the Charge of Ambition, having ſo evidently deliver'd him, I ſhall proceed to put his real Deſign in a juſt and fair Light.

Whether *Mahomet* were really a Prophet or not, I ſhall not in this Place examine; that will beſt appear by the great End of his Undertaking, and the wonderful Accompliſhments thereof; for it will be a difficult Matter to conceive how a Man, from a private Station, in ſpight of all the Oppoſition he met with, ſhould arrive at that great and indiſputable Power of uniting a divided Nation, compos'd of diſtinct Governments, into one Body; and of overturning and extirpating that falſe idolatrous Religion, which prevail'd in all the Eaſt Parts, at his Appearance, without allowing that his Actions were conducted by a particular Indulgence and Care of Providence itſelf.

In the midſt of that Darkneſs of Idolatry, which was ſpread all over his Country, *Mahomet* was the firſt, who, either by the extraordinary Strength of his Reaſon, or a particular Inſpiration from Heaven, arriv'd at the Knowledge of one eternal God the Creator of all Things, and to whom only our Adoration was due; and it could

could not be without a great deal of Pain, that he ſaw his Countrymen all loſt, in a Way that muſt be ſo diſpleaſing to that God, who has every where, and in all times, declar'd himſelf a Hater of the Worſhipers of Idols. What ſhould he do to put an end to this Wickedneſs? Experience had ſhown him that there was little Hope of a Remedy to this Evil from the Chriſtians either of *Ethiopia*, or thoſe few *Arabian* Chriſtians, who were ſettled among them. The moſt that had ever been attempted by the *Ethiopians*, was now and then to aſſiſt the latter with their Armies, againſt their Pagan Neighbours; but no Endeavours had ever been us'd by either, to convert them from their Idolatry; and, indeed, their Lives and Converſations, and thoſe Pagan Corruptions and Superſtitions, which they had receiv'd into their Faith, together with the Diviſions that reign'd among them, and render'd their Religion ſo uncertain, and often contradictory, made them the moſt unfit People in the World for ſuch an Undertaking, and had drawn upon them the Contempt of the Idolaters; and where there is Contempt, there can never be an Influence ſtrong enough to produce or bring about ſo great a Work. All Hopes therefore being cut off from their neighbouring Chriſtians, *Mahomet* muſt either have given over his ſtrong Deſire of reſcuing his beloved People and Countrymen, or be oblig'd to ſeek among the remoter Chriſtians for Relief. During this time, he made it his Buſineſs to enquire ſeriouſly into the original Principles of the Chriſtians; and was therefore inſtructed by *Bahira* in the Doctrines of *Jeſus Chriſt*, which he always admir'd as moſt divine Speculations.

But

But when he came to consider, that for, at least, two or three hundred Years, those who call'd themselves Christians, had entirely forsaken those Doctrines, and mingled so much of Heathenism in their present Religion, that to have follow'd any of them, would have been only to change one Idolatry for another; he found that the original Book of the Christians, which they call the *New Testament*, consisted of the most exalted Morals in Nature, and several other Particulars, whence the succeeding Christians had deduc'd many Articles of Faith, which they had made more essential to believe, and of greater Consequence to be maintain'd, than the moral Institutions that were given them in the same Book for their Practice; and that in the End, these Credenda, or Articles of Faith, had engross'd the Minds of all the Christians, and so divided them into Parties and Factions, that each Side gave the contrary to the Devil. So that had he had an Inclination to have apply'd himself to the Christians, it would have been impossible for him to have known which Party to have chosen, with that Certainty, which seem'd necessary on such an Occasion; the only means he had left, was to make choice of the moral Doctrines of Jesus Christ; and recommend them to his People, in such a manner as might make them agreeable unto them. And this leads me to the Doctrines of *Mahomet*.

In the setting forth which, I shall make use of the Words of this very Author, which are these:

" After he had gotten these nine Disciples, " some of which were the Principal Men of the " City, he began openly to publish his Impos-

" ture

" ture to the People of *Mecca*, in the 44th " Year of his Age; and publickly to declare " himſelf a *Prophet* ſent by God, to reduce " them from the Error of *Paganiſm*, and to " teach them the true Religion. The firſt " Doctrine that he propagated among them, " was, That there was but *one God*, and that " he only is to be worſhip'd; and that *all Idols* " were to be taken away, and their Worſhip " utterly aboliſh'd; and that thoſe that ſay " *God* hath Sons or Daughters, or that there " are any other *Gods* aſſociated with him, are " impious, and ought to be abhor'd."

Before I come to this firſt Doctrine itſelf, I can't but take Notice of the Word *Impoſture*; by which, I ſuppoſe, he means a Falſhood or Forgery, which *Mahomet* advanc'd for Truth. But he very oddly gives this for an Inſtance of the Forgery, that the great *Prophet* eſtabliſh'd for his firſt Principle the *Unity of the Godhead*. And does this Chriſtian Declaimer againſt *Mahometiſm* really think this Principle a Forgery? if ſo, he is rather an Advocate for *Polytheiſm*, and not for *Jeſus Chriſt*, who preach'd, that there was but one *God* as well as *Mahomet*; ſo blind has his Zeal againſt us made him. But perhaps he may ſay, that the Word *Impoſture* relates to his Pretenſions of being a Prophet ſent from *God* to aboliſh *Idolatry*; but whether *Mahomet* was a Prophet, I ſhall not in this Place diſpute; yet ſure I am, that the aboliſhing Idolatry, and the ſetting up the Worſhip of the one true God, among a People loſt in the firſt, and unknowing of the latter, was an Errand worthy of a Miſſion from Heaven. I am likewiſe ſure, that *Mahomet* did eſtabliſh the Wor-

Worſhip of one *God* amongſt us, and ſo effectually aboliſh'd *Idolatry* in theſe Parts, that it has never riſen again in any Shape amongſt us for above one thouſand Years; whereas Idolatry ſo ſoon got footing again among the Chriſtians, that the prevailing Part of them condemn'd the *Iconoclaſts* as *Hereticks*, only for breaking or deſtroying the Idols that were crept into the Chriſtian Churches.

Well, we have gain'd this Fundamental Point of all Religion, even by the Conceſſion of an Enemy; ſo that whatever Falſities are built upon this Foundation, our very Enemies do allow that the Foundation itſelf is an eternal Truth; but the other Parts of the Doctrine of *Mahomet*, (excepting thoſe Injunctions of extirpating Idolatry, where-ever his Religion prevail'd) conſiſts of the Moral Duties that are to regulate our Actions towards one another; and that theſe are recommended and enforc'd with a wonderful Warmth thro' the whole *Alcoran*, is what has been acknowledg'd by the greateſt of our Enemies, tho' oftentimes wrapt up in Parables and Allegories, according to the Manners of our People, who delight in that Way of Speaking; nor would have been touch'd with any other, as this Author might have known, if he had underſtood our Cuſtoms and Manners, as well as ſome of his Neighbours have done, in one of whom I find this Account.

*As for the* Arabians, *if you enquire into their Books, you'll find nothing but unnatural Metaphors, Similitudes and Fictions. Their* Alcoran *is of this Kind; and* Mahomet *declares that he made it ſo, that it might be underſtood with leſs difficulty, and leave a more laſting Impreſſion.* If this Author had known

known this, he would not have made such a Stir about *Mahomet's* Journey to Heaven, which is one of these Allegories here mention'd. *Alborack*, which signifies Lightning, is only *Thought*, which moves as swift as Lightning; and the Ladder of Light, by which he and *Gabriel* ascended up to Heaven, was *Contemplation*, by which we pass thro' all the Heavens up to the Throne of *God*; and the wonderful Cock, whose Crowing *God* took delight to hear, and which Man never heard or regarded, was the Prayers of the Just; and so on to all the rest, which have full as easy an Explication.

I know, that he urges that one *Persian* Author will have the whole *Alcoran* to be understood literally; but can see no Reason why he should deliver that Author's Opinion as a general Tenet of the *Mahometans*; or why he should deprive us of the Benefit of *Metaphor* and *Allegory*, to which both he and most of the Christian Authors are fain to have recourse, to solve many Things in their own System from that Absurdity, which else they would lie under: As in the Story of the Prophet, who brings in the God of Truth, consulting with his Spirits or Angels, who should go forth and be a lying Spirit in the Mouths of the Prophets of *Ahab*. And thus in the *New-Testament* they must plead the same Excuse, when *Christ* says, he is a *Door*, a *Way*, and a *Vine*, as well as when he says, that the Bread and the Wine are *his Body and Blood*, since from the rejecting the Metaphor in this last Case, has sprung up a most notorious Piece of Idolatry among the Christians, as is acknowledg'd by this very Author; so that it seems but an equitable Request, that we should

make uſe of the ſame Advantage of the Allegory and Metaphor to ſolve the Difficulties and ſeeming Abſurdities, which otherwiſe our Syſtem might be charg'd with, none of which are either ſo great, or near ſo dangerous as that which eſtabliſhes a Doctrine that teaches a Piece of Bread or Wafer to be chang'd by the Words of a Prieſt, tho' never ſo fooliſh, ignorant or wicked, into the God that made Heaven and Earth. This Author objects to *Mahomet*, that he pretended not to deliver any new Religion unto the *Arabians*, but only to revive that old one which God had revealed to *Abraham*, and *Abraham* deliver'd to *Iſmael*, the Founder of their Nation; and which had continued among them, till corrupted by the Wickedneſs of Men into that *Idolatry* which he was now come to aboliſh. This Author would imply, That this Aſſurance of *Mahomet* was a Falſhood, and that he did deliver a new Religion, otherwiſe he would have been obliged to have cleared *Mahomet* of his Accuſation of his being an *Impoſtor*, and only made him guilty of uſing ſome pious Frauds to eſtabliſh a Religion beneficial to his People, as he has done with *Numa* and *Minos* in *Rome* and in *Crete*, whom he makes good and great Men, notwithſtanding their falſe Pretenſions to have received their Laws and religious Precepts from ſome heavenly Being; ſince by thoſe Pretenſions they made their Laws and Precepts go down with their ſeveral People, ſo as to civilize them from that Barbarity with which each of them was infected. But tho' this Chriſtian Author be ſo favourable to theſe Heathen Legiſlators, he will not allow *Mahomet* to be as meritorious, tho' the former eſtabliſh'd *Idolatry* by their Laws,

and

and the latter aboliſh'd it, and fix'd on its Ruins the Adoration of the one true and eternal *God*, Creator of Heaven and Earth; a Benefit greater to the *Arabians*, without all manner of doubt, than that which *Minos* and *Numa* could beſtow on the *Cretans* and *Romans*, even in reſpect of this World, raiſing his Countrymen to a greater Empire in a few Years, than even *Rome* itſelf ever obtain'd, as this very Author confeſſes.

But this Gentleman's bare Aſſertion, without any Proof, will never be able to paſs with Men of Reaſon. I would fain ask him what he calls Religion? Whether he confines that Word only to particular Modes and Ceremonies of Worſhip, or will extend it to the Worſhip itſelf, and thoſe Duties which are dependant upon it? If he ſays the former, he will not only make the Religion of *Moſes* new, as well as that of *Jeſus Chriſt*, but even thoſe ſeveral Diviſions or Diſtinctions among the preſent Profeſſors of Chriſtianity, who differ in the Ceremonial Part of Religion very much from one another; and ſo may be call'd, according to him, each in its Turn, a new Religion; nay even the *Romiſh* Part of the Chriſtians would be ſplit into more than two Religions, ſince the Ceremonies that belong, even to the *Maſs*, are different among the *Dominicans*, from what they are among the reſt of the *Romiſh* Clergy. And thus, if the firſt Chriſtians made uſe of any Ceremonies, they were, in Probability, thoſe mentioned in the *Apoſtolical Conſtitutions*; and thoſe we may allow to be ſo different from thoſe inſtituted by *Moſes*, as to deſerve the Name of *New*: But if that only be a new Religion which differs from the former in the Object of Worſhip, and the Moral Duties impos'd by it,

then certainly neither that of *Moſes*, nor that of *Jeſus Chriſt*, nor that of *Mahomet*, were new Religions: That of *Moſes* was no more than the Revival and enforcing by Laws that Religion, which *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, *Jacob* and *Iſmael* profeſs'd, which was to adore one only *God*, and him to love and obey with their whole Heart, and whole Soul, and to perform thoſe Moral Duties, which the Neceſſity of Humane Society, and in that the Will of God impos'd upon Mankind. Thus *Jeſus Chriſt*, if this Author will allow his Authority, tells us, that to love *God* above all things, and our Neighbour as ourſelves, was the whole Law and the Prophets; that is, that *Moſes* and the *Prophets* taught the *Iſraelites* a Religion which entirely conſiſted in the Love and Adoration of one *Eternal God*, and an extenſive Love of one another. And thus the Doctrine of *Jeſus* himſelf was not new, but the ſame that *Moſes* had taught before, with this only Difference, that our Moral Duties to our Neighbours were commanded with more Force than before; and this admirable and divine Rule ſet down, by which the meaneſt and moſt ignorant Capacity might know with the utmoſt Certainty when he offended againſt theſe Moral Duties, and when not, as this Precept plainly ſhows; *Do not thou that to another, which thou wouldſt not have another do unto thee.* Idolatry, that formerly had been ſo common a Vice amongſt the *Jews*, was, at the Appearance of *Jeſus*, entirely aboliſhed in *Judea*; but that People were extremely corrupted in their Morals, and a criminal Self-Love having been long ſpread among both Prieſts and People, there was nothing to be found but *Avarice*, *Rapine*, *Injuſtice* and *Oppreſſion*; for placing

cing their Righteousness in the rigid Observation of some Ceremonials and Circumstantials in Religion, they had entirely lost its real Substance. To restore this seems the whole Aim, Drift and Design of the Mission of *Christ*; for to that all his divine Doctrines plainly tend, which is sufficient to show, that the Christian Religion, in its Foundation, was only the Reviving of that of *Moses*.

The Business of *Mahomet* was not only to enforce the Moral Doctrines, but also to establish the Adoration of one *God*; for the People, among whom it was his Lot to be thrown, were gone vastly astray in both; it was therefore his Intent to revive the Religion of *Ismael* the Founder of his Nation, and which he had learn'd from his Father *Abraham*, which was the Adoration of one God, *&c.* And this is enough to prove, that *Mahomet* said nothing but Truth, when he told the *Arabians* that he did not preach to them a new Religion, but only that old one, which their Father *Ismael* profess'd many Ages before.

By what I have said, you will find, that I am not for recriminating upon the Author, or for following his Method in blackning his Law and its Founder; no, I am really of Opinion, that not only *Mahomet*, but *Jesus Christ* and *Moses* also were sent from God for the Benefit of Mankind. It is pretty plain, that the Mission of *Moses* was to the *Israelites* alone, and so far from being intended for any other Nation, that the Law about Proselites made it difficult for a Stranger to be admitted into the Congregation of the Sons of *Jacob*. And it is plain from the Christians own Book, that the Apostles had some

Doubts, whether any but the *Jews* were to be admitted into the Benefit of their new Diſpenſation; tho' upon a Conſult it was determin'd, That the Gentiles ſhould alſo have the Goſpel preached unto them. What Progreſs it made during the firſt three hundred Years, I have no Occaſion to enquire. The Chriſtians have taken Care to publiſh large Accounts of that Particular, but how true they are, I know not, nor is it much to my Purpoſe; but from the Chriſtian Authors themſelves it is very evident, that as ſoon as the Chriſtian Religion became eſtabliſh'd at Court, and was the Prince's Religion, it retain'd very little of that Simplicity and Purity, which is ſo viſible in the Goſpels. *Pride*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Feuds* and *Factions*, divided the Teachers of it, and immortal Wars were commenc'd by the Pens of the Writers of all Sides, that true Religion was ſoon forgot; and the Propagation of it remain'd chiefly in the Emperors, by excluding all from Places of Profit or Truſt thro' their vaſt Dominions, but ſuch as were Chriſtians. Thus for two hundred Years longer their Confuſions and Diviſions increaſed, and will never be ended, till ſome other great Prophet appear among 'em, who may put an End to their Diſputes, and unite all Parties.

In the mean time, that is, in the ſixth Century of the Chriſtians *Hegera*, *Mahomet* appear'd in our Part of the World, and ſettled his Religion, extirpating Idolatry out of great Part of *Aſia*, *Africa* and *Europe*; in all which Parts the Worſhip of the one true God remains eſtabliſh'd to this Day. And I am of Opinion, that there will other Prophets ariſe in other Parts of the World,

World, who shall destroy what remains of Idolatry upon the Face of the Earth.

Here I must observe one thing, as to our Author's Proof of his own Religion in its Foundation, which is, That he observes, that the Christian Religion began not in a private unknown Part of the World, like *Arabia*, where *Mahomet's* Doctrine first appear'd, but in *Judea*, a noted Country, and then a Province of the *Roman Empire*. This Argument is built on a childish Folly and Falsity. *First*, What can be more childishly ridiculous than this Distinction of his of *Judea* from the rest of the World? As if every Nation in the World were not as much known to its neighbouring Nations as *Judea* could be to these Nations about it. He is pleas'd to say in one Place of his Book, That the *Arabians* were a cunning and acute People; tho', indeed, he at last makes them very stupid, and extremely credulous. But after all that this Gentleman has said, *Judea* was that unknown Corner of the then known World, as he would have *Arabia* to have been. The *Jews* were so much the Contempt of Mankind, that no body ever minded what they said, or what they did: And tho' we should grant that the *Romans* had a *Prætor* in *Jerusalem*, yet that does not salve the Falsity of this Author, when he tells us, that it was a *Roman* Province, since it had at that very time a King of its own, *Herod* by Name; but no *Roman* Province ever had a King at the same time it was a Province, as is plain from all the *Roman* History; nor did the Residence of a *Roman* Magistrate in *Jerusalem* make the Affairs of that Nation any more notorious to the World, than hitherto they had been, else it had been

impoſſible that ſo many great and wonderful Miracles could be done in that manner, without being taken Notice of by any one Hiſtorian of that time, whether *Jew* or *Gentile*. I urge not this to bring into doubt the Miracles that are ſaid to be done in that publick Manner, but to ſhow that the *Jews* were ſo inſignificant a People in the Eye both of the *Romans* and *Greeks*, that whatever Tranſactions might happen among them, they were not thought of Importance enough to be taken Notice of by any one elſe. This is evident from a *Roman* Author that is yet extant; I mean *Juſtin*, who gives a quite different Account of the Departure of the *Iſraelites* from *Egypt*, from that which we find in the *Hebrew Hiſtory*; for *Juſtin* makes them to be expell'd and driven out of *Egypt* by the *Egyptians* themſelves, becauſe they were generally infected with the Leproſy, which they apprehended might ſpread to their own Countrymen, if they permitted that ſcabby Race to continue among them. For my part, I am far from giving Credit to the Scandal of *Juſtin*; I only urge it to ſhow that the *Roman* Authors either did not know the true Hiſtory of that Affair, or knowing it, contemn'd it; either Way it ſhows that *Judea* was not that conſpicuous Country, which this Author contends it was.

To this weak Proof of his Cauſe, I ſhall add one fully as weak to prove the Badneſs of ours. He ſays, That the People of *Mecca* were prepar'd to receive any Impoſture by their being fallen into a State of Atheiſm, or a total Renunciation of all Religion; but by what Sort of Ratiocination he makes this out, I cannot gueſs: For to us poor Mortals of the Torrid Zone, it appears

appears a flat Contradiction to common Senſe; and is as much as to ſay, That thoſe who are moſt againſt us, are moſt for us; that thoſe who have no Faith at all, ſhould be the moſt likely to be credulous; and that thoſe ſhould believe the Rewards and Puniſhments hereafter, who did not believe any Hereafter at all; that thoſe ſhould credit *Mahomet*'s Aſſurance of his being ſent by *God*, who did not ſo much as believe a *God*. I would fain have this Learned Gentleman inform us how many of the *Sadducees* there were among the Diſciples of *Chriſt*; or ſome other Way make out this difficult Paradox. One Argument more againſt us I ſhall take Notice of, and then conclude.

He brings it as an Objection againſt the Doctrine of the *Alcoran*, that, contrary to the Doctrine of the *Goſpel* of *Chriſt*, it enjoins War, and the Deſtruction of our Enemies, for the Propagation of our Religion, and for that only. I might ask him indeed for what it might be done with greater Juſtice? I ſuppoſe he does not contend, that all Manner of War betwixt Princes is unlawful, and againſt the *Goſpel*; if that be his Opinion, let him convince his Chriſtians of it firſt, who are almoſt always at War with one another. But not to defer my Anſwer, till he has done that great Task, I ſhall try to vindicate *Mahomet* in this Particular.

What God has once commanded, can never be unjuſt at any time: Now 'tis plain, that God commanded the *Iſraelites* to extirpate the Nations of the Land of *Canaan* for their Idolatry, and work'd a very great Miracle in the Execution of this Command, when he made the Sun and Moon ſtand ſtill to yield *Joſhua* Light

to

to compleat that Slaughter of the *Canaanites*, which his victorious Arms had begun.

Was not *Saul* rejected from the Crown of *Israel* for his sparing *Agag*? Was Idolatry more hateful to God then, than it is now? Was it less odious to him in the time of *Mahomet*, than in the time of *Moses*, or of the Kings of *Israel*, whose Nation, with themselves, were destroy'd for this Offence alone?

I grant, that there is nothing of this in the *Gospel*, nor was there any Occasion for it, because Power was not committed to the Hearers of it; nothing but Prayers and Persuasions were their Weapons. Man was invited into the Gospel, but he refus'd the Invitation; and therefore *Mahomet* came with Power to force Men into his Religion, which seems to be foretold in the Parable of the Marriage-Feast, to which the invited Guests did not come; and therefore the Master of the Feast orders his Servants to go out, and force in the Passengers, the Blind and the Lame, till his Table was full. *Mahomet* was in this foretold, and was one of the Servants sent out to force in the Blind and the Lame; that is, the Idolaters, into the House of *God*, the heavenly Bridegroom.

But then he will say, This shows, that the Morals of the *Gospel* are much more pure and heavenly than those of the *Alcoran*. Suppose I should grant this, I cannot see what Advantage that would be to any of the present Christians; for what is it to the Purpose, that they have amongst them a Book containing the most admirable Precepts of Moral Actions, calculated to make even a Heaven here on Earth, if truly observ'd; and yet which are never reduced into Practice?

Practice? It must be said, either they cannot reduce them into Practice, or they will not; if they cannot, then they declare they are meer Speculations, and incapable of Practice, which indeed is accusing God of Injustice in prescribing such Laws to his People, that he knew their Nature was not capable of performing; but on the other hand, if they can, and will not, that is a plain rejecting of that *Gospel* that they own was sent to them by *God* himself. An Impiety that, I hope, no true *Musselman* will ever be guilty of. That the present Christians are not the Disciples of Christ, tho' they usurp his Name, is plain from the Mark that Christ gives of his Disciples; *By this shall all Men know that ye are my Disciples, if ye love one another.* Now, in all the twenty Years that I formerly spent among the Infidels in *Europe*, I never could find this Mark, even in any one of the Teachers of the Christians; *Pride*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Revenge*, *Calumny*, *Detraction*, *Envy* and *Malice*, run thro' the whole Sect: They are all warm and hot about speculative Points in which they will never agree, but all remiss and cold in the Duties of Action, tho' they all agree in them. And here I take my Leave of this Author, notwithstanding there are many things remaining, which are very disputable, tho' he pronounces all certain and undoubted.

I have not quoted my Authors, because having them not by me, I am forc'd to depend upon my Memory; and yet I dare believe, that I am never out in their Sense; tho' I may perhaps have err'd sometimes in their Words. I long for your Return to the happy Climate of *Arabia*, where Nature smiles in her odoriferous Products, and

Heaven

Heaven is indulgent in the Continuance of his Truth among us. The *God* of *Abraham*, the *God* of *Ismael*, and the *God* of *Mahomet* conduct thee safe home.

## TO
# *CELINDA.*

I.

DO not, *Celinda*, fear my Flame,
Nor dread my guiltless Passion;
It is, I swear, as free from Blame,
As 'tis from Alteration.

II.

It does no solid Favours want
To feed the constant Flame;
Tho' not one Look, or Smile you grant,
It will be still the same.

III.

The Sun, you see, without Supply,
Is always bright and glowing,
Whilst Earth-born Fires consume and die,
Fresh Fuel none bestowing.

IV.

IV.

This juſt the Difference is betwixt
Me and a vulgar Lover,
Self-Intereſt with his Flames is mixt,
I yours alone endeavour.

V.

Think how your Guardian-Angel loves,
Whoſe hovering Wings protect you;
Who by his gentle Care removes
All Ills that would afflict you.

VI.

Nightly defends your ſoft Repoſe,
Makes Cares and Dangers fly it;
Your balmy Boſom guards from Woes,
That would diſturb your Quiet.

VII.

Yet for this Care no equal Hire
He ever bids you give him,
All the kind Genius does require,
Is only to believe him.

A

# BALLAD

TO

Mrs. *CATHARINE FLEMING*

AT THE

Lord *DIGBY*'s in WARWICKSHIRE.

The Tune : *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

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I.

TO *Coles-Hill* Seat of Noble Peer
My Verſe I will convey ;
For what ſhou'd Wit or Verſe do here
Now *Fleming* is away ?
Whilſt *Scud'more* in the Country lies,
We've here no Uſe of Hearts or Eyes.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

II.

At *Comat* round an ample Board,
Our Gallants paſs their Time;
*Content* or not *Content*'s the Word,
A Language moſt ſublime !
But great Expence we ſave of Parts,
By Hearts and Clubs, and Clubs and Hearts.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

III.

III.

Our Theatre of uſeful Joys,
(Through *Ben*'s and *Shakeſpear*'s Wit)
Breeds now but one continu'd Noiſe
Of Laugh from Box and Pit.
Whilſt in the Air light Tumblers fly
O'er Man and Boy two Stories high.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

IV.

The Maſquerades by Show divert,
But no more Humour know,
No more engage the Head or Heart,
Or more enliven'd grow,
Than if from all the Signs in Town,
Nuns, Turks and Saracens, came down.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

V.

*Leone*'s wafted o'er the Seas,
Alas! why went he hence?
Beneath whoſe Roof we met at Eaſe,
And ſoftly whiſper'd Senſe.
But there's a Plot divulg'd from *Spain*,
And *Cellamare*'s a Fool in Grain.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

VI.

That *Engliſh* Opera's are ſung,
Is owing to your Flight;
And that each Inſtrument's ſet wrong,
Which us'd to give Delight.

Then

Then come and our low Genius raiſe,
Who ſigh for you in moving Keys.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

VII.

Our Officers (of old refin'd,
And courtly to the Fair,
In whom both Love and Spirit join'd
To form the double Snare)
Now only ſhow what they'd be at,
By fierce Cockcade and Bully-Hat.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

VIII.

Our Senators upon the Sacks,
As Party guides, debate;
And if they one another vex,
No matter for the State;
Whilſt Peace or War is not the Doubt,
But who's in Place, or who's kept out.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

IX.

The Commons all their Work have done,
And now will ſoon be gone;
To Shillings two they've added one,
Which lay their Land upon.
But whilſt th'unwilling Grant they fix,
They growl out three, and drink out ſix.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

X. Your

X.

Your Antiquary ſtill proceeds
To ſpy through Ages paſt;
And if it too your Fancy feeds,
To know what's found at laſt,
We've eight-ſquare Keys to *Saxon* Locks,
And *Alfred*'s Apoplectick Box.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

XI.

In Street of *Arlington* I ſpend
Each Week one pleaſing Day;
And in the Evening with my Friend
At ſerious *Ombre* play.
But when I ſhould be mindful, ſtill
I think of you, and loſe *Codille*.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

XII.

Thus whatſoe'er we do or ſay
This Ballad does rehearſe:
How dull we are, how oddly gay,
I've told you all in Verſe;
Unleſs I to the Court ſhou'd come.
But of the Court no more but Mum.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la.*

# THE FABLE OF *AUMILLUS*, AND The STATUE of *VENUS*.

By *T. KILLIGREW.*

BY *Phidia's* Hand the *Cyprian* Queen was rais'd,
And in *Apollo's* sacred Temple prais'd;
Next to the Dame, for whom the Piece was done,
Divinely bright the Parian Statue shone:
The wondring Multitude around it throng,
And reverend Worship pay in pious Song.
Whilst thus the Crowd the beauteous Form ador'd,
Whose little Souls some trifling Boon implor'd,
Sublimer Thoughts *Aumillus'* Breast inspir'd,
He saw, then lov'd, and more than Heav'n desir'd,
The Gods wou'd breath into that Marble Frame
Celestial Warmth to meet his fiercer Flame.
Wild was his Wish, as vain were all his Prayers,
The Gods were deaf to Sighs, & Vows & Tears,
As are the Great to the Unhappy's Cares:

His

His Frenzy rag'd, as his fond Hope grew leſs,
I muſt, ye Powers, or die, or elſe poſſeſs!
And ſince, too cruel, ye've refus'd to bleſs,
Almighty Love ſhall eaſe my dying Moan,
And ardent Kiſſes animate the Stone.
This ſaid, he wing'd with eager Paſſion flew,
And round her Neck his Arms impatient threw,
There kiſs'd and preſs'd, and to the Image grew,
Till all intranc'd, he dreamt the Marble warm,
Then bath'd it o'er with Love's luxurious Balm;
Nature exhauſted by deluſive Joy,
Sunk at her Feet was found the panting Boy.
The envious Prieſts, who firſt the Scene diſclos'd,
Ten thouſand Deaths in various Shapes propos'd,
Till one more wiſe, not merciful, there was,
Said, As his Crimes did e'en the Damn'd ſurpaſs,
The unerring Oracle ſhou'd be explor'd
To learn the Will of Heaven's offended Lord.
Approv'd his Counſel, and his Perſon choſe,
As their Ambaſſador with ſpeed he goes;
And all the Charmer in his Looks he wears,
Whilſt to the Shrine he the black Deed declares:
Then waits an Anſwer with ſad down-caſt Eyes;
When to him thus the *Delphian* God replies;
His Crimes ſevereſt Vengeance has deſerv'd,
And therefore 'tis his Life muſt be preſerv'd,
Doom'd for this Statue evermore to burn,
To doat, and ſue, and ſigh, without Return,
No Tortures equal he in Hell can prove.
This is the Sentence of All-knowing *Jove*.

If then, fair Maid, the Angry Pow'rs above
Cou'd find no Thunder for preſumptuous Love,
By half ſo hot a Paſſion, fond and vain,
Ah! think, with Heaven, my Sin ſufficient Pain.
And ſince for Love, you ſay, I muſt not live,
At leaſt permit a Wretch to wiſh and grieve.

THE

# GARDEN

OF

# ADONIS:

OR,

# LOVE to no Purpose.

*Omnia Vincit Amor*------

## LETTER I.

*To the false Boaster.*

*Ungenerous Youth,*

BECAUSE you are deny'd my Arms, you proudly would pretend you never lov'd, and will own a Falshood rather than the Force of my Charms. The Address, on any score, was highly criminal; but if 'twas bare Pretence,

Pretence, the Affront's unpardonable. Had you ſtill pleaded Love, it would have leſſen'd my Reſentments, for Love will force his Vaſſals on to do a thouſand indiſcreet indecent things, fills the Imagination with Deſires and Hopes equally extravagant and vain; in theſe wild Tranſports Reaſon is contemn'd, as the impertinent Allayer of our Joys. Love's brighter Rays gild all the ſpacious Way, he places before the raptured Lover's Eyes ſoft Languiſhments, tender Amuſements and exalted Pleaſures; till dazled with the ſhining Scene, he ſees not the Snare beneath, tho' Guilt and Shame lie ready to involve him; but ſoon as awaken'd from the fond glittering Dream by full Poſſeſſion, or ſevere Deſpair, he ſees the Folly of enthuſiaſtick Dotage, thinks he's grown wiſe, and vows to love no more; nay, vainly would evade what once he glory'd in. Had Love, infatuating, irreſiſtleſs Love, been urg'd in your Defence, when you was ſo juſtly repuls'd; I might have pardon'd ſo kind a Miſtake, and laid the Blame on Fate; but ſince you ſay 'twas only Curioſity, know I can no more believe you than forgive you.

# LETTER II.

## *To the ſame.*

WHY am I again forced to tell you, that I ſee thoſe that would make a Virtue of Neceſſity, and have the Reſults of Deſpair paſs for thoſe of Prudence, have as little Succeſs in the Attempt, as Truth in the Pretence? And to intimate your Paſſion was not real, argues your Manners in the Retreat, as little as your Modeſty in the Addreſs; and is the only Way you could have took to make yourſelf eternally odious. But the Evaſion has no Force with me: Too well I'm skill'd in Love to be deceived, too conſcious of my own Charms to think they wanted Force to conquer your eaſy Breaſt. Yes, yes, you loved, and would at firſt, in vain, have hid your Weakneſs; but watchful I ſpy'd the new Dawn of infant Paſſion glow on your Cheeks, and ſparkle in your Eyes: I ſaw you ſtruggling with the growing Flame, as if your better Genius urged you to ſuppreſs it, telling you 'twas guilty Madneſs, and unpitied Ruin: But maugre all the threatning Dangers, you would ſtill love on, doated on my Shape, my Mien, my Voice, while every thing I ſaid and did, gave you unequall'd Pleaſure. In your kind faithful Eyes I read the ſilent Secrets of your Soul; whene'er *Philander* kiſs'd or preſs'd my Hand, your very Looks pronounced you thought him bleſs'd, and wiſh'd yourſelf the dear accepted Man. The Buſineſs of

of your Life was to oblige me, and make your ſelf beloved; and every Art you uſed to veil your Tenderneſs, diſcover'd it the more to my diſcerning Eyes; for ſtifled Sighs, too frequent Bluſhes, and diſorder'd Looks, confeſs'd your Paſſion. Thus many harmleſs ſoothing Mouths were paſt, before your baſhful Tongue, or trembling Hand, durſt boldly own the Lover. Theſe nicer Bounds once broke, you talk'd of nought but Joys and Raptures, with ſuch kind Ardour preſs'd me in your Arms, and promiſed ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures, as might have melted any Breaſt but mine; and when repuls'd, you'd urge your Suit as Lovers do, and only Lovers can, ſnatch me again into your eager Arms, preſs me to your panting wiſhing Boſom, and ſwear I ſhould not leave you till I had made you bleſs'd. No common Paſſion could excite ſuch a wild Fondneſs of forbidden Joys, one calm Reflection on my Fate had damp'd a moderate Flame for ever; but yours was Frenzy all, and now Deſpair has ſummon'd back your wandring Reaſon, you would diſown your former Follies. But why ſhould you evade the Truth to me, to me, the unhappy Witneſs of your tender Faults, and almoſt guilty Tranſports? Impoſe upon the World what Faith you pleaſe, but do not grate my Ears with cold Excuſes, and unmanly Falſhoods, in denying that Love which could be your only Hope for Pardon; for know our Sex forgives no Faults ſo eaſily as thoſe which Love commits.

# LETTER III.

## *To* AMINTAS.

I Wonder, my *Amintas*, what Conſtruction you put on my Fondneſs for your Company; it is not, I aſſure you, to indulge my Love, but deſign'd as a Remedy to ſuppreſs it; that by frequent Converſation the Intimacy may take off the Novelty, and, by a natural Reſult, weaken the Charm: But I find this Conduct don't conduce to my Cure, ſo you may ſtay away as long as you pleaſe; and aſſure yourſelf, when ever I ſend for you, it won't be in order to hate you; for I find, do what I will, that Time is not yet come; and pray, when you ſee me next, tell me you hope it never will; and if I could really believe you, 'twould be the greateſt Inducement in the World for me to releaſe you. But don't let this negligent Raillery be thought a Deſign to put you on your Guard, or to heighten your Paſſion, for I aſſure you, I am not ſo indifferent as I make for.

# LETTER IV.

## *To a Lady upon Female Virtue.*

*Madam,*

SOME Reflection on what we diſcours'd laſt Night, convinces me there is not in the Univerſe a more amazing Prodigy than an Exceſs of Love and Virtue in one Breaſt; and I think he gave a true Definition of humane Nature, who ſaid Coldneſs of Conſtitution, and, conſequently, of Deſires, was the Source of all Virtue. Yet we flatter ourſelves into an Opinion of our own Prudence; and Dullneſs or Averſion paſſes with us for that, which upon a ſtrong Aſſault we ſhould not be able to maintain. Defect of Temper, ſome Diſguſt to the Perſon, or too frequent or near Approaches, which leſſen Curioſity, or too great Difficulty of poſſeſſing: Any one of theſe weaken the Force of Paſſion, and abate the Eagerneſs of Purſuit. While we, as if Reaſon were a Stranger to Nature, perſuade ourſelves theſe Circumſtances have no Influence on us, and our Conduct is the Effect of pure Virtue, Temperance, Fortitude, and I know not what. But tell me where is that Prude who can boaſt of Conqueſt, where there is Strength of Inclination, Warmth of Conſtitution, and the favourable Minute of powerful Temptation from the per-

perſuaſive adored Object? one all deſires, the other all deſirable, here we muſt yield or fly, 'tis in vain to parly. How few, how very few, charm'd with the Tranſports of approaching Bliſs, can leave unfiniſh'd all their eager Wiſhes, if no Allay mix with this Height of Paſſion? Then let our Sex be cautious, if there can be ſuch a thing in Love; and where there is no Love, 'tis needleſs. So I may as well be ſilent; elſe methinks I could recommend a world of Diſcretion and Prudry to them. Pray don't let my Lady T----- ſee this Letter, you know ſhe's ſo cenſorious.

## LETTER V.

### *To the too cautious Lover.*

AH, cruel Youth, you may be ſure I want your Pity, ſince of one who too ſurely hates me I'm compell'd to ask it. But, oh, you'd have your barbarous Uſage paſs for Diſcretion, and ſacrifice me to your inhumane Prudence. Where is the Tenderneſs you once expreſs'd, the kindeſt, deareſt Youth that ever talk'd of Love, that now you can thus unconcernedly ſee me periſh? Oh, your Cruelty diſtracts me; I beg you, by all your Hopes of future Happineſs, ſhew ſome Pity, and prevent my Ruin; not thus exaſperate my Soul, till an ungovern'd Fury expoſe my Folly to the World.

The

The moſt extravagant Fondneſs, and exalted Raptures of fictitious Lovers, with which Poets have adorn'd Romances, are but faint Emblems of my mightier Paſſion: And by that Heaven which awes my deſperate Hand with a religious Guard, did not Piety forbid, I'd fall, this Moment, a Victim to your Cruelty, rather than live to bear the Curſe of your Neglect, for 'tis better not to be, than to be miſerable. Oh, do not dally with a Paſſion which is grown too powerful for Reaſon; but by ſome auſpicious Care, haſte and ſooth this Frenzy of my tortur'd Soul, leſt, if provok'd too far (ſpite of virtuous Ties) I may do a Deed, which, if not more than Humane, will move your Pity, ſtartle that ſtubborn Breaſt, which now no Prayers, no Tears can move, make all my ſighing Friends curſe the dear Man I love, whom with my lateſt Breath I bleſs, and recommend to Heaven with my expiring Sighs. Oh think you ſee me weeping, ſighing, dying at your Feet, and take me to your Mercy: Heaven will reward your pious Care, and I with a thouſand endleſs Thanks acknowledge you the dear Preſerver of my Life; and tho' the Favour is extorted from you, and an unwilling Pity ſaves me; yet I'll eſteem it, as if with the Hazard of your own deareſt Life you had ranſom'd mine. I have try'd a thouſand Ways, but nothing will afford one Moment's Eaſe, 'tis you alone that can compoſe theſe ſad Diſtractions of my fond ſuffering Breaſt. Let not my wild Reſentments be expos'd to the World by my Impatience at your Abſence, but let me ſee you this Night, for till I do I cannot reſt. I do not ask your Love,

that

that is not in your Power, Humanity is. I only beg you would do any thing that may make me think you do not hate

*The wretched*

MUSIDORA.

# LETTER VI.

## *The ANSWER.*

MADAM,

I Have not only Humanity, but so particular a Regard for you, that I read your Letter with the greatest Surprize and Concern. I think you'll make me mad too. What would you have me do? Was I ever wanting in my Devoir and constant Attendance, till you commanded my Absence without any Fault or Inclination in me? And when even again I have been admitted by your own Orders, and you confess'd I was belov'd; yet, in a Rage, if I but kiss'd your Hand, tho' with an Awe due to a Monarch only, strait you'd forbid me the Room, pursue me with a Billet never to approach you more: What Man on Earth can bear your damn'd Platonick Humours, to own you love to Distraction, yet I must not kiss you, touch you, nor scarcely look at you? I wish *Nicolini* were in my Place, for faith I know not how to acquit myself in such a fantastical Amour;

Amour; nor can I for my Life help desiring to please you. There is something entertaining in your novel Conduct; and since you, who was never in an Error before, own your Reason is now grown useless, and I command your Fate, send but the Messenger back this Moment, with an Assurance that I shall be received with common Civility, and I'll the next Moment fly to you, with all the Tenderness due to your Complainings: But for Heaven's sake, Madam, don't make yourself and me thus uneasy by your own Caprice. But why do I delay, and expostulate here, when I think the Moments Years till I see you, and see you easy?

*Who am whatever you command me.*

## LETTER VII.

### *To LORENZO.*

THOU loveliest, dearest, and, I hope, faithfullest of thy Sex, haste to your *Calista*, and calm the Tumults your Absence has rais'd in her long peaceful Breast; for if you can live two tedious Days and not see her, what has she not cause to fear? Two Days, ye Gods! a Century in Love, like mine; how have I wept, and sigh'd, and wish'd in vain, to see my adored *Lorenzo*? Could you behold me in this gentle Scene of Sorrow, hear my soft Murmurings and kind Complainings, you'd pity your poor *Calista*, fly to her Relief, sooth her Distress, and hush her Griefs

Griefs on your dear tender Boſom; for I know you cannot bear I ſhould be in Pain; and to recompence what you make me ſuffer, ſwear a thouſand times I have endear'd you by my kind Diſtreſs; and that, if poſſible, you love me more than ever. Thus, ſure, will my dear *Lorenzo* talk to his mourning *Caliſta*, till he ſee her eaſy, ſee her bleſs'd; for while he ſpeaks to her, ſhe is ſo. But tell me, thou all that's dear to me, how cou'd you live two Days, and never ſee me? How cou'd you employ yourſelf without me? Thoſe lovely Eyes, that melting Voice, were only made for me. What! did you gaze upon the Crowd, talk Politicks, or read Philoſophy? I thought long ſince we had loſt all Taſte of theſe dull Amuſements, and could reliſh nothing but each other. Or did the envious Groves detain you? but by what new Charm? For oft you have ſwore, the pleaſing Shades, the native Harmony of tuneful Birds, the fragrant Odours of delicious Flowers, and all the Beauties of the whole Creation, were centred in your beloved *Caliſta*; and I believe you thought ſo. Oh, never undeceive me! your Abſence ſhocks me; and as you are Man, avert it Heaven, your Ardour may decline, and I may be abandon'd. But if, oh, I tremble at the Thought, it ever ſhould be ſo, for Pity ſake do it; oh, do it gently, elſe your poor *Caliſta* dies that Moment. Soften the Rigour of my Doom, and ſlowly bring my Ruin on; be Months and Years in taking your Farewel; glide, like Life, inſenſibly away, till Immortality o'ertake the Ceremony; for to leſs laſting Bliſs I can't reſign you; I cannot yield you to anothers Arms; to have her murmur Love and ſoft Deſire on your bewitching Boſom,

ſom, ſnatch my warm Kiſſes from your lovely Lips, and taſte the Pleaſure only due to me; Oh, ſtabbing Thought! Then haſte my Love, ſuppreſs my Fears, ſooth my Sorrows, and with your ſoft Voice charm me to Peace, to Life, to Love, to you, more dear than all.

I know you think I love you, therefore can any thing on Earth be worſe natur'd than not to let me ſee you all this tedious time? In vain you ſwear you love me more than ever, while every Action ſhows you too careleſs, or too diſcreet. But oh, ye happy Men! your ſofter Paſſions ſeldom diſcompoſe your Quiet; Buſineſs and Diverſions make your eaſy Hours glide unheeded on, while we with painful Sighs find every heavy Minute hang like Ages on our anxious Souls. Love's but your Sport, the Paſtime of your leiſure Hours, only a Start of Paſſion reviv'd by Dreams or Drink, and loſt as ſoon as thoſe light Vapours vaniſh; the weak Impreſſion touches only on the Senſes; your Souls know nothing of the conſtant Languiſhments, and delicate Movements which our ſoft Sex indulge; The tender Sighs, endearing Wiſhes, the pleaſing Pains, and ſad Amuſements, that wait on Love, like mine: For 'tis a Paſſion ſo powerful, refin'd and unmix'd, as if my very Soul was Love, or Love my Soul; and, like its immortal ſelf, rolls on in endleſs Tranſports of ſurprizing Tenderneſs. Each Day, and all the Day you fill my Soul, where every riſing Thought's ſo ſoft, ſo very ſoothing, as my evil Genius urged me on to Love and Ruin. But my better Angel keeps you there, whiſpers you are unkind, and I at laſt ſhall conquer and forget you. But why do I flatter myſelf thus, unleſs I could owe my

my Freedom more to my Reaſon, and leſs to my Reſentment? For now ſhould you return, ſigh on my trembling Boſom, and whiſper ſoft Tales of Love, I ſtrait ſhould melt, ſpite of my beſt Reſolves, and be again a ſighing fond Believer. Ah! too well I know you will ſoon be here, talk again of Love, and I be pleaſed to hear you. For, ah! 'tis Heaven when you ſpeak kindly to me, and I could liſten to eternal Ages. But let's both be wiſer, ſince we know the fatal Conſequence. Then let me conjure you, as you value my Repoſe; nay, I charge you by my Love, or if any thing, even the Duty that ſtruggles in my labouring Soul, is greater; if e'er we meet again, dare not for your Life give me one kind Word or Look, but paſs unheedful by; and let us both, if poſſible, forget that e'er we lov'd. For 'tis Madneſs to indulge a Paſſion that muſt make us miſerable---- You ſee how I can talk now you are abſent. I know you ſmile now, and ſo may you ever

*On your impatient*

CALISTA.

## LETTER VIII.

### *The ANSWER.*

WHY, lovely Charmer, do you upbraid me with an Abſence, which gives me ſo much Pain? You know I am obliged to move as the

the Court directs; and why so much Talk of being miserable? Is it Misery to fold thee in my eager Arms, press thee to my panting Bosom, gaze on thy thousand Beauties, and hear thee speak with Eloquence of Angels? Oh! Why am I bar'd one Moment from thee, and lose an Age of Love? While in each others Arms we should be bless'd, taste all the Dearnesses of mutual Passion, which only those who love like us can know; nor even thyself can utter, unless in murmuring Sighs, gentle Touches, and tender Languishments. Oh, Extasy of Thought! my Soul is on the Wing, I fly this Moment to the silent *Grotto* where last we met, there clasp, embrace thee, feel all the killing Transports which thou alone canst give, and Love and Imagination, great as mine, inspire; yet cannot really see thee these three Days. But haste, ye envious Hours, bring me to my Love, and let her not receive me with the sad Sounds of Duty, Ruin, and those Foes of Love; but with Joy take me to her Arms, for to part can only make us miserable. I shall set out to morrow Morning; live only on thy dear Letter, till I breath on thy inchanting Bosom. Till then, thou dearer to me than Life,

*Farewel.*

# LETTER IX.

## *To CLARONA.*

YOU tell me in your laſt, you fancy I cannot paſs a Moment without thinking on the Duke of---- I am pleas'd you ſhould know how agreeable my Soul is to your Sentiments; for where his lovely Idea is once fix'd, not Worlds nor Ages can e'er remove it: He's ſtill as charming as when firſt ſighing on my tender Boſom; he lov'd, and hop'd, like me; you know too well why we parted; but to one ſo truly ſenſible of his Endearments and Beauties, nothing can make him leſs amiable; he has ſtill the ſame Harmony in his moving Voice, tho' he talks not Love to me, the ſame inchanting Smile, bewitching Look, tho' ſquander'd away at random, or fix'd on ſome happy Fair, who is now lov'd and charm'd as I was once; Oh that *once!* a Word our Sex too often hates, and I for ever deplore. You ſee, dear *Clarona*, I am ſo far from condemning your Suſpicion of my continued Paſſion, that I deſire to confirm it by the following Lines, writ about two Months ago. To you my Soul would make known every Thought; and forgive me, if you find you can't have one entire.

SOME gentle Power, that pitys Love,
Suppreſs this fond Extream;
Why muſt *Amintor* fill each Thought,
And torture every Dream?

To

To Buſineſs, Faſhions, Wit and Play,
I like Attention give,
The painful Sighs that breath his Name,
The only Sign I live.

Obſerv'd by all, perceiving none,
Like ſtupid Clock-work move,
I have no Thought or Action free,
Feel no Impulſe but Love.

As Angels are abſorpt in Bliſs,
So I'm of Love poſſeſs'd;
But, oh, with it entirely curs'd!
As they ſupremely bleſs'd.

Days, Months and Years go rolling on,
I no Diſtinction find;
Or think on aught, but that ſad Hour,
When he firſt grew unkind.

Why did my Joys immortal ſeem,
As if they'd ever laſt?
Why now one fix'd eternal Pang
Of Grief for what is paſt?

After this you can't expect I ſhould ſubſcribe

*Yours.*

## *The* HUMOUR.

'TIS dull to live without Deſign,
Or Hopes of coming Joy;
Though we are ſure we muſt reſign
The dear deluſive Toy.

Let me be ſtill with Wiſhes bleſt,
It wakes our vital Fire;
Altho' the God be ne'er poſſeſt,
There's Pleaſure in Deſire.

The Nature of Delight is ſuch,
We're either cloy'd or croſs'd;
We've ſtill too little, or too much,
And either Way 'tis loſt.

Then, dear Deſire, thy Power employ,
Let me be ſooth'd by you;
I ask no other conſtant Joy,
But wiſhing ſomething new.

I'll take the fleeting World as 'tis,
We're fickle both and vain;
For ſome dear Loſs I'll die with Grief,
Then live and hope again.

Tranſporting Expectation can
With Raptures fill the Breaſt,
The chief Delight of Life is Hope
To be hereafter bleſt.

LETTER

# LETTER X.

## *To ALPHONSO.*

I Bluſh to think with what Earneſtneſs I importuned your Stay, Ill-natur'd and Uncivil, why would you not hear my Requeſt? 'Twas what your Generoſity could not have deny'd; for 'twas not to viſit often, be good humour'd when you came, return Letters, or the like. What! was you angry to find me better than you expected? Was it poſſible for me to ſee you, and feel no Change? Surely was I at the Point of Death, tho' my weak Pulſe had loſt its Motion, and my chill Blood was ſtagnate in my Veins, ſinking Nature at its loweſt Ebb, but one alotted Reſpiration more; yet ſhou'd you approach, 'twould animate my vital Heat, my enliven'd Blood would make one Sally more, and the gay Flouriſh look like Health and Eaſe. Such is the ſacred Influence of my *Alphonſo*; and when I feel no Pain (but for his Abſence) what Joys, what Pleaſures then muſt wait upon his coming? Think you my Illneſs only feigned to ſuperſede your dull Pretence of Buſineſs? But was it ſo, ſurely ſo kind a Fraud might be forgiven. You know I would purchaſe your Company at any Rate, but making you uneaſy. For Heaven-ſake let me know what made you poſt away ſo: I believe you are in Fee with my Phyſicians; you know how theſe Caprices of yours

disorder me. Write by the Bearer, for I am in double Pain, till I know what could make you so out of humour with

CALISTA.

## LETTER XI.

### *To ASTREA.*

CAreful *Astrea*, to you the Force of Love is so well known, that you seem anxious for my Safety; but the Lines you receiv'd last Post, I hope, will make you easy; where I have assured you, I dare be innocently wretched. Oh! blame not my Indulgence of the lovely Youth, but applaud, and wonder at my more than Woman's Resolution to leave the dear transporting and transported Charmer in height of all our Raptures; I can only say, my Guardian-Angel snatch'd me from his blissful Arms, and still secures me; But I don't think him so beautiful as my *Amintas*. Pity, oh, pity, dear *Astrea!* the wretchedst Sufferer that ever Love made miserable. Could you, or any one but you, have resign'd such a glorious tender Lover? Was it not barbarous to us both? And yet such is humane Fate; we must thank Heaven, if 'tis so favourable as to give us Courage to starve, lest we should surfeit: But fly every repining Thought. In vain you do assault me; I must, I will be wretched; in silent Anguish waste a tedious Life: for my Tortures are above Complaint, no

Term

Term of Horror expreſſive enough of what I feel. But with *Trapp's Pyrrhus*----

*Bear me, oh, bear me to the Rack for Eaſe!*

# LETTER XII.

## *To AURELIO.*

METhinks, Counſellor *Aurelio*, you take a prepoſterous Way of asking Pardon for laſt Night's Rudeneſs, and confeſs one Fault to excuſe another, by pretending you don't know what you ſaid, becauſe you was in a Paſſion. Am I a fit Object for any Rage but Love? But now I think on't, you went to *Holland* for Education, and I expect e'er long to be challeng'd to *Snick* or *Snee*, while you cheriſh the Heroical Thoughts of making your Part good with a weak Fro. But I deſire no Reply to this, till you have made your Tour to *Paris*, and have learn'd to make *Amende Honourable*; then, I am perſuaded, I ſhall be no more troubled with you; for I fancy 'twill not be eaſy faſhioning a Thing into a *Beau Eſprit*, or even into Humanity, that is already poſſeſs'd with ſo much of a *Hogen* Brute. Oh, how I deſpiſe thee! and hate myſelf for ever having been indulgent to your Addreſſes. What was it that infatuated me, that I could not penetrate thy ſullen Soul, and ſee the moroſe Temper that involved it, but miſtook thy gloomy Silence oft for noble Thoughtfulneſs, and awful Reſerve? But now, with a malicious Joy, I ſmile to think

with what Pain you ſmother'd the rancorous Ardour in your conſcious Breaſt ſo long e'er you durſt give it Vent. Thus, like a Meteor, big with the congregated Vapours of a Lady's Raillery, you blaze and burſt; ſurprize the Orb from whence you drew them, and are, by the malignant Effort, loſt for ever. Poor deſpiſed *Aurelio!* dare no more approach me; for I'll make no ſecond Trial of your Inſolence. What! contradict and reprimand me! Were you a Pedagogue or a Lover? Good God, a Lover! You ſhould have ſuſpended your Spleen, till you had better Authority, and taken a lawful Licence for ill Manners; yet with a *Non obſtante* you might have been obliged to reſign your pragmatick Charter; ſo 'twould not have been much to your Advantage: For I ſhould have ſuperſeded your arrogant Pretenſions, and you would perhaps have been engag'd in worſe than a Chancery Suit *durante vita*; for you muſt know, I am very vindictive, and no great Friend to Domeſtick Paſſive Obedience: We ſhould have divided the *Engliſh* Darling; you ſhould have had your Property, and I Liberty: So let us both thank Heaven for this early Diſcovery, which wiſely warns us to remain *in ſtatu quo.*

# LETTER XIII.

## *To* CLARONA.

*Dear* CLARONA,

WONDER not (for I do own it) that I doat on the Duke of ---------- nor ſo often teaze me that a Woman of my Taſte can entertain him. To me he has ten thouſand Charms, not only in his Perſon, but Mind, I am ſure he has; and I can ſee the remoter Beauties of his Soul ſparkle in the beamy Fluid of his lovely Eyes; and in his Smiles more Rhetorick than all *Tully*'s Orations: Then pray let me alone to love this finiſh'd Hero, this Maſterpiece of the Creation: Even Truth itſelf is more engaging when expreſs'd with Elegance; ſo the Faculties of the Soul diſplay'd by ſo fine, ſo beautiful a Form, muſt have irreſiſtleſs Force; tho' by you, who only gaze on the viſible Charms of his Perſon, his Intellects are cenſur'd; 'tis becauſe you dwell only on his lovely Face, his Eyes, his Smiles, fine Shape and Godlike Mein, till dazled with their Splendor you ſee no farther. But I view him as I do the Sun, admire his exteriour Beams, convinced by that Eclat of Refulgency, there muſt be a more immenſe Brightneſs center'd in that glorious Orb; but was there no more, there's enough in our Sight to claim even our Adoration. You'll never, dear, wiſe

wife *Clarona*, diſſuade me from this Parallel. What would you have him, a Philoſopher, to pall our Pleaſures with dull Maxims, and inſtead of ſighing on my tender Boſom, entertain me with a Diſſertation on humane Paſſions, and Vanity of ſublunary Enjoyments? I wiſh *Diogenes* or *Heraclitus* were here, they ſhould be at your Service for me; I had rather have the Sight of him, than hear all their ſententious Morality; one View of his lovely Perſon can inſpire my Soul with ten Thouſand beautiful Ideas and Reflections, and give it ſufficient Entertainment, were he to be ever ſilent. But oh, *Clarona*, he can ſpeak the deareſt tendereſt Things, and every Thing I wiſh to hear; nay, could he poſſibly talk Nonſenſe, yet there is ſuch Harmony in his melodious Voice, I could, with Raptures, ever liſten to him, as to the Accents of Angels unintelligibly raviſhing, I'm ſure he looks like one. Do you envy my Anticipation of future Bliſs? for they ſay our Joys above conſiſt in Viſion. Who but you durſt find one Fault with my adorable Hero? he has the Beauty and Softneſs of *Adonis*, with the undaunted Valour of the God of War, exactly finiſh'd for the Camp or the Alcove. What Ball or bright Aſſembly is ſecure when he appears? What Pleaſure do I take to ſee the Fate he ſcatters round? With Love the Ladies die, the Men with Envy; while I triumphant ſmile ſecure he lives for me, and only me, and you alone eſcape his Power, becauſe you are reſolv'd to ſee nothing valuable but in the judicious awful Earl ----- who, I am ſure, makes Love in Mood and Figure, and talks more Politicks than Paſſion: But I'll not retort, but beg you'll let me alone to love and be beloved;

loved; call my Fondneſs Weakneſs if you pleaſe, laugh at my Platonick Notions, ſunk, as you think, into a vulgar Love: But ſpare, oh ſpare your Raillery on that dear heavenly Man, for when you touch on him, you wound me in the tendereſt Part; for he muſt, he ſhall, he will be ever mine: And remember, tho' this is not the firſt, 'tis the laſt time I muſt forgive you.

## LETTER XIV.

### *To ANTENOR.*

NOW I have Leiſure to reflect on my late dear Indiſcretions, I know not which gives me moſt Pain, the irreſiſtleſs Paſſion that betray'd me to it, or the ſecret Reproaches of my nicer Soul, unuſed to ſuch fond Freedoms; to the ſtrict Rules of ſeverer Virtue 'twas too much, but to Love 'twas little, to Love like mine, that, ſtifled tedious Years within my cautious Breaſt, at your Return breaks forth with a redoubled Ardour. When from my Lips you ſnatch'd the firſt dear haſty Kiſs, alarm'd and ſurpriz'd, I felt the fatal Influence, the latent Flame reviv'd, glow'd in my Cheeks, danc'd in my Eyes, and wantoning thro' all my Frame, inſpir'd eager Wiſhes and exquiſite Deſires. Love urg'd me on, bid me be bleſs'd with every Joy that my fond Heart could wiſh, and Charms like you could give, adorn'd you with every Grace, and made you lovelier than when you firſt

firſt taught me to ſigh and languiſh for your dawning Sweetneſs; but ſtricter Virtue, at every thoughtful Hour, upbraids me for theſe looſer Starts of Paſſion, and I reſolve never to entertain the tempting Charmer more. But who, that doats like me, could fly thoſe dear inviting Arms, and not return the enchanting Preſſure? Or, when ſnatch'd to that ſnowy Boſom, would not recline to the unequal Whiteneſs, and on it ſigh and murmur Love and ſoft Deſire? Oh, there's Magick in your lighteſt Touch, the melting Poiſon runs thro' all my Veins quick to my conſcious Heart, and gives a pleaſing Pain and wild tumultuous Joy: Then, in this hurry of my Senſes, I follow kind deluding Love thro' all his dear delicious Mazes, ſoothing delightful Paths, even to the Brink of Ruin, then ſtop, and with reluctant Fear fly the threatning Danger, yet ſtill languiſh for the Charms that tempt me to my undoing. Oh, why was you mark'd out, of all Mankind, to give me all this Love and Pain? Why did you confeſs your Paſſion, and with your artful ſoft Endearments win my unguarded Heart at firſt? for little did I diſtruſt the fatal Conſequence; the lambent Fire long glimmer'd in my Breaſt, till your repeated Ardours encreas'd the Blaze, and thence aroſe a never dying Flame, nor Time nor Abſence can ſubdue its Power; then, if 'tis poſſible, forbear to pleaſe, be leſs lovely; for while you look and ſpeak ſuch ſoft bewitching Things, I muſt be delighted with you, and ſtill love on; nothing you ſee can deſtroy it, tho' Abſence had a while ſuppreſs'd it. Why would you ſay you lov'd me more than ever? will that cure me? will that dear Sound damp the Extaſies

taſies of a fond devoted Soul, and recal my wandring Reaſon? No, my eager Heart leaps up with Joy to meet the inchanting Accents; and I am, if poſſible, more entirely yours; and yet, yet I muſt reſign you.

Unkind *Antenor*, muſt I be for ever perſecuted with your Importunities? How can you thus inceſſantly, with your Petitions, diſturb that Repoſe, which I was hoping quickly to enjoy? Your Silence or Unconcern had, perhaps, ſoon ſooth'd me to a Calm; but every Moment you alarm my Soul with Pity, that firſt Eſſay of ſupplicated Love; oh ſpare me in this ſad Preſſure of my Fate, ſince to be kind or bleſt, or make you ſo, I muſt be perjur'd; you heard my haſty Vow, but ſolemn as the Gods by *Styx*. I muſt not, dare not ſee you, you are too ſubmiſſive; and, I fear, I too tender; for ſhould the penitent *Antenor* kneel and languiſh at my Feet for Pardon, I ſoon ſhould ſnatch the dear Suppliant to my Arms, and on his Breaſt ſigh a kind Forgiveneſs: Too well I know the Magick of your Looks to truſt you here, know my own Weakneſs, your irreſiſtleſs Power of pleading, and the Tortures of a Breaſt, where Reſolution oppoſes dearer Inclination. Oh for ſome ſubtle Caſuiſt, whoſe minute Diſtinctions could ſolve the Scruples of my tender Breaſt; teach me to evade my torturing Vow, and to my ſtruggling Soul reſtore both Peace and Pleaſure. Hence all ye ſoothing Sophiſters, in vain's your Aid, for if I myſelf, urg'd by the ſtrongeſt Ties, all that's dear in Life, can find no way to prevaricate, nor in my partial Breaſt one mental Reſervation in this painful Exigence, there is no Help,

Help, but I am loſt for ever; ask my Pardon then no more, you ſee it muſt be fruitleſs. But take it, oh take it kindly, that from my Soul I wiſh I could forgive you.

## LETTER XV.

MADAM,

A Friend of ours being at the Aſſembly laſt Night, ſaw the Lady ----- to his great Surprize, in all her flaunting Airs: the diminutive Creature made ſuch an Impreſſion on him, that he was inſpir'd to reverſe the celebrated Girdle of *Waller*'s ador'd *Sachariſſa*, and ſent it me this Minute; and 'tis as freely at your Service as things of this Nature are maliciouſly at every Body's. I expect you at the unintelligent Opera to Night,

*Am yours.*

Waller's GIRDLE *revers'd, on the Sight of Lady ----- at the Aſſembly at St.* James's.

WHAT her Coloſſus Waſte entwin'd,
Some ſturdy falling Oak ſhall bind:
No ſtrolling Beggar, for a Crown,
Would care to do what this has done.

'Twas

'Twas of all Plagues the ample Sphere,
The Mound which held the pamper'd Deer;
Envy, Fraud, Noiſe, licentious Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

Vaſt was the Compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt neither what was Good or Fair:
Unhappy Ribband, thou haſt bound
The vileſt Lump the Sun goes round.

## LETTER XVI.

### *To ALMANO.*

OH, *Almano*, you are ſtill more charming, and I am loſt for ever; I bid you ſlight and hate me; but oh diſguiſe thoſe Inclinations of your Soul, thoſe Corroſives are too ſharp for my tender Breaſt, and will not cure, but exaſperate the Pain. Think of ſome gentler Method to reclaim my wandring Reaſon; venture, *Almano*, to ſpeak kindly to me, I'll not hold you to your Word: Sigh, ſwear, flatter, any thing to ſooth the preſent raging Paſſion, which now will bleſs that Pity it ſo lately ſcorn'd. Curſe on thoſe ſighing Fools, that in ſoft Numbers celebrate my Wit, and tell me 'tis a Spring of perpetual Charms to conquer and ſecure Hearts, ſince 'twill not purchaſe one kind Word or Look from the dear, regardleſs Man I love, to whom each Moment of my Life's addreſs'd, while Diverſion,

ſion, Buſineſs, nay Devotion, all's neglected for him; I have no uſe of Thought but to admire his Charms, think how he looks, and ſmiles, and ſpeaks, then bluſh and ſigh, and bleſs the lovely Author of my Ruin, in whoſe dear Arms I had rather be kindly claſp'd, than graſp in my own Hand the Scepter of the World. When e'er indulgent Slumber brings him to my Arms, I fondly preſs him to my ſighing Breaſt, whiſper ſoft Tales of Love, and ſooth him to my Wiſh, hear and ſwear eternal Vows of Truth and Tenderneſs; then wake with all the Raptures of Delight, as if my Joys were real; but oh, too ſoon I find the dear Deluſion, my empty Arms confeſs the Cheat, and I can only find his dear Idea in my tortur'd Heart; then ſigh and weep, bluſh at my fond Miſtake, check my growing Paſſion, and wiſh and beg, even in the midſt of my early Orizons, that I did not, might not, love ſo well. Ye cruel partial Powers that guide our Deſtiny, why make ye not our Sex to pity thoſe who ſigh and languiſh for them, but ſo often force and fix our Inclinations where we meet Averſion? Oh how bleſs'd would poor *Philaſter* be, could he enjoy the thouſandth Paſt of that vaſt Love that I ſquander away on the cruel thankleſs *Almano!* By ſome quick Change eaſe my fond tortur'd Heart, teach me the Coldneſs of the careleſs Youth; or (to make me more bleſs'd) let ſome ſofter God inſpire his Breaſt, until he love like me, or learn him to diſſemble for a while, to make the Fate of our eternal Parting leſs ſhocking to my tender Soul, I'll join in the Deceit. Do, dear *Almano*, look and ſpeak as if you lov'd me; then lay the Blame on Fate, pretend your Father's Prohibi-

tion,

tion, a Tour to *Italy*, or any thing but the Truth. So ſhall Falſhood be meritorious in you, and you'll ſo mitigate my Sufferings, that inſtead of torturing Racks, my poor mourning Heart will gently bleed to Death.

## LETTER XVII.

### *To a Friend, with a POEM.*

MADAM,

I Have, at laſt, yielded to your Importunity; you will find inclos'd the Poem you ſo preſs'd me for: I know 'twill firſt move your Anger, then your Pity.

*Yours to command.*

HAIL, lovely *Erato*, whoſe ſoothing Lyre
Beſt ſounds the melting Sighs of ſoft (Deſire;
Tune all my Notes to thy delicious Strain,
Teach me of Love ſo ſweetly to complain,
Till my own Lyre has Power to eaſe my Pain.
I ſing no careleſs or unconquer'd Youth,
Nor common Theme of violated Truth;
The fatal Flame, that robs me of my Reſt,
Burns with an equal Ardor in his Breaſt;
Both by the ſame impetuous Impulſe mov'd,
With the like Paſſion talk'd, and look'd, and (lov'd,

Whole Hours he'd sigh on my delighted Breast,
While wishing, pleading Eyes his Flame confest;
Those silent Orators, that more can move,
Than all the vocal Rhetorick of Love.
Thus would we both with tender Transport gaze,
Whilst leaning on my Cheek his lovely Face,
He'd press, with eager taste, my willing Lip,
And oft from thence the balmy Nectar sip;
Where every ravish'd Sense would crowd to prove
That Earnest of the richer Draughts of Love:
Thus melting, dying, in each others Arms,
I felt, oh Virtue, too, too powerful Charms,
Felt irresistless Softness seize my Heart,
Wish'd ever thus to join, and never part;
With mutual Languishments supine we lay,
Intirely given up to Love and Play;
Till Nature, glowing with her brightest Fires,
Could bear no more, ---- tumultuously expires,
'Twixt awful Fears, and exquisite Desires.
While thus intranc'd, the Passion inward burns,
Exerts its Force as Love and Life returns;
Then, with fresh Ardor, the bewitching Youth
Still grasps me fast, and vows new Love and Truth;
I, quite enchanted with the soothing Bliss,
Return each Pressure, give back every Kiss:
He, joy'd his Love did such Indulgence find,
Straight knew no Bounds, but more profusely kind,
Urges the Rapture that was still behind;
Raising Imagination to such Height,
No am'rous God could promise more Delight:

Yet

Yet I forbore this World, this Heaven of Charms,
Still sigh'd and wish'd, yet fled his tempting (Arms.
Witness, oh Honour, and oh Nature too,
If such a Conflict you e'er saw till now.
For oh, too daring Lengths of Love I run,
One Moment more, and I had been undone;
For that important Minute snatch'd me thence,
Equally fond of him and Innocence;
Compleatly happy that I these possest,
Yet languish'd too, to know the mighty rest.
What Perturbations does transport the Mind,
Charm'd with the Joys we wish, and those we (find,
Taste Pleasure to the Height, yet know there's more behind?
I, who ne'er lov'd, nor ventur'd thus before,
Knew not that Nature had such Sweets in store;
The new Amusement every Sense ingrost,
Remorse was all in the dear Wonder lost;
My Soul was full of the extatick Blifs,
I felt each Touch, retasted every Kiss;
Awake I had no Thought but of his Charms,
Or if asleep, dreamt I was in his Arms.
At last, my Transport does to Grief submit,
I weep, and blame the almost guilty Night;
With Dread the dang'rous Scene I now survey,
And wonder how I forc'd myself away;
Virtue the dear Indulgence oft upbraids,
On t'other Side great Love and Nature pleads;
Nature complains that I have injur'd her,
And did dull Precepts to Instinct prefer:
So only Love was pleas'd with what was done,
Knowing unfinish'd Joys would sooth us to love (on.

I charge ye all, ye untry'd Nymphs, beware,
Truſt not your Prudence, nor your Pride too far.
Ah, who that truly loves, untouch'd, can hear
The melting Accents of a Lover's Prayer,
Endure his Preſſures, hear him ſigh and pant
For Joys which ſhe, and only ſhe can grant?
What can ſhe do? 'tis Ruin to comply,
And to refuſe, 'tis eaſier far to die.
For now I know, by this dear taſte of Charms,
That all Delight is center'd in his Arms;
Know too in mine he places all his Bliſs,
And yet to part ---- ſure Racks are Eaſe to this.
If Falſhood or Indifference were our State,
It might be born, 'tis but a common Fate:
But when two Souls, ſo paſſionately kind,
By a long Series of Endearments join'd,
Part for a Name, what more ſevere can prove,
Not to be bleſt --- but curſt with ſo much Love?
Why do the Powers above admit Deſire,
Yet interdict the Paſſions they inſpire?
Oh let them guide our paſſive Wills aright,
Or keep us ignorant of the dear Delight.
Witneſs yourſelves, ye Powers, how much I ſtrove,
How oft I wept and pray'd I might not love;
Too ſtrong's the Impulſe of a deſtin'd Heart,
It knows no Law, nor Intereſt, nor Art;
Love ſooth'd the Scruples of my dubious Mind,
Taught me the fatal Joy of being kind;
Joys, which I almoſt wiſh I ne'er had known,
Such a dear Taſte of Love reſign'd ſo ſoon;
'Tis more than humane Nature ſure can bear,
He is to me than Life or Fame more dear:
But Virtue calls, reluctant I obey;
Futurity, can you this mighty Loſs repay?
Tell me, ye Gods, if I renounce the Bliſs,
How many Heavens you will allow for this?

Oh

Oh quickly ſpeak, ſupport me e'er I faint,
(Or hurrying Nature force me to relent;)
Without your Aid the Tryal's too ſevere,
More than my fond, my tender Breaſt can bear.
Hark, a ſoft Sound, ſweet as his moving Voice,
Says I ſhall be poſſeſs'd of future Joys;
And ſince my Soul is ſo compos'd of Love,
If pure, ſhall taſte redoubled Bliſs above.
And now, thou deareſt lovelieſt Youth farewel,
Adieu that Boſom where all Pleaſures dwell:
Pardon that thus I do reſign thy Arms,
A Circle flowing with inceſſant Charms;
Too well I know and prize the Joys I loſe,
But dare not ask thy Leave, leſt thou refuſe.
Oh do not grieve, or let thy Part be ſmall,
To me transfer it, and I will bear it all;
Weep all the darkſome Hours of Night away,
In lone Receſſes ſhun the buſy Day;
Shun all that's humane, to avoid Relief,
As once my Joys, ſo now indulge my Grief;
Cheriſh thy dear Idea in my Heart,
Think on thy Softneſs to encreaſe my Smart;
And to rack Nature to the height of Pain,
Reſolve to love ----- but never meet again.

## LETTER XVIII.

*To* Alcides, *ſeeing him after three Years Abſence.*

UNconſcious Youth, you knew not when (met laſt,
How my ſoft Breaſt the trifling Minutes paſt;

I blushing thought, how just three Years before,
Exactly on that Day, that very Hour,
(When Virtue scarce repuls'd your powerful (Charms,)
Slowly I left your dear inviting Arms.
Too well you know how eagerly you sued,
And with what Tenderness you was withstood;
To make the Rigour of Denial less,
I sooth'd the Passion I could not redress:
With kindest Eyes your Languishing I view,
And vow'd, if e'er I lov'd, it should be you;
A thousand soft endearing Things expres't,
As you lay wishing on my trembling Breast;
The fond Mistake did not my Anger move,
I could not frown, nor chide, nor any thing but (love.
Sure two so very kind ne'er pass'd their Time,
With so much Softness, and so little Crime;
In such Delight the pleasing Hours were spent,
That, Heaven forgive me, I could scarce repent.

Tell me, ye subtle Casuists, was't a Sin,
Or may we dare to meet and love again?
No, rather let me ask the Fates Intent,
If they've decreed I should be innocent:
For tho' I know 'tis not in Nature's Power,
I should love better, or be tempted more;
Yet I'm not sure the Charmer can't prevail;
Virtue, tho' often try'd, at last may fail.
Then hear, ye pitying Gods, grant my Request
Subdue this dangerous Passion in my Breast:
Or if't must be my Punishment to love,
Add to my Pain, and from my Sight remove
The pleasing Youth; for oh I dread the Crime,
And am not safe if left to Love and him.

LET-

# LETTER XIX.

## *The* MESSAGE.

### *To* AMINTAS.

GO, gentle Sighs, like Inſpiration move,
And tell the gay *Amintas* ſtill I love;
Tell with what tender Pain I'm bar'd the Bliſs,
Of being only and for ever his;
Spite of the Coldneſs I've ſo long expreſt,
The latent Fire ſtill glow'd within my Breaſt:
So Vapours often *Phœbus'* Glories ſhroud,
Yet ſtill he ſhines behind the envious Cloud.
Go to his doubtful Boſom, ſoftly ſteal,
And all my Love and Languiſhments reveal;
Tell every Wiſh, and every tender Fear,
How I deſire, yet how I dread him here.
But let him not ſuſpect, I'd have him know,
Leſt he grow kind again, and love me too;
For oh, I dare not truſt his powerful Charms,
There's more than Magick in *Amintas'* Arms.

# LETTER XX.

*To a Lady with two Copies of Verſes*, viz. The Garter tranſpos'd, *and* The Magnet.

*Dear Madam*,

THO' you are no great Lover of Poetry, I could not forbear communicating to

you Lines on ſo uncommon a Theme, as *The Garter tranſpos'd*, to tie a Night-Gown; *The Magnet* too was ſomething that pleas'd me. I will make no farther Apology, knowing your good Nature accepts every Endeavour to oblige you,

*From, Madam, yours*, &c.

## *On lending a Garter for a Girdle.*

### *To* Amintas.

MAY this ſoft Circle tendereſt Magick prove,
And all within it feel the Power of Love;
The warm Effluvia mingling with thy Blood,
Inſpire ſuch Ardors as my Breaſt ſubdued;
Swift let it glide thro' ev'ry trembling Vein,
Till each kind Atom glow with the delicious (Pain.
Hail happy Ribband, oh that in thy ſtead,
Tho' o'er my Cheeks thy roſy Colour ſpread,
I might, like thee, but preſs and claſp him (round,
Till he from my kind Arms the ſoft Enchant- (ment found.
Oh how I envy thee, how bleſs'd art thou?
Not ſacred Fillets on the Prieſteſs Brow;
Or *Salisbury*'s Garter e'er was half ſo grac'd,
When 'tis, with Pomp, on ſovereign Princes (plac'd;
The azure Band *Britannia* dedicates,
As ſacred to the Guardian of her State.
The Caledonian Heroes too are ſeen,
Adorn'd with honourable Belts of Green.

And

And if great Love ſhould be auſpicious now,
On this kind Girdle ſo much Power beſtow,
To charm *Amintas'* Soul entirely mine,
The Red I'll conſecrate for ever thine.

## *The* MAGNET.

AS *Mintas* abſent, Love's as lambent Fire,
My Soul knows no kind Wiſh or fond (Deſire;
But ſoon as the inchanting Youth returns,
Thro' my whole Frame the impetuous Ardor (burns.
Thus do the am'rous latent Seeds in Steel
Lie undiſturb'd, and no Emotion feel,
Till the inſpiring *Magnet* near it move,
Whoſe Force does thro' each conſcious Atom (rove,
Then by impulſive Heat trembles with active (Love.
Is then this Sympathy a Fault in me?
Can I reſiſt the inherent Tendency?
The dear Effects I feel, but cannot find
How the Effluvium actuates my Mind,
Involuntary move, occult the Cauſe,
Influenc'd, like that, by mere mechanick Laws.

# Miſcellaneous Letters AND *PARADOXES.*

## LETTER I.

*To* Caleb Seeker *Eſq; at his Chambers in the* Middle-Temple, London.

*Upon the* FREE-THINKERS.

*The Fool hath ſaid in his Heart, there is no God.*

*My Dear* CALEB,

YOURS of the 20th *ult.* has given me a little Diſturbance; for the Love and Value I have for you, makes me uneaſy, that you're got into ſo worthleſs an Acquaintance as you mention; for believe me, my Friend, there's nothing to be got by it but Diſquiet and Infamy. 'Tis a juſt Maxim of the ingenious *Otway*,

*Avoid*

*Avoid the Man that's singular,*
*His Brain's unsound, his Spleen o'erweighs his Wit.*

For, indeed, a Man that sets up to be wiser than the rest of the World, ought to be very sure of the Solidity of his Fundamentals; else he may, in all Probability, give greater Proofs of his Folly than of his Understanding. I know very well, that a Country Parson makes so ridiculous a Figure amongst your Friends at the *Grecian's*, that I have but little Hopes that my Advice should be of any great Importance with you. However, since you are still pleas'd to continue your Favour for me, I shall make use of that Privilege, and treat you like a Friend, and a Man of Reason. Reason is what your new Acquaintance make great Pretensions to, though they, by no Means, will be concluded by it.

They call themselves FREE-THINKERS, but it is a gross Misnomer, a most horrible Abuse of the Word; for there are not more slavish Thinkers in the World; they lay down certain *Postulata*, of which they admit no Dispute: As for Example, *That the World is Eternal*; *That the Soul is mortal; and by Consequence that there is no World to come, nor any Account to be given of our Sins and Transgressions in this.* Having fix'd these Principles by a sort of dogmatical *Ipse dixit*, they argue not fairly, nor give you any Reasons, at least, that will bear Water to prove these Positions, but are themselves confin'd to strive and force all their Authorities and Reasonings to confirm these Points. Thus you will find in their Books partial Quotations press'd into their Service, which, if fairly examin'd by the Authors, from whence they

they are taken, conclude quite the contrary. And if these Quotations are in another Language, you're sure to find the Translation of them nothing a-kin to the Original. These are Methods, my Friend, that discover, in spite of their Assurance, and confident Way of expressing themselves, a wonderful Diffidence in their Cause, and a Conduct too disingenuous and dishonest for the Lovers of Truth to be guilty of.

If by FREE-THINKING, they mean an impartial bringing all Opinions to the Test of right Reason, I am as much a FREE-THINKER as any one; but it is plain from their Methods above-mentioned, that they are afraid of being determin'd by that Test; for by that they must not pretend to impose any thing upon us without Proof; whereas their very Fundamentals include greater Absurdities, or, at least, as great as Transubstantiation itself: And while they laugh at our Faith, and Belief of the holy Doctrines of the Gospel, as implicit, they require a greater Implicitness to their own Fancies. For Example, Put them upon the Proof of the Eternity of the World: Ask them how Man, a Being that we know had a Beginning, we see daily has an End, came first to subsist? All the Answer they give you, or at least all the Answer I could ever meet with from them, is, That our Fathers begot us, and we our Children; that though every particular Man dies, yet the Species is Eternal. But press them on for Reason, and ask them, Whether every Whole does not consist of its Part? and that, Whether every particular Part, that is, every Man, has not an End and dies? And therefore how that Whole can be Immortal or Eternal, every Part of which

is

is confeſs'd by themſelves to be Mortal? they give you no manner of Anſwer, but that it was ſo from all Eternity.

Preſs them again with this Queſtion, that by their own Conceſſion, every Individual has a Beginning; that is, that there was a Time when *Peter*, and *John*, and *Stephen*, and the reſt, were not; how came they to be? All that they anſwer, is, That their Parents begot them. But to go on with them; there was a Time when their Parents were not, and had no Being, and ſo on for hundreds of Ages paſt; let them take as many as they pleaſe, they muſt come at laſt to this Point, That all Beings that have an End, muſt alſo have a Beginning; and never cou'd have been, unleſs they had been produc'd by ſome Being that had no Beginning, and muſt by Conſequence be ſelf-exiſtent; and that Being is what we call *God*.

Another Article of their Faith is, That Man's Soul is Mortal; or rather, indeed, that he has no Soul at all; upon this they make all their Flouriſh. Here they ſtand their Ground, as if it were a Poſt impregnable. Upon this they have writ ſeveral Books, which, I think, have been all ſufficiently confuted. However, I would ask them, That ſince they pretend to be Philoſophers, that ſince they avow themſelves Champions for the Liberty and Dignity of Mankind, to which of theſe does this Doctrine contribute? Is it really for the Benefit of Human Society, that every Man and Woman ſhould believe that they die like Dogs? that therefore they may do what they will, without Regard to Juſtice, Truth, Virtue and Honeſty, provided they take Care not to incur the Penalties of human Laws? That Religion is a Jeſt of Poli-

tical

tical Inſtitution by the cunning Men, only to manage the reſt of the World? Is not this to diſſolve all the Ties of human Society? to open a wide Door to Confuſion, Miſery and Deſtruction? Wonderful Benefactors to human Kind! But ſuch, my Friend, as all Civil Government ought with Care to extirpate, ſince, for the ſake of meer Probability, (for they pretend to no more) they would deſtroy the Security of all Mankind.

To give you a full View of the Immortality of the Soul, which is too long for this Letter, I refer you to the Learned Dr. *Clark*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, the *Deiſt's Manual*, and various other Tracts, in which this Point is fully diſcuſs'd.

For my part, I think theſe Gentlemen ought all to be us'd as *John Triſle*, one of their grand Demogogues, was by a certain Nobleman of this Kingdom. The Story goes thus: *Triſle*, you muſt know, is an *Iriſh* Man, begot by a Popiſh Prieſh upon a galloping Nun; had part of his Education in *Scotland*, and the reſt in *Poland*. This Gentleman has, with the ſmattering of ſome little Learning, and a great deal of native Impudence, a voluble Tongue, and a fawning Addreſs, inſinuated himſelf into the Acquaintance of ſeveral Perſons of Figure, diſtinguiſhed more by their Wealth and Dignity, than by their Underſtanding. Here *Triſle* has endeavoured to exert his Parts, and preach up the Doctrine of the Soul's Mortality, eſpecially amongſt the Ladies, whoſe Weakneſs of Judgment was moſt likely to be ſurpriz'd by the Plauſibility of his Argument; he at laſt got Admiſſion into the Family of a worthy Nobleman, where propagating his damnable Doctrine, it came to

the

the Ear of the Nobleman, who provided him a Reception the next time he came, which *Trifle* did by no means admire. But whilſt he was in full Argument with the Ladies, as his Way was, my Lord came into the Room, and ſeem'd to liſten to him with ſome Attention, which made him exert himſelf in an extraordinary Manner, hoping for a new Convert in that Illuſtrious Perſon; but taking his Leave, Hold, ſaid my Lord, you have been at a great Expence of Breath, and I don't uſe to be ungrateful to thoſe that endeavour to ſerve me. With that he rung a ſmall Bell, and in ruſh'd half a dozen of luſty Fellows with a Blanket, and ſeiz'd upon *Trifle*, who began to buſtle, and cry, He was a Gentleman, and hop'd therefore that his Lordſhip, for his own ſake, wou'd uſe him as ſuch. I ſhall uſe you, ſaid my Lord, as a Dog, as a Corrupter of Families, as one that had diſclaim'd all Pretence to Religion and Immortality; and therefore art a Dog, and as ſuch ſhalt be us'd; though indeed a Dog is much the more valuable Creature; he is of ſome Uſe, thou of none; the Blanket ſhall ſuffice for this time; but if ever thou dareſt venture within my Doors again, expect worſe Uſage. With that the Ladies all vaniſh'd; the Lord withdrew, and not regarding his Prayers, the Men went to work with him, and toſs'd poor *Trifle* ſo long, that they diſmiſs'd him in a moſt flagrant Condition.

This, I think, is the beſt Confutation of ſuch Diſputants; I ſhall defer my Character of his Collegue till another Opportunity. My Friend, I would have you not debaſe your Underſtanding ſo far as to keep ſuch Company, who whilſt they boaſt a Superiority of Reaſon to the moſt

Excellent,

Excellent, fall ſhort of the common Senſe of the Loweſt. Remember this, that *the Fool hath ſaid in his Heart, there is no God:* But the Atheiſts of the Royal Prophet's time were too modeſt to declare their Folly; but thoſe of our time are more impudent, and boaſt that Folly as a Perfection.

*I am your loving Friend,*

BELTHAZAR DUETHOUGHT.

## LETTER II.

### *The Anſwer to the foregoing Letter.*

### *To the Reverend Mr.* Duethought *in* Kent.

DEAR SIR,

THESE are to return my Thanks for your laſt obliging Letter, in which you diſcover ſo friendly and Chriſtian a Concern for my Welfare. But, my dear Friend, your Fears are without any real Foundation; for tho' I am for enquiring into all Religions, yet I could never be ſo whimſical as to ſeek for a Religion among the *Free-Thinkers*, as they call themſelves; who openly declare, that they have none. For my part, I have as contemptible an Opinion of them as you can have; and think the Noble Lord gave *Triſle* a Reception worthy his Endeavours: So all ſuch Dogs ought to be uſed, whenever they invade the Security and Happineſs of Families. I look upon the *Free-Thinkers*, as they call

call themſelves, to be the Peſt of human Society. They are, indeed, the moſt miſchievous, and the moſt worthleſs Wretches that pretend to the Name of Men. *Thinkers* they ſtile themſelves, but certainly not from that Notion that we have of the Word, *viz.* the ſolid Reflection of rational and immortal Beings, but from that fortuitous and undeſigning Thought, which we may ſuppoſe to be in meer Animals; and yet I may ſeem to wrong thoſe very meer Animals in putting the *Free-Thinkers* upon a Level with 'em; for we can plainly diſcover, that thoſe regularly purſue a certain End, but the *Free-Thinkers* none; or at leaſt, none agreeable to Thought, and their Being as Men, ſince they purſue what muſt be deſtructive of their Well-being, if not of their very Being itſelf: For whilſt they take away, and break down the Fences of Conſcience and Religion, they rob Mankind of that Security which is abſolutely neceſſary to his Happineſs, and which only can render Life deſirable. I cannot diſcover what Motives ſet theſe Miſcreants to work, in publiſhing and promoting their Opinions, as fooliſh as abominable. If they will needs think ſo out of the Way, in a manner ſo unworthy of the Dignity of human Nature; if they had rather believe themſelves the Effect of blind Chance than the Product of eternal Wiſdom; if they had rather fancy, that they ſhall die like Rats and the other Vermin of the Earth, than enjoy a Life hereafter repleniſh'd with ſuch Beatitude as is capable of filling the vaſt Deſires of a human Mind, enlarg'd and elevated with a wonderful Idea of an omnipotent and gracious God, why don't they ſit down with that Freedom of *Thinking*, as they call it, and

go off the Stage of the World in ſome obſcure Hole, like their Brother Vermin? Why will they, from *Free-Thinkers*, become licentious Writers? Why will they be ſo officiouſly buſy to promote their pernicious Opinions? They can't pretend Conſcience ſets them to work, that they have diſclaim'd; but what Conſcience can there be, when, according to them, there is neither Religion nor God, the very Foundation of all Conſcience? I muſt therefore declare, that though I am for a Liberty of Reaſoning, I think theſe Wretches ought to be extirpated with Death; and that becauſe they do not reaſon, but endeavour to banter us out of all that is good and valuable with a poor wretched Sarcaſm, or a ridiculous Pun or Conundrum.

*I am your humble Servant,*

CALEB SEEKER.

# LETTER III.

## *On FAME.*

*Laudumque immenſa Cupido.*

*To Mr.* Praiſelove, *to be left at* Button's *Coffee-houſe*, Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, London.

*My dear Friend,*

WHilſt I amuſe myſelf here in the Country, partly with Books, and partly with our rural Diverſions, I ſometimes look back on thoſe brisk

brisk Enjoyments I uſed formerly to meet with in the Town ; and as it is natural to all Men, I endeavour to give the Advantage to my preſent Condition ; for he that does not ſo, muſt be uneaſy, and conſequently unhappy ; for ſuch Uneaſineſs rouſes our dormant Deſires to Wiſhes of ſomething we cannot attain.

This makes me prefer the Pleaſures of Solitude to thoſe more gay and more noiſy Purſuits of you Men of Buſineſs and Action. I confeſs indeed, that you are not one of thoſe who delight in hunting a Fortune, and preſſing through Crowds with Aſſiduity and Obſequiouſneſs to the Great and Powerful, who are the only Diſpenſators of the Goods of Fortune. But then you follow another Chace not leſs incumbred with Fatigue and Uncertainty, that is, Praiſe, Fame, Reputation, from the Performances of your Wit, your Learning, and eſpecially your Poetry. Yes, my Friend, I know, and have been Witneſs of your Satisfaction and Joy upon the Applauſe that has been given to your Works by the Judicious; for I muſt do you that Juſtice, I never found you at all exalted at Acclamations of the Vulgar, of the Ignorant *Wou'd-be-wits* of the Age ; that you deſpis'd as too tranſitory a Satisfaction to be the Object of your Endeavour.

But, my Friend, is not the Applauſe of all this World ſo ſhort and tranſitory, that it has but the Life of a Dream ? like that it vaniſhes when Death wakes us to Eternity. What Benefit did *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, and the reſt of the great Poets of Antiquity, gain by the univerſal Applauſe their Works have every Day met with to this Day ? What Benefit in their Lives had they from this ? They only had the Satisfac-

tion of the Admiration that was paid them whilſt they liv'd; though I confeſs that they had another, pe haps as tranſporting, that is, that their Fame ſhould be immortal. This puts me in Mind of a Dream I had the other Night; I thought I went into one of thoſe Celebrated Coffee-houſes, which was a Reſort of Men of Wit and Learning, and where I had never been before: Diſcourſe, methoughts, ſoon brought me to their Knowledge. Is this, ſaid one, the great Mr. *Crites?* I have long, ſaid another, wiſh'd to ſee and embrace the Man, whoſe Works have ſo often charm'd me. In ſhort, every one paid me their Compliment, and I found an inward Tranſport at ſuch a Reception from ſo many Men of Learning: But I immediately awak'd, and all that Pleaſure vaniſh'd; and ſuch is all the Reputation of the World, and no more. I am not here declaiming againſt Fame and Reputation itſelf; for though it be of no longer Date than Life, yet the Deſire of it has been the happy Source of the greateſt and braveſt Actions that ever were. Nor wou'd I have you think, that what I ſaid, is level'd againſt the niceſt Purſuit of Fame, Poetry: No, I have another Opinion of that Art, than to ſay any thing mean or little of it.

*Qui mentem magnis applicat,*
*Det primos Verſibus annos.*

Theſe are the Words of *Petronius Arbiter*, a Man equally skill'd in Men and Letters; by which it is plain he thought, and which is certainly ſo in Fact, that the applying of our early Years to Poetry, enlarges the Soul, and fills it with

with such great and noble Ideas as are fit to raise it to great Actions. But this does not at all belong to the scribbling Poetasters of this Age, to the Men of meer Versification; but our true Poetry, such as we find in *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Virgil*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, and the rest of those great Men. *Alexander* the Great is an illustrious Instance of this Particular, who was from his Childhood conversant with all the *Greek* Poets, and was so fond of *Homer*, the Father of them all, that he carry'd him perpetually about him through all his Conquests, and frequently declared his generous Envy of *Achilles*, that had obtained so glorious a Recorder of his Virtue. And indeed *Alexander* had abundance of *Achilles* in his Temper, his Fire, his Choler, his Rashness, his Insolence, and his Valour; he had his *Patroclus* too in *Hephestion*. *Augustus Cæsar* was a Hero of another Temper; *Ulysses* was his Original, whom he imitated nearer than *Virgil* did him in his Character of *Æneas*; he was politick, secret, and a perfect Master of Dissimulation; he knew Mankind perfectly well, and likewise knew how to improve that Knowledge to his own Advantage, Qualities eminent in the Hero of the *Odysses*. *Augustus* had employ'd his younger Years in Study, in which the Poets had so large a Share, that he retain'd his Love for Poetry and Fame to his dying Day. There is no need of giving Instances of this, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tucca*, *Varus*, are sufficient Proofs of it; his own Endeavours at a Tragedy, his Fondness of the *Æneids*, and the Complaints of *Horace*'s not mentioning him often enough in his Poems, leave us no manner of Doubt in this Particular.

If the modern Heroes fall ſhort of thoſe of Antiquity in Greatneſs of Mind, as well as Conqueſt, it is my Opinion it is for Want of enlarging their Souls in their Youths by reading the Poets, and thence imbibing that glorious Thirſt of Fame, which has rendred the former immortal. This is enough to ſhew you, my Friend, that I am not an Enemy to that uſeful Vanity, that has been the Parent of ſo many Heroes, the Love of Praiſe I mean, which indeed touches only the finer Spirits, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Titus Quinctius*, *Flaminius*, *Junius Brutus*, &c. For to this Deſire of Praiſe we muſt attribute the Eſtabliſhment of the Liberty of *Rome* in the Execution of the Sons of *Brutus*, and the Delay of the Ruine of *Roman* Liberty in the Conſulſhip of *Cicero*; for what Share the Deſire of Praiſe had in it, we find by that Letter of *Tully*, which begins, *Coram me tecum eadem hæc agere ſæpe conantem*, &c.

It is not therefore that I think the Love of Praiſe unneceſſary in the World, but that I find no Charms in it for myſelf; and in that Particular it is on a Foot with all other Enjoyments in this World; for Death has ſo often ſtar'd me in the Face, and ſhook his terrible Dart ſo near me, that it has pall'd my Taſte to all ſublunary Things. This, you'll ſay, is looking too near on Nature, and the State of human Things. It may be ſo; but this I muſt reply, That if this nearer View afford but little Pleaſure, it ſhews me the Truth of Things, and ſo delivers me from a great deal of Diſquiet; it curbs the uneaſy Appetite of Things abſent, and makes me not wiſh for any thing but what I enjoy; for whatever is tranſitory, whatever has

has an End, whatever is not Eternal, has not Power to raiſe my Deſire, that terminates only in that ſupreme Being, which, as it had no Beginning, ſo never will have an End.

But this, you'll ſay, is preaching the Melancholy Doctrines of a dying Man, and you are in the Health and Vigor of your Age, too brisk and warm to reliſh theſe cold Maxims: You are for more gay and active Notions; long may you enjoy that Health and Vigor, and late may it be e'er you come to my weak State and Condition; for you will think then, as does now

*Your faithful Friend,*

*and Servant,*

CRITES.

# LETTER IV.

## *That our ſleeping Hours are as valuable as our waking.*

### *A* PARADOX.

*Somne quies rerum, placidiſſime ſomne deorum.*

*To* Chriſtopher Crotchet *Eſq; at Captain* Rattle's *in* Windmill-ſtreet, Piccadilly.

*Dear* KIT,

WHAT all in Raptures ----- *Oh! the tranſporting Joys of the divine* Chariclea, *when I lay panting on her ſnowy Breaſt, my Soul juſt fluttering to my very Mouth, to meet her balmy Breath.* What, *Kit*, haſt thou at laſt obtain'd Poſſeſſion of the coy *Chariclea?* No, nothing but an empty Dream; you dreamt ſhe was kind, but wak'd and found her the ſame coy, proud, cruel, inſolent Woman ſhe has always been. Why faith, *Kit*, I think the Joy you found in your Dream really more valuable than what ſhe could afford you waking. I knew a young Gentleman, who ſaid he could ſleep as long as he pleas'd, and dream of what he pleas'd. Accordingly, when Money run low, he would get up to his Caſtle, three pair of Stairs in the Temple, lock himſelf in, go to Bed and ſleep for a Day or two. If he had had ill luck at Gaming, then he would reſolve to dream of ſtripping the whole Board; ſo

ſo during his Sleep he had Money enough. If *Phillis* had prov'd cruel and unkind, then he would dream of rifling all her Charms at his pleaſure, while ſhe embrac'd him with all her Endearments, till he was weary of her Fondneſs. If his Relation, my Lord *Worthleſs*, had refus'd to promote his Suit at Court, then he went and dreamt of his Lordſhip's Downfal, and his own Eſtabliſhment on his Ruins.

Now, *Kit*, if you had this Art, you would not have much occaſion to repine at your Miſtreſs's Unkindneſs, ſince the Pleaſure would be more ſincere and tranſporting; but you ſay it is too ſhort, it vaniſhes as ſoon as you wake, and then you are in your old Condition of a miſerable deſpis'd Lover. Well, *Kit*, and if you were really poſſeſs'd of your charming *Chariclea*, would not your Joy ſoon vaniſh like a Dream, and you wake to Satiety and Diſguſt? If the Pleaſures of a Dream be ſhort, are not the Favours of the Fair and of the Great ſo too? and tho' they laſt but a Day, an Hour; nay, ſometimes but a Moment, what a deal of Aſſiduity, Fawning, Flattery and ſlaviſh Attendance muſt you pay to obtain them? but the Pleaſures of a Dream, tho' ſhort, come freely, unſought for, and unexpected; and really, I think, are full as ſubſtantial as the other. This puts me in mind of what *Proſpero* ſays in *The Tempeſt*;

------ *Theſe our Actors,*
*As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and*
*Are melted into Air, into thin Air;*
*And like the baſeleſs Fabrick of the Viſion,*
*The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,*
*The ſolemn Temples, the great Globe itſelf,*

*Yea*

*Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,*
*And like this insubstantial Pageant faded,*
*Leave not a Track behind. We are all such Stuff*
*As Dreams are made on; and our little Life*
*Is rounded with a Sleep.*

For my Part, I have often thought that our sleeping Hours are as valuable as our waking; and Nature itself seems to have equally divided our Life between them. Sleep is of a Sovereign Use, not only to the Healthy, but to the Sick; when we have tired both our Minds and our Bodies, in the foolish Pursuit of Business, Power, Riches, or Love, we are fain to have recourse to Sleep, to refresh us, nourish us, and enable us to go through the Fatigues of the following Day. When we are parch'd with the Fires of violent Fevers, and the Physician's Art is foil'd, and unable to quench the unnatural Flame, if gentle Sleep but hear our Call, and come to our Assistance, the Fire abates, till quite extinguish'd by his friendly Showers. What Esteem Sleep was in among the Antients, is plain from the Honours they paid it; first they made it a God, and his Temple was built with black Marble, tho' his settled Abode was fix'd among the *Cimmerians*, whose Country was half the Year Night; hither *Juno* dispatch'd *Iris*, to desire him to send a Dream to *Halcyone*, to let her know that her *Cœyx* was shipwrack'd, that she might no longer solicit her with Victims and Prayers for his safe and happy Return. The same Ancients paid so great a Deference to Sleep, that they took many of their Divinations from thence; if what they sought, related to Health, they slept in the Temple of *Æsculapius*,

*pius*, and that God, always in their Dream, reveal'd a Remedy for their Malady: If what they ſought, related to War, they ſlept in the Temple of *Mars*: If to Love, in that of *Venus*. They had likewiſe their ſleeping Hero, as *Endymion*, who ſleeping always on the Top of Mount *Latmos*, he enjoy'd the Careſſes and Love of *Diana*; nor was ſhe without a Rival in this drouſy Charmer; a young Nymph, whoſe Name I have forgot, was ſo enamour'd of him, that her Kiſſes and Fondneſs ſo diſturb'd his Repoſe, and rous'd the Jealouſy of *Diana*, that ſhe turn'd her into a Flie; but ſhe ſtill retains her old Nature, and by an impertinent Fondneſs always diſturbs the ſleeping. But what need I dwell upon the Heathen, ſince the ſacred Writers afford ſuch ample Proof of the Excellence and Importance of Sleep? There we find Dreams are made uſe of to reveal the Fate and Revolution of Empires: As *Pharoah's* Dream of the ſeven fat and lean Kine, which, by the Interpretation of *Joſeph*, he found to ſignify ſeven Years of Plenty, and ſeven Years of Famine that were to come; by which means he engroſs'd all the Property of *Egypt*, and became the abſolute Maſter of his People. Thus in *Daniel* we find the Fore-knowledge of the ſeveral Monarchies of the World reveal'd to the King of *Babylon*, and interpreted by that Prophet. In the ſame manner many of the Prophecies of *Iſaiah*, *Ezekiel*, and others, were delivered to them in Dreams or Viſions, which is all one. But you may ſay theſe were the Dreams of Princes and Prophets, and therefore have little Regard to private Dreams. What think you then of the Dreams of the two Fellow-Priſoners of *Joſeph*, one of whoſe Dreams

Dreams foretold his Reſtoration to the King's Favour, that of the other his being hang'd? In ſhort, to ſpend more Time in the Defence of Sleep, might, for ought I know, provoke it in you; I ſhall only therefore wiſh you frequently ſuch Dreams as that you deſcribe to me; and deſire that you would not think me in a Dream, but thoroughly awake, when I ſubſcribe myſelf,

*Your faithful Friend,*

NIK WHIMSY.

## LETTER V.

### *On Women.*

*Varium & mutabile ſemper-------*
*Fœmina nulla bona eſt; at ſi bona contigit ulla,*
*Neſcio quo pacto res mala facta bona eſt.*

*To* John Freely *Eſq; at his Houſe near* Maidſton *in* Kent.

*Dear* JACK,

I Receiv'd your long Letter of the 10th paſt, and am glad you meet with ſo much Pleaſure in the Country; but I ſhan't be even with you, till I ſend you as long a one on ſome of the Pleaſures of the Town, at leaſt, that Part of

of 'em which engages the Chace of the young Fellows of Spirit. Being confin'd to my Chambers by a Fit of the Gout, when now the Rage of it was pretty well abated, I admitted the Visits of my Friends and Acquaintance, to divert the tedious Hours. One Day I had a Visit from *Mysogamus* and *Philogamus*; soon after came in *Gaymood*, *Tattle* and *Pert*, Fellows, whose highest Ambition is to be in the Ladies Favour; and all their Discourse runs upon the Beauty of *Belinda*, the fine Air of *Clelia*, and the Wit of *Berenice*. If you chance to mention a glorious Campaign, a Battle bravely fought, and Victory still attending our Arms; Towns and Countries won; and the Terror struck into the Foes by the *British* Valour: They shall presently cry out, Oh! the invincible Charms of *Belinda*, no Mortal can behold her Eyes without being vanquish'd, without being her voluntary Slave, and bound in such agreeable Chains as you'll never desire to be free. Who can hear the penetrating Wit of *Berenice*, and yet boast himself Master of his own Heart? Thus they shall tell you how many Campaigns they have made in besieging the impregnable *Clelia*, with an exact History of all her Frowns, and the Modes of her Slights and Disdain, as if they were of that Importance that the highest Glory attended them.

After they had sufficiently tired us with this Talk they withdrew-------- What intolerable Coxcombs, cry'd out *Mysogamus*, are these Fellows, to think that their Follies are an agreeable Entertainment for other Men; and to think that those that are Fools to Women should be

fit

fit Companions for Perſons of Reaſon and Underſtanding!

I find, ſaid *Philogamus*, as ſilly as you eſteem theſe Men, they have been able to raiſe your Spleen againſt the fair Sex; your Eyes, and the Vehemence of your Voice diſcover it. I confeſs, reply'd he, that when I hear the moſt trifling Part of the Creation extoll'd and ador'd like ſomething divine, I am not able to keep my Temper. That I was born of a Woman was not my Choice, and therefore, I think, has no right to engage me in their Cauſe; Generation, indeed, is the only valuable Uſe of Woman-kind; Nature has thought fit to give them a Share in our Production, for which only they are eſteem'd by the more wiſe eaſterly Nations, where they are look'd on no more than as the firſt Rank of Slaves; accordingly their Lives are commonly in the Hands and Will of the Husband. In other Parts they are oblig'd to die and be burnt with their dead Husbands. During the Prevalence of the Doctrine of the *Druids* in *Gaul* and in *Britain*, who were thought to derive their Principles from the Nations of the Eaſt, the Women entirely depended on the Will of the Men, who could put them off, or put them to Death, as they thought fit: If that Power may be thought too arbitrary for humane kind, too often directed by the Paſſions; the other Extream of ſubjecting the Men to the Humour of a Creature that is guided by nothing elſe, is fully as abſurd: To admit Women to an Equality of Share in the Government of Families, to place our Pleaſure and Happineſs in them, is a Madneſs that only prevails in the Northern Part of the World, where Men are not

not warm'd by the gracious Influence of the Sun into finer and more exalted Notions; and hence proceeds moſt, if not all our Diſquiet and Miſeries. Were they, indeed, endow'd with Knowledge, Reaſon, Virtue, Reſolution, Honour, Conſtancy and Chaſtity, we might have more Reaſon to juſtify our Conduct in this Particular: But whilſt in them there is only Ignorance, an Impotence of Paſſion, Inconſtancy, Luſt, and the like, we go on in the old Track, only becauſe our Fore-fathers ſhew'd us the way.

But to come to Particulars, how ſhould they have Knowledge? that comes from Education, from Study, from the Experience of a wiſe Obſerver; whereas the whole Education of Woman is ſpent in Trifles, in learning how to dreſs themſelves, and give their Faces the beſt Air they can, to captivate the Fools that admire 'em. How ſhould they have Virtue? that likewiſe depends upon Knowledge. Who reads to them the Maxims of Moral Philoſophy, and by that Means ſets before their Eyes the Nature, Limits or Bounds of the ſeveral Virtues? Their Female Inſtructors know nothing of it, their Male Teachers as little; all that they learn from theſe, is either a Tune upon the Spinet, a Song, or a Dance; they inform them in the Steps of a Minuet, a Rigardoon, or ſome other *French* Dance, whoſe Name, I thank my Stars, I know nothing of; the chief Leſſons that are inculcated into them are Pride, the gratifying their Appetites, and the ſeveral little Arts of Coquetry: Thus qualified, thus adorn'd, thus inſtructed, they ſet out to be Miſtreſſes of Families, and ſharing in the Government of them with the moſt wiſe and knowing of Husbands; which

which if they deny them, nothing but Strife and Diſturbance enſue; nor can any thing appeaſe them, but the entire Subjection of the Husband, as well as Family, to their Will.

But to ſay all that I could ſay upon this Subject, would, I am afraid, tire you, and make you think that I had nothing to offer in this Cauſe but general Invectives. This Part therefore of my Diſcourſe I ſhall conclude with this Quotation out of the incomparable *Otway*, in his Orphan.

*Who was it betray'd the Capitol? Woman.*
*Who loſt* Mark Anthony *the World? Woman.*
*Who was the Cauſe of a long ten Years War,*
*And laid, at laſt, old* Troy *in Aſhes? Woman.*
*Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!*
*Woman to Man firſt as a Bleſſing given,*
*When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;*
*Happy, a while, in Paradiſe they lay,*
*But quickly Woman long'd to go aſtray;*
*Some fooliſh new Adventure needs muſt prove,*
*And the firſt Devil ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her Love;*
*To his Temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd*
*Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.*

*Otway* is content with a few Inſtances of the Perfidiouſneſs, Inconſtancy, and Deſtructiveneſs of Womankind, but thoſe which were eminent, and concern'd in the Happineſs of great Men, of great Nations; and, in fine, of all humane kind. Were we, indeed, to number all the Examples of the fatal Vices and Follies of that Sex, which the Hiſtory of all Nations affords us, I ſhould want Time, tho' I ſpent whole Years in the Narration, to give you one Half of

their

their Number. What are the unnatural Luſts of the *Paſiphaes*, the adulterous Loves of the *Stenobœa's* and *Phædra's*, the ſalacious and abandon'd Lewdneſs of *Meſſalina?* of whom the Poet ſaid;

*Decem laſſata viris, ſed nondum ſatiata receſſit.*

What ſhall we ſay of the Ingratitude and unbounded Ambition of *Semiramis?* who was firſt a Concubine to one of the Slaves of the great King *Ninus*, and being ſeen by him, had the good Fortune to win that King's Heart to ſuch a Degree, that ſhe became his chief and favourite Miſtreſs; and this Love, in a little Time, made that Prince doat to ſo mad a Degree, as, on her Requeſt, he ſurrender'd the ſovereign Power into her Hands for one Day. But ſee the monſtrous Ingratitude of this Woman, Ingratitude, that none, indeed, but a Woman could be guilty of; ſhe turns the gracious Gift of her beſotted Benefactor againſt his Life; in ſhort, by the Power he had given her, ſhe caus'd him to be ſlain; and by other Arts, too long here to particularize, uſurp'd his Kingdom. *Beleſtia* was a dancing ſinging Slave, and for the Agility of her Heels, and the Fineneſs of her Voice, was prefer'd to be Concubine to *Antiochus*; and finding her Power able to compaſs any thing with that King, nothing leſs than a Goddeſſhip would pleaſe the aſpiring Harlot; the King therefore, at her Requeſt, erects a Temple to her, under the Name of *Venus Beleſtia*. But we will ſay no more of the Ambition of this Sex; we will paſs over *Athalia*, *Jezebel*, *Irene*, and infinite Numbers of the like, both Antient and Modern, that have made Kings and Nations

feel the terrible Effects of their Pride, Ambition, Revenge and Cruelty; nor will I insist upon the Story of the *Ephesian* Matron as a Proof of the fickle Inconstancy of that Sex; it is an Instance quite worn out, and suspected as a Forgery, and no real Fact: I shall quit History therefore, and only give you some few Instances that I have gathered from my own and my Friends Experience. To begin with their Inconstancy.

*Parthenia* was a young Lady of exquisite Beauty, some Wit, and, as 'twas thought, a great deal of Prudence. *Mirabel* was a young Gentleman of such Parts, and so lovely a Person, that whilst his Understanding and good Sense engag'd the Friendship of the Men, the Gracefulness of his Body surpriz'd the Hearts of not a few of the Women; but none of them had Charms enough to make him their Captive, except *Parthenia*; he only lov'd her, and she only him: Nay, if there were any difference in the Force of their Passion, hers was the greater. Both Parties so equally loving, Marriage was soon agreed on; Friends consented, Settlements were made, and the Day appointed. But, alas! what Security has Man of a Happiness that depends upon Woman, when a meer Whim, a Caprice of theirs shall of a sudden overset it? *Mirabel*, you may be sure, was a constant Visitant every Day, till the happy Hour came, which was but two Days off, when this Accident destroy'd all his Joys. *Parthenia* had a very pretty Cat given her; *Mirabel* had a mortal Aversion to a Cat, and coming into the Dining-Room before his Mistress was there, poor Puss, that was a very tame and familiar Animal, before it was seen, jumps into *Mirabel*'s Lap, who, in a Fright, seizes the Cat, throws it

down, and ſtamps with that Force upon its Head, that he left her ſprawling in the laſt Agonies. When *Parthenia* enter'd the Room, ſeeing Puſs in that Condition, ſhe ſnatch'd her up into her Arms, and in a moſt violent Paſſion order'd *Mirabel* to retire, and never ſee her more. While ſhe was poſſeſs'd with that Paſſion, *Mirabel* made no Difficulty to obey her, deſigning to return in a few Hours; in which Time he hop'd his Miſtreſs's Rage would be appeas'd, and Puſs removed for his Reception; but quite contrary, he found a moſt dangerous Rival in the Cat, which, tho' dead, ingroſſed the Affections ſo much of *Parthenia*, that, notwithſtanding all the Mediation of Friends, ſhe could never be prevailed with afterwards to ſee him; but to avoid his Importunities, left the Town, retired into the Country; and hearing of *Mirabel*'s Deſign to follow her, clapt up a Match with a Country Clown, whom ſhe had never ſeen four times in her Life.

I ſhall content myſelf with only this Inſtance of the ſtrange Inconſtancy of the Sex, nor ſhall I give you any Example of their known Lewdneſs: Every Town, every Street, nay, almoſt every Houſe can furniſh the Experienced with Proofs of that Particular.

Avarice is indeed a Crime of both Sexes, but not ſo vehement, and ſo general in the Men, as in the Women; you may frequently meet with a generous Man, but I believe, I may ſay, no Man ever met with a truly generous Woman: They have a ſort of Charity, as they call it, by which they can give an Alms at the Door, or the narrow Bounty of a Guinea, or half a Guinea put into ſome eminent Divine's Hands to be em-

ploy'd in charitable Uſes; by which they bribe the Parſon to give them the Name of good Chriſtians, and Ladies of a ſoft and compaſſionate Temper and Pity, and relieve the Misfortunes of their Fellow-Creatures: Perhaps there may be ſome few that may ſtruggle up to a larger Donation; but this I am ſure, that all Hiſtory cannot afford one Woman that ever was a Rewarder of Men of Learning, and an Encourager of Arts and Sciences.

*Lenatoria* was of the leaſt Size of Womankind, elſe tolerably agreeable in her Perſon; ſhe had a large Fortune left her, which was a Charm ſufficient to engage my Friend *Shifter* to marry her; and at firſt he brag'd of his Judgment in his Choice, that of all Evils he had choſen the leaſt, never reflecting, that tho' ſhe was the leaſt in Perſon, ſhe was a very great Evil; her Temper and his being directly oppoſite; he was generous, free, open, hoſpitable, and ſhe ſtingy, reſerv'd, and an Enemy to all Hoſpitality. If he invited his Friends home to Dinner, ſhe would be ſure to provide ſuch an Entertainment as ſhould certainly diſguſt them, and prevent their troubling her any more in that Nature. He would have his Servants have every thing that was convenient; ſhe abridg'd them of what was even neceſſary; inſomuch that Pudding made only of Flowr, Salt and Water, was a Regale, which ſhe ſeldom afforded them, with a Piece of Neck Beef baked in the middle on it. This poor *Shifter* was fain to ſubmit to, tho' much againſt his Inclination. Whenever ſhe went to a Friend's to Dinner, ſhe carried with her a little Tin Box, into which ſhe us'd to convey a Leg or a Wing of a Fowl, or any other dainty Bit, which

which she would not afford herself at her own Expence at home. About *Christmas* she went round to half the Grocers in Town, getting of them Samples of Fruit and Sugar, which was sufficient to keep her *Christmas*, without any Expence to herself. When she was at her Country-House in the Summer, she would go about to her poor Tenants and Neighbours, and praise their poor homely Viands, with which they treated her so far, that she would be sure to carry home a Piece of Bacon from one, a Piece of Beef from another, a Piece of Cheese from a third, and something from every one; she was so careful to lose nothing, that she fed her Ducks with her own Excrements; in short, for I am weary of dwelling on this odious Animal, she was as crooked in all other Conditions, as in Person; so that tho' she brought poor *Shifter* a plentiful Fortune, she made him the most miserable of Men.

What shall I say of *Scribonia*, a Woman of Wit? How shall I describe her unbounded Lust? She never saw Man that she did not desire; and she never desired a Man, but she found some Means to enjoy him; which brings to my Mind a pleasant Adventure of hers. In the Number of her Gallants, she happen'd unfortunately to find one that bestow'd a Favour upon her, which she could not get rid of without the Help of the Physician. *Will. Galliard* happen'd to come and see her in this Condition; she receiv'd him with a great deal of Indignation, with the sweet Appellations of Rogue, Villain, and the like. Madam, said he, what Occasion have I given for this inhumane Treatment? If to have lov'd you with the utmost Zeal and Fidelity be a Fault, I

own myſelf the moſt guilty of Mankind; but for any other Crime againſt you, I muſt aſſert my Innocence, and your Injuſtice. Why, ſays ſhe, with ſome Emotion, have you not cl---t me? He deny'd the Charge, and offer'd ſuch Proofs that he was not guilty, that ſhe was ſatisfy'd in his Innocence. Why then, ſays ſhe, it was *Beaugard*, or *Belfond*, or *Townly*, or *Ramble*, and ſo went on to about a dozen more, whom ſhe could remember, or at leaſt thought fit to mention; for his Smiles upon her for her Enumeration of her Gallants put a Stop to her Carreer. But I grow tired of this Subject, for I could give you a thouſand Examples of the Vices and Follies of the Sex.

Here *Myſogamus* made a Pauſe, which we attended for ſome Minutes, expecting that when he had recovered his Breath, he would go on with his Invectives; but finding him perfectly ſilent, *Philogamus* thus began:

I have heard you with abundance of Patience declaim againſt Women in general, with very little Reaſon, nay, without any Reaſon that is at all concluſive againſt the Sex. You have enumerated a great many Faults and Frailties of Womankind; and which I may allow without any Detriment to what I have to ſay. In the firſt place, to have made your Charge of any Force and Effect, by a juſt Conſideration you would have found, that all you can ſay upon this Point is of very little Conſequence, unleſs you could perſuade us, that you are wiſer than that Supreme Nature that formed Womankind; but that, I am afraid, is a Task that even you your ſelf will own much beyond your Capacity to perform. That Eternal Mind, that made us, judged

judged Woman neceſſary to the Happineſs of Man: But you'll ſay, that ſhe's fallen from that primitive Innocence from whence that Happineſs ſhould be derived: But is not Man alſo fallen from the ſame? Has he no Vices and Follies to contribute to the Unhappineſs that he now does experience? You will ſay again, that it was Woman tempted him to throw away the Bliſs of Paradiſe for her ſake; but did not he know that his Offence would have that Effect? Did he not know the Guilt he ſhould incur by liſtning to her Solicitations? Yes, he knew it all, and ſo became a voluntary Criminal, and in that more weak and abandon'd than Woman herſelf.

You muſter up a great many general Sentences and precarious Maxims, which you would fain have the Force to reach the whole Sex, and give various Inſtances of the odious Tranſgreſſions of ſome Particulars, never conſidering that there is not one of them which we cannot parallel, and exceed among the Men. *Semiramis* was ungrateful and cruel; but what think you of *Nero*, who was ungrateful and cruel, even to his own Mother? a Mother, that was ſo fond of him, that notwithſtanding ſhe was told, if ſhe made him Emperor, her own Life was in Danger: Let me die, ſays ſhe, ſo that he reign; yet this Mother he deſtroy'd: But for what? Not like *Semiramis*, to gain the Empire of the World, to wreſt that Sovereign Power out of the Hands of an effeminate worthleſs Prince, which ſhe executed with Honour, Reputation and Glory; but out of a Wantonneſs of horrible Cruelty, to ſee the Place where he was nouriſhed as an Embrio.

*Beleſtia*, you ſay, had an odd Ambition of being a Goddeſs; and to that End made uſe of her Power with the King to have a Temple erected unto her. Well, but were there never any Men guilty of the ſame Ambition? What think you of *Empedocles*, a Philoſopher and Poet? He, to obtain the Name of a God, threw himſelf into Mount *Ætna*. What think you of *Alexander* the Great, who, deſpiſing his own Father *Philip*, would needs be thought the Son of *Jupiter*, and be flatter'd with the Name of *Young Ammon*? What think you of the celebrated *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who affords us a double Example in this Caſe? one of intolerable Ingratitude, the other of this particular Vanity which you mention. *Cicero* the famous *Roman* Orator, the moſt Eloquent of Mankind, Excellent in all Parts of human Literature, receiv'd *Auguſtus*, then call'd *Octavius*, coming to *Rome* after the Death of *Julius Cæſar*, without Intereſt or Friends of any Power, promoted him in the Commonwealth, contrary to the Opinion and Perſuaſion of *Brutus*, called him *Son*, and prevailed to have him choſen Conſul, even before he was of legal Age to enjoy that Authority. What did the *young Octavius* do in Return of all theſe Favours? being poſſeſs'd of the *Roman* Army by *Cicero's* Intereſt, he join'd *Mark Anthony* and *Lepidus*, and forming the ſecond Triumvirate, cemented this new League with the Blood of his Father *Cicero*, ſurrendring him in the Proſcription to his inveterate and malicious Enemy *Anthony*. *Auguſtus* being at laſt ſole Emperor of *Rome*, admitted all the groſs Flatteries of that Time towards the making him a God, and permitted Altars to be erected to him as ſuch.

What

What you tell us of *Meſſalina* and her exorbitant Luſt; as great as it was, it was ſtill kept within the Bounds of Nature, and terminated in Man: But caſt your Eyes to the Iſle of *Caprea*, whither the Tyrant *Tiberius*, the Succeſſor of *Auguſtus*, retir'd, the more freely to enjoy his unnatural Luſt, Luſt too ſhocking to be expreſs'd! What think you of *Heliogabalus*? He was not ſatisfy'd with all the Luſts that his Predeceſſors had purſued, but would alter even the Works of Nature; and, by the Art of his Surgeon, endeavour to convert his Favourite-Slave into a Woman, and marry'd him with all the Pomp and ſacred Rites of the *Roman* Religion.

You are ready to tell us of *Athalia* and *Jezebel*, but take no manner of Notice of *Deborah*, *Judith*, or any other of the Scripture-Heroines, who were eminent for great and brave Actions.

You fall upon the Education of Womankind, to render them the more contemptible and odious. I do myſelf allow, that the Education of Women in theſe Parts, and in our Time, is very defective and faulty: But is that the Fault of Women? No certainly, it is the Defect of Men, who have the Direction of publick Affairs. But it is a very unfair Way of Compariſon to put the Men, who have had Education, againſt the Women who have none; and yet I appeal to any Man that knows Converſation, whether a Woman, coming from their Schools, be not more valuable Company than many a meer Scholar coming from the Univerſity, knowing nothing of Mankind, and skill'd only in Words. The faireſt Way of examining the Merit of Man

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and Woman is to consider them both without Education. Look among the Vulgar, and you shall find ten to one among the Women, who have more Sense and Prudence than their Husbands.

But that I may not be behind-hand with you in Examples, I shall give you three from ancient History, of Fidelity and Constancy, which is a Virtue you almost deny the Sex, which yet you will scarce find amongst the Men.

*Plutarch*, in his *Morals*, furnishes me with two of those I shall mention, and in his *Lives* with the third.

*Camma* was a *Galatian* Lady of exquisite Beauty, but the Virtue and Constancy of her Mind far surpassed the Charms of her Person; she was marry'd to *Cinnatus* a Tetrarch, or petty Prince among the *Galatians*; the Love was mutual between them both, but her Charms extended farther by much than she desired; for they had made so entire a Conquest over *Synorix*, that he could not think of any Happiness without the Possession of her; to obtain which, he employ'd all his Arts, his Cunning, and Importunity, but to no Purpose; she remain'd untouch'd with all his amorous Addresses, and made it evident to him how much she detested his Criminal Endeavours; but this enflam'd his Love into Rage, and push'd him on to murder her Husband *Cinnatus*, upon which she fled to the Temple of *Diana*, and there secur'd herself, by becoming a Votary to that Goddess, according to the Custom of the Country.

She rejected all the Solicitations of those numerous Lovers, whom her Beauty had rais'd to admire her. At last, *Synorix*, hoping the Memory

mory of what he had done was pretty well over, ventur'd to her, and renew'd his Suit, aſſuring her that it was no Malice, no Revenge, no little Intereſt that had prevail'd with him to deſtroy *Cinnatus*, but the abſolute Deſpair of obtaining her any other way; that if in that he had been guilty of a Crime, ſhe had the leaſt Reaſon to accuſe him of all humane kind, ſince it was the Effect of her Charms.

She ſeem'd to admit all he ſaid, as a Truth not to be controverted, and therefore ſoon agreed to marry him. The Ceremony was to be perform'd in that Temple of *Diana*, where ſhe had ſo long reſided; among which Ceremonies, the drinking to her future Husband, was one; *Camma* had prepar'd a Draught in which there was mix'd a deadly Poiſon, half of it ſhe drank off to him, and he ſoon pledg'd her in the other half. *We have gone far enough*, ſays ſhe; *and now, my dear* Cinnatus, *I have reveng'd thy Death, tho' by the Loſs of my own Life, the Life that has only been thus long tolerable to me, in hopes to obtain this Event, which is now come to paſs.* In ſhort, the Murderer ſoon dy'd full of Rage, and ſhe ſoon follow'd with a great deal of Satisfaction.

The next Inſtance I ſhall give you, is out of the Lives of *Plutarch. Cleombrotus* being Son-in-Law to *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, was made King in his Room, and Collegue with *Agis*. On another Turn, *Leonidas* was reſtor'd, and *Agis* fled to the Temple of *Juno*, and *Cleombrotus* to that of *Neptune*. *Leonidas*, now incens'd againſt his Son-in-Law, meddled not with *Agis*, but, with his Soldiers, went to the Sanctuary of *Cleombrotus*, and there, with great Paſſion, reproach'd him with conſpiring with his Enemies, uſurping

uſurping his Throne, and forcing him from his Country, tho' he was his Son-in-Law. *Cleombrotus*, having little to ſay for himſelf, ſtood ſilent. His Wife *Chelonis*, the Daughter of *Leonidas*, had been a Partner in her Father's Sufferings; for when *Cleombrotus* uſurp'd the Kingdom ſhe forſook him, and wholly apply'd herſelf to comfort her Father in his Affliction; whilſt he was in Sanctuary ſhe ſtay'd with him, and when he fled ſhe fled with him, bewailing his Misfortune, and extreamly diſpleas'd with *Cleombrotus*. But now, upon this Turn of Fortune, ſhe was as zealous and aſſiduous in Expreſſions of Love and Duty to her Husband, whom ſhe embrac'd with one Arm, and her two little Children with the other: All Men were ſtrangely taken with the Piety and tender Affection of the young Woman, who, in a looſe neglected Mourning, with a pale dejected Countenance, and in a ſuppliant Poſture, ſpoke thus to *Leonidas*.

" I am not brought to this Condition you ſee " me in, nor have taken upon me this Mour- " ning Habit, by reaſon of the preſent Misfor- " tunes of *Cleombrotus*; it is long ſince fami- " liar to me; it was put on to condole with " you in your Baniſhment, and now you are " reſtored to your Country and Kingdom, muſt " I ſtill remain in Grief and Miſery? Or would " you have me attir'd in my Feſtival Ornaments " that I may rejoyce with you, when you have " kill'd, within my Arms, the Man to whom " you gave me for a Wife? Either *Cleombrotus* " muſt appeaſe you by mine or my Childrens " Tears, or he muſt ſuffer a Puniſhment greater " than his Faults deſerv'd, he ſhall infallibly ſee " me die before him, whom he has profeſs'd ten-

" derly

" derly to love. To what End ſhould I live?
" or how ſhall I appear among the *Spartan*
" Ladies, when it ſhall ſo manifeſtly be ſeen,
" that I have not been able to move Compaſſion
" either in a Husband or a Father? I was
" born, it ſeems, to be diſhonour'd and diſ-
" grac'd, both as a Wife and a Daughter, with
" that Relation which is neareſt to me in each
" Capacity. As for *Cleombrotus*, I have ſufficient-
" ly diſown'd his Cauſe, when I forſook him to
" follow you; but now yourſelf will juſtify his
" Proceedings, by ſhowing to the World, that
" for the ſake of a Kingdom, it is juſt to kill a
" Son-in-Law, and be regardleſs of a Daughter.

*Chelonis* having ended the Lamentation, turn'd her weeping Eyes towards the Spectators, then gently repos'd her Head on her Husband's Boſom. *Leonidas*, touch'd with Compaſſion, withdrew a while to adviſe with his Friends; then returning, condemn'd *Cleombrotus* to a perpetual Baniſhment. *Chelonis*, he ſaid, ought to ſtay with him, it not being juſt that ſhe ſhould forſake a Father, who had granted, at her Interceſſion, the Life of her Husband. But all he could ſay, could not prevail with her to ſtay; ſhe took up, immediately, one of her Children in her Arms, and gave the other to her Huſband: Then, having perform'd her Devotions at the Altar where ſhe had taken Sanctuary, ſhe chearfully follow'd him into Baniſhment -------- To be ſhort, ſo great was the Virtue and Generoſity expreſs'd by *Chelonis*, on this Occaſion, that if *Cleombrotus* were not ſtrangely blinded by Ambition, he would chuſe to be baniſh'd with ſo excellent a Woman, rather than without her to poſſeſs a Kingdom.

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I ſhall only add one Hiſtory more out of the ſame Author; and that is of *Empona*, a Princeſs among the *Galatians*, who being marry'd to *Sabinus*, a young Nobleman of *Rome*, had the Misfortune ſoon after to have her Husband engag'd in a Revolt againſt *Veſpaſian* the Emperor, and to miſcarry in his Attempt ſo far, that he was fain to fly for his Life, and had no Hopes left of Security againſt the Purſuit of his Enemies, but by giving out among his Servants that he deſign'd to poiſon himſelf; and diſmiſſing all but two, in whom he particularly confided, he retir'd to a Country-houſe of his, where there were very large and deep Vaults, and whither he had convey'd the moſt valuable of his Effects. Entring theſe Vaults, he ſent one of his Servants to tell his Wife, that he had taken Poiſon, and that the Houſe being burnt to the Ground, had conſum'd his Body. His Wife receiv'd the News with the utmoſt Grief and Deſpair, which daily grew to ſuch an Exceſs, that is was to be fear'd ſhe would not long ſurvive it; of which *Sabinus* being inform'd, he order'd his faithful Servant privately to inform her of the Secret of his Life and Aboad, adding this Caution, that ſhe ſhould take care to continue the Appearance of her Sorrow, to confirm the World in the Opinion of his imagin'd Death; and this ſhe perform'd with that artfull Addreſs, that it was univerſally believ'd that *Sabinus* was no more.

But *Empona* was ſo impatient for the Sight of her Husband, that in the Night-time ſhe conſtantly went to ſee him, and ſpent many Hours with him in the diſmal Caverns of his Retreat, ſtill taking care to return to her own

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Apartment in the City, without the leaſt Diſcovery. In this manner ſhe ſpent her Time for at leaſt nine Months, when ſhe was brought to bed, without any Help, of two lovely Boys, one of which liv'd in the Time of our Author; but impatient for her Husband's Safety, ſhaving his Beard, ſhe dreſt him up in Women's Apparel, and carry'd him with her to *Rome*, in Hopes to procure his Pardon, by her earneſt Solicitations of the Emperor; but *Veſpaſian* was a Prince too jealous of Empire, ever to forgive a Crime of that Nature; ſo that ſhe ſent her Husband back to his lurking Place, and try'd farther herſelf what ſhe could do. In this Negotiation her Love urg'd her to ſuch Expreſſions, as provok'd the Emperor to put her to Death, aſſuring him that ſhe had rather die than live to ſee him Emperor.

Well, *Myſogamus*, What think you of the Conſtancy of Womankind, from theſe three Examples? Will you inſiſt on the *Epheſian* Matron, a mere Fiction, as a Proof of the Inconſtancy of the Sex, and yet not allow theſe true Hiſtories as an Evidence of the contrary? If you tell us of *Meſſalina*, give me leave to put you in Mind of *Lucretia*, ſo eminent for her Chaſtity, that it is grown into a Proverb, *As chaſte as* Lucretia. What think you of *Portia*, the Wife of the ſecond *Brutus*? Did not ſhe diſcover more than a manly Conſtancy in her Death? Did ſhe not prove that Secrets of the higheſt and moſt dangerous Conſequences might be confided to a Woman, when her Husband *Brutus* truſted her with the whole Conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar*? Theſe, you'll ſay, are but particular Women, and afford but little Advantage to the Generality

lity of the Sex: I grant they are particular, but ſo are all thoſe Inſtances you have given of their Vices and Follies; we are therefore, in that Point, upon a Level.

I ſhall give you, *ex abundante*, ſome Examples of Bodies of Women, who have join'd in great and glorious Actions. The *Perſians*, in a Battle with their Enemies, were worſted and fled away before them, till they were ſtopt by the Virgins and Matrons of that Country, who, reproaching them with their Cowardice, cry'd, *Whither will ye fly? What! into the Wombs that bore you, from the Terror of your Foe? who are terrible only by your Fear: Turn therefore again, and fight manfully for your Mothers, your Wives, and your Children, or elſe give us your Weapons to defend ourſelves, and reſcue the Glory of the* Perſian *Name.* Touch'd with this Valour of the Women, they made Head againſt the Enemy; and ſo turning the Fortune of the Day, obtain'd a glorious Victory.

When *Romulus* had found in *Rome* he had but little Proſpect of making it continue longer than the Lives of his preſent Subjects, for he wanted Women to produce a Poſterity, the neighbouring Cities and Countries refuſing their Daughters for their Wives, looking on them to be a ſcandalous Company of Fellows got together out of all *Italy* by the Aſylum ſet up by *Romulus;* he exhibited Shows and Spectacles, which brought great Numbers of the *Sabine* young Women to behold them; and, upon a Sign given, the *Romans* ſeiz'd each a *Sabine* Woman for his Wife, and carry'd them off to *Rome.* The *Sabines*, a warlike People, ſoon took to their Arms to revenge the Affront, and reſcue the Women.

Women. Moſt terrible, certainly, had been the Slaughter, and, perhaps, fatal to the infant State of *Rome*, had not *Herſilia*, and the reſt of the *Sabine* Women, who had been thus raviſh'd by the *Romans*, come into the Field of Battle betwixt both Armies, and with moſt pathetick Addreſſes to their Parents and Relations on one Side, and their Husbands on the other, brought them to a friendly Parly; and ſo in the End united both Nations.

*Conrade*, the third Emperor of *Germany*, beſieging *Guelpho*, Duke of *Bavaria*, reduced the Town to that Extremity, that the Duke was fain to ſubmit to a Parly. But all the Terms he could obtain, were, that the Women ſhould depart in Peace, bearing with them only ſo much of their moſt valuable Goods as each could carry off: The Dutcheſs therefore, and the reſt of that Sex, from the Higheſt to the Loweſt, went out, bearing each on her Back her Huſband. Being come out of the Town thus loaded, the Emperor was ſo touch'd with the Generoſity of the Action, that he forgave the Duke, and receiv'd him ever after into peculiar Favour.

You have objected to the Sex Ignorance; but that, in reality, is not a Fault in Woman-kind, but in the Men, who deny them all thoſe Improvements of Knowledge and Learning which they enjoy, and are ſo proud of themſelves; and yet I could enumerate a long Roll of Women, illuſtrious in every Part of Literature, but that Time and my Memory forbid me at this preſent. I ſhall only mention a very few that occur; What think you of *Deborah*, ſo learned in the Laws of the *Iſraelites*, that ſhe judged

*Iſrael* for ſeveral Years? nor was that Nation ever more proſperous, till the Time of *David* or *Solomon*. She was likewiſe an excellent Poeteſs, as her ſublime Song on the Deſtruction of *Sifera* by *Jaelſhows*. What think you of *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*, who taught his School in Philoſophy after his Death? We muſt not omit *Aſpaſia*, the *Athenian* Courteſan, ſo eminent for her Learning, both in Philoſophy and Politicks, that the greateſt Men of that Age were inſtructed by her in both.

How many of the *Grecian* Women were excellent in Poetry? *Sappho*, *Erinna*, *Corinna*, and many more, are ſufficient Proofs of this Truth. The great *Pindar* was inſtructed in the Art of Poetry by a Woman: And *Corinna*, his Contemporary, often reproach'd him in his Youth, that he did not underſtand what it was to be a Poet, ſpending all his Time and Pains in the Study of Words and Expreſſions, never producing one Proof that he was able to form a Fable, which was the principal Duty and Characteriſtick of a Poet, and without which he could only pretend to be a mere Verſifier. But let us paſs from *Greece* to *Rome*; there we find *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, inſtructing her Sons, *Cains* and *Tiberius*, in Eloquence, and in Virtue, and in Reſolution, by which they made the laſt ſtand for the true Liberty of *Rome*; for, on their Death, the Ballance of Power turn'd entirely to the Nobility, by the Deſtruction of the *Agrarian* Law. To come to the Moderns. I can't omit *Anna Maria van Schurman*, a *Flemiſh* Lady, whoſe learned Writings were in great Eſteem among Men of Letters above a Century ago; among which is a Defence of her own Sex, written in eloquent *Latin*. The next I ſhall mention,

mention, for I muſt draw to an End, is the preſent learned Madam *Dacier*, who is ſo great a Miſtreſs of the *Greek*, that ſhe has given us admirable Verſions of *Homer* and *Sophocles*; beſides many learned Diſcourſes, which prove her to be one of the foremoſt Criticks of the Age.

I ſhall conclude with *England*, where, among the Learned, we ſhall find the Daughter of Sir *Thomas More* in the Time of King *Henry* VIII, the immortal Queen *Elizabeth*; and in later Times, the Lady *Packington*, Author of *The Whole Duty of Man*. In Poetry likewiſe many of our *Engliſh* Ladies have been eminent, as *Cowley*'s fam'd *Orinda*, Mrs. *Apharra Behn*, who ſeem'd to have the Soul of *Sappho* transfus'd into her. Here I muſt not omit the admirable Mrs. *Singer*, as chaſte in her Writings, as nervous and ſublime. I might mention others ſtill living, but theſe are ſufficient to prove, that Ignorance is not always the Crime of the Ladies; and that the fineſt Arts and Sciences ſhine ſometimes in that Sex.

But you preſs hard, that no Woman was ever yet a Patroneſs of Learning. I confeſs I am not able to give any particular Inſtances of the contrary; but this I can ſay, that the Men have but very little Reaſon to boaſt of any Advantage above them in that Particular, that for two thouſand Years, excepting the *Athenian* State, and the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, there have not appear'd ten Men worthy the Name of Patrons of Arts.

Here *Philogamus* made an End, and *Myſogamus* was preparing to return him an Anſwer, when Sir *John Friendly*'s Man came up to my Chambers, and told me his Maſter was coming

to pay me a Visit, if I was not other ways engag'd. I order'd my Man to go down to Sir *John*, and desire his Company, since the Gout would not permit me to wait on him myself. This put an End to our Dispute, and the two Pleaders for and against Women took their Leaves, unconvinc'd, like other Disputants, by each others Arguments. Thus I have sent you a Letter as long as I threaten'd; and shall only add to it, that I am

*Your faithful Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

PHILIP NEITHERSIDE.

## LETTER VI.

### *On* BEAUTY.

*Forma bonum fragile* ----
*O Formose puer nimium ne crede colori.*

*To Mr.* Clearwit *at his Chambers in* Lincoln's-Inn.

*Dear Friend,*

YOU tell me, in yours of the fifteenth past, that you desire to exercise your Talent in Poetry upon the following Subject.

That

That *tho' all People agree that Beauty is to be admir'd, yet no one has told us what Beauty is, or have fix'd any Standard of it.*

You tell me that you have try'd in vain to pleaſe yourſelf in writing upon it, and therefore depute the Task to your humble Servant. I muſt confeſs, it is with a great deal of Reluctance that I can think of denying you any thing; but I muſt be ſo free as to declare, that, in my Opinion, this is, by no means, a Subject for Poetry; at leaſt, for any Poetry above an Epigram: 'Tis true, *Cowley* has play'd upon it wantonly enough, but I think with no Poetical Genius: Be you the Judge, theſe are his Words.

*---- Beauty, thou wild fantaſtick Ape,*
*Who do'ſt in every Country change thy Shape:*
*Here Black, there Brown, here Tawney, and there White.*
*Thou Flatterer, who comply'ſt with every Sight,*
*Who haſt no certain what, nor where,*
*But vary'ſt ſtill, and do'ſt thyſelf declare*
*Inconſtant, as thy She-Profeſſors are.*

*Cowley* here tells us of the Uncertainty what Beauty is, but proceeds not by Ratiocination to ſolve the Riddle propos'd; that is, how we come to admire it without a Definition of it. He plainly ſaw that was too uncouth and barren a Subject for Verſe; nor, indeed, do I ſee any Curioſity in it that is worthy our Inquiry, even in Proſe. Your Friend ſeems to me to miſtake the Matter quite, in ſuppoſing that to love a beautiful Object, without knowing what Beauty is, implies a ſort of Contradiction, as if Inclination and Knowledge were ſo inſeparable, that

they could not subsist asunder. I would fain ask him, whether we are not all sensible of Light and Heat, tho' few but the Learned can give a Definition of either: And therefore his Question, of how it comes to pass that we love Beauty without knowing what it is, is easily answer'd, by assuring him that it is the Effect of that Inclination which Nature has fix'd in all Men towards the fair Sex; and tho', perhaps, it cannot be deduc'd to a general Definition, yet every Man in Love will be able to describe the Beauties of his Charmer. *Dryden* says thus on Beauty.

*The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,*
*'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

But I must dissent from this great Poet, because it is the Beauty of the Mistress that first fixes herself in the Mind of the Lover; for that there is such a Thing as real Beauty, there is no manner of Question. Ask the Painters and the Statuaries, they will tell you the Features and Proportions that compose this perfect Beauty. *Apelles*, when he drew his *Venus*, the Wonder of the old World, fram'd so perfect an Idea of Beauty, that all the Women of *Greece* and *Asia* could not furnish him with an Original to copy; he therefore took the most excellent Features he could find in the most beautiful Women of his Age, and put them together in one Figure with that Address and Art, that he made it worthy of the Goddess of Beauty. This shows plainly that we are not so much to seek what Beauty is, nor in the Features nor Proportions that compose it, as your mistaken Friend seems to imagine,

gine. Again we have extant the *Aphrodite*, or *Venus*, of the *Greek* Statuary *Ariſtomenes*; the Original is in the Hands of the Duke of *Tuſcany*, excellent Copies of which have been diſpers'd among us by our *Engliſh Phidias*, Mr. *Bird*. This is another Proof that we are not deſtitute of a certain Standard for Beauty; I ſhall therefore take no notice of the *Venus* of *Caraccio*, in the Hands of the preſent Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, but proceed to ſhow that Poetry likewiſe has given us an exact Portraiture of Beauty, as the following Lines will ſhow.

*Mark how their Statures due Proportion know,*
*Nor riſe too high, nor ſink too meanly low;*
*No meagre bony Jaws deform the Face,*
*Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape diſgrace,*
*But every Part alike becomes its Place.*
*Behold how lively ſmooth the Forehead ſhines,*
*How milky white the ſoft Deſcent inclines,*
*How fitly to the ſparkling Eyes it joyns;*
*While gaily pleaſing they, and ſweetly bright,*
*Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight.*
*See on the bloomy Cheeks ſo freſhly ſpread,*
*So duly mixt the native White and Red:*
*Mark what full Roſes on the Lips appear,*
*What Sweets they breath, what balmy Dew they (wear.*
*But loſt and endleſs were my Pains to trace*
*The vaſt Infinity of Beauty's Grace.*
*Why ſhould the Muſe in laviſh Numbers ſpeak*
*The golden Treſſes, or the iv'ry Neck?*
*Why ſhould the baſhful Nymph attempt to tell,*
*What ſoft round Globes on riſing Boſoms ſwell?*

*What ſecret Charms —— ſince Modeſty denies,*
*And bars the bold Acceſs of wanton Eyes:*
*Bluſhing with decent Grace, her Veil ſhe draws,*
*And ſhields the Fair from Shame, by Cuſtom's re-*
*(verend Laws.*

It is this Beauty that has thoſe wonderful Effects mention'd by the Poets, and commands the Admiration of all that behold it, as *Spencer* deſcribes it in the following Lines.

*Nought under Heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure*
*The Senſe of Man, and all his Mind poſſeſs,*
*As Beauty's lovely Bait, that doth procure,*
*Great Warriors of their Rigor to repreſs,*
*And mighty Hands forget their Manlineſs;*
*Drawn with the Power of an Heart-robbing Eye,*
*And wrapt in Fetters of a golden Treſs,*
*That can with melting Pleaſance mollify*
*Their harden'd Hearts, inur'd to Blood and Cruelty.*
*So whilom learn'd that mighty Jewiſh Swain,*
*Each of whoſe Locks did match a Man of Might,*
*To lay his Spoils before his Leman's Train:*
*So alſo did the great* Cetean *Knight,*
*For his Love's Sake his Lion's Skin undight.*
*And ſo did warlike* Anthony *neglect*
*The World's whole Rule for* Cleopatra's *Sight.*
*Such wond'rous Power has Woman's fair Aſpect,*
*To captive Men, and make them all the World*
*(neglect.*

This is ſufficient to ſay upon the Force of Beauty, whoſe rightful Power no Body ever yet deny'd, and your Friend himſelf ſeems fairly to acknowledge.

He

He may, perhaps, object, that Women, with little or no Beauty, have had ſtrange Power over Men; but that comes not under this Queſtion: To make a material Objection, he ſhould produce Proofs of Beauty unregarded, and without that Power. He may, perhaps, upon this Occaſion, have recourſe to the *Quinctia* of *Catullus*; who, he ſays, was tall and handſome, but had not ſo much as *Mica Salis*, a Corn of Salt in her whole Bulk. By this Corn of Salt, I ſuppoſe, *Catullus* means Grace, Air, Mein, the ſweet Reſult of all the Charms of Face and Body, it ſtrikes the Eye and Heart. But we muſt obſerve, that *Catullus* does not deny the Power of *Quinctia*'s Eyes, but leſſens her Charms, only to raiſe thoſe of his *Lesbia*.

I ſhall conclude with this Advice to your Friend, never to offer an argumentative Subject for Poetry, where there is no room for Images and Fable. I am

*Your Faithful Friend,*

JONATHAN FAIRLY.

# LETTER VII.

## *On Drinking.*

*Fœcundi Calices quem non fecere disertum?*

### *To* Roger Drinkwater *Esq; at his House in* Hanover-Square.

*My dear sober* ROGER,

I Receiv'd your Letter of the 1st of this Month, which I believe you writ after you had extinguish'd all your Fire with a Quart or two of Spring-water; a Liquor that might have been pleasant enough when *Adam* liv'd in Paradise, that was a warm Country, and afforded no more agreeable Beveridge. But, my Dear, you must consider, we live in a cold Climate, where the Waters are frozen up once a Year, and retain the chilling Quality of the Ice all the rest of it. I am in a shuddering Fit at the very Thoughts of Water! why, 'tis the Liquor of Beasts, not Men; and the poor Animals guzzle it up just to satisfy the Drought of Nature, and know no better; but my Horse is a wiser Creature, offer him on the Road Water, or good Ale, he will certainly chuse the latter.

I am for old *Noah*, the second Father of Humankind, he found out the valuable Juice of the Grape, and made the first Experiment of its Power himself. As to the *Antediluvian* Fathers,

thers, I think they had an End worthy of their Lives; for as they drank nothing but Water, so they made their *Exit* in Water. I don't know, but if they had found out Wine, and drank it, they might have sav'd the World from being drown'd. But be that as it will, I will leave it to the wise Controvertists of the Times, on which they might entertain the World with far more agreeable, and much less detrimental Speculations than now they do. What think you, my Boy, of old Father *Bacchus?* The wise *Grecians*, who civiliz'd and polish'd all this Part of the World, made him a God for his teaching them the Joys of good Drinking, which they improv'd to the utmost Perfection. In the Evening the Goblet went round, and supply'd the Absence of the Sun with Warmth more kindly and enlivening; then crown'd with Chaplets of Flowers, they drank to their Mistresses Healths as many Glasses in Hand, as there were Letters in her Name.

'Twas to the Juice of the Vine that the *Greek* Poets ow'd all their Inspiration, that was the *Hypocchrine*, the *Helicon*, and the Fountain of *Aganippe*; the drinking of which made them write so well; for those were but the Names of several Vineyards upon Mount *Parnassus*, which yielded the best Wine in all *Greece*. Elevated by this, old *Anacreon* writ those charming *Odes* which transport us to this Day. In short, the Reason why the *Greeks* excell'd all other Poets, is because they drank better than other Poets.

But we are not without our fighting Heroes that were eminent for Drinking. What think you of the brave *Macedonian* Youth, *Alexander* the

the Great? He and his Officers, warm'd with *Greek* Wine, pass'd the *Grannick* Flood, and drove a Million before him o'er the Plain: By good Drinking they got the Empire of *Asia*, and freed *Greece* from her perpetual Fears of the Grand Monarch of those Times.

But what need we run back so far in Time and Place to prove the Excellence of good Drinking, since we may easily discover that to be fix'd in its Nature by our own Experience? The Advantages it yields to Mankind are innumerable. Does *Chloris* prove false? Does *Phillis* prove cruel? Have recourse to the Bottle, and you despise the Jilt, and laugh at the Coquet. Does my Lord *Haughty* overlook you? The second Bottle raises you above the Insolent Pageant. Are ye troubled with the Folly of Bashfulness? Drink but *quantum sufficit*, and you gain Assurance enough to be impertinent with the Fair and the Great. Does your Modesty deny your Tongue the graceful Utterance of your Thoughts? Drink but Wine enough, you'll be more eloquent than *Cicero*. This puts me in Mind of a Story of Sir *Thomas More*, who being sent Ambassador to the Emperor by King *Henry* the Eighth, the Morning he was to have his Audience, knowing the Virtue of Wine, order'd his Servant to give him a good large Glass of Sack; and having drank that, call'd for another: The Servant, with officious Ignorance, would have dissuaded him from it, but in vain; the Ambassador drank off the second, and demanded a third, which he likewise drank off; insisting on a fourth, he was over-persuaded by his Servant to let it alone; so he went to his Audience. But returning home again, call'd for his Servant,

and

and threatning him with his Cane, *You Rogue,* ſaid he, *what Miſchief have you done me! I ſpoke ſo well to the Emperor, on the Inſpiration of thoſe three Glaſſes that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three Parts of the World. Now, you Dog, if I had drank the fourth Glaſs, I had been fit to govern all the World.*

I could tell you of a certain Stateſman that made once a great Noiſe in the World, who form'd all his political Schemes over a Bottle; when Company was gone, he order'd Pen, Ink and Paper to be brought him, and four Bottles of Wine, with a Pipe of Tobacco indeed to help out; and ſo he writ, drank and ſmoak'd, till his Liquor was out, and then he went to Bed. By theſe Politicks was a Nation govern'd ſome time; and not a few ſay, very wiſely; but as to that I don't pretend to give my Opinion: But if there were any Faults in his Miniſtry, I am ſure of this, they were owing to himſelf, and not his Liquor.

Courage has been inſpired in our modern Days by good Liquor; for the *Dutch* had never maintain'd themſelves ſo well againſt our Fleet, and oftentimes worſted us under *Van Trump* and *De Rutter*, but that the Morning before they engag'd, they out-drank us.

But I have one thing to ſay to you, which I had forgot, and which relates to yourſelf. I know you have a mighty Inclination to Poetry; but if you would have your Verſes live, you muſt leave off drinking of Water; ſince your Maſter *Horace* ſays, That no Verſes can live long that are written by Water-Drinkers. I am juſt call'd down to ſome Friends with whom I ſhall paſs ſome merry Hours over a Bottle of *Burgundy*,

*dy*, and therefore muſt draw to an End, only adviſing thee, in ſhort, to leave the meer Element, and come to the Juice of the Grape. Drink and forget thy Sorrows, for this World is too ridiculous and fantaſtical to be ſerious in; but I am ſoberly and ſeriouſly

*Thy faithful Friend,*

Timothy Break-of-day.

## LETTER VIII.

### *On Blindneſs.*

——— *Why was the Sight*
*To ſuch a tender Ball as th' Eye confin'd,*
*So obvious, and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?*
*And not, as Feeling, thro' all Parts diffus'd,*
*That ſhe might look at will thro' every Pore?*

Milton

*To Mrs.* M-------dale *on* Lambeth-Hill, London.

MADAM,

THAT I have not writ to you all this while, has been occaſion'd by the Badneſs of my Sight, which has now left me in an abſolute Blindneſs: I ſee no more the glorious Sun, the flow'ry Meads and purling Brooks, nor *human Face divine*, as *Milton* has it. I think that great

great Poet, though he has written admirably upon the Loſs of Sight, ſeems too uneaſy under his Misfortune, and to repine at that Diſpenſation of Providence; but I, who have all along reſign'd myſelf to the Will of Heaven, endeavour to make every Diſappointment as little troubleſome as I can; and to find out all the Advantages that a Misfortune can afford me. Thus I trouble not myſelf with anxious Thoughts of the good Things I have loſt, but fix in my Mind the uneaſy Objects that Sight often gives us.

This Senſe frequently miſleads us to Partiality in our Favours by the ſmooth Appearance and hypocritical Countenance of thoſe we converſe with, which prepares us to receive all they ſay and offer with too much Indulgence; *Loquere ut te videam*, was the ſaying of a Wiſe Man; that is, (for I forgot I was writing to a Lady) *ſpeak that I may ſee thee.* For, indeed, the Eyes bring to our Knowledge only the Body, but the Ear conveys to us the Soul of the Perſon that ſpeaks; by them we find whether he be a Man of Senſe, Judgment, Wit and Learning; and by a frequent and long Converſation with him, informs us whether he be led by the Principles of Honour and Honeſty, or by the looſer Maxims of the Age; for it is a difficult matter for the moſt cunning Hypocrite to diſguiſe himſelf ſo far, but that a Man of Judgment will by ſome Words or other, at leaſt in his unguarded Hours, diſcover the Cheat.

There is another Evil the Loſs of Sight has delivered me from, and that relates to your Sex, Madam, and that is the tyrannick Power of Beauty of the Body; all whoſe bewitching

Charms are of no Effect to a blind Man; the fineſt Eyes in the World are not capable of corrupting my Virtue, or betraying my Underſtanding to doat on a Fool: It robs indeed the Fair of their ſureſt Means of Conqueſt, that is, their beautiful Appearance, by which ſo many of the Sons of *Adam* have, like him, been undone; there may perhaps have been ſome Men who could not be ſo deeply wounded by the Beauty of a Woman, but that her Folly was able to cure them. I have heard a Story of Sir *John Suckling* much to this purpoſe: He made a Viſit to Counſellor *Gibbs*, whoſe Place oblig'd him to live in the *Tower*: The *Counſellor* happen'd not to be at home, and his Lady thinking very much to oblige him, and to free herſelf of the Trouble, told him, that there was below the moſt beautiful young Lady that ever ſhe ſaw, who being a Client to her Husband, waited for his Return all alone. The Knight, fond of the Opportunity, runs immediately down to her, but in leſs than a quarter of an Hour came ſwearing up Stairs as if he had been diſtracted. Coming into the Room to the Counſellor's Lady, Well, Sir *John*, ſays ſhe, What! ſo ſoon weary of a pretty Woman? Damn her, ſaid he, ſhe has talk'd me out of her Face: I ſaid all the fine Things I could think of, but I could get nothing from her, but how many Eggs they ſold a-penny at *Newcaſtle*. In ſhort, her Folly was ſo great, that it ſoon extinguiſh'd the Flames her Charms had kindled.

One Advantage I have from this Misfortune relates to your ſelf. The firſt Impreſſions of things are generally the moſt deep and laſting; and we more eaſily retain the Memory of what

what pleas'd us in our younger Days, than of those things we see and take Notice of in our maturer Years; whether it be that as we grow in Years, Objects multiply so much, that the Number makes us take the less Notice of Particulars; or that the Mind indeed is more capable of deep Impressions in our Youth, than ever after: Thus it is in relation to yourself. I have already almost forgot the several Melancholy Changes that Time and an ill Husband have made in your Face; and now you appear to me the same fine Mrs. *Cornelia* I thought you when I first saw you. Oh, that Bloom of Youth, and those inchanting Beauties that use to charm and conquer every Beholder! the Malice of five and twenty Years has lost all its Force, and you now seem as transporting as ever; but this you'll say is a Benefit of Blindness, which affords me but very little Advantage; since, tho' I cannot see the Effects of your Decay, yet those of mine are too visible to your Eyes; you see me grown old, sick, lame and blind, and cannot therefore persuade yourself to dream of my Youth and Vigour, as I do of yours. But I must tell you, that I am not so much disappointed in that, as you may imagine; for I seek not to prefer myself to you as a Lover, but am satisfy'd that my Memory offers me rather a pleasing than a disagreeable Object: I have seen enough not to be uneasy that I can see no more; the Eye presents us with the same things over and over again; and if there be any Variety in them, it is generally but to add to our Pain and Disquiet, and distract us with troublesome Thoughts and Desires; whereas now I can collect my Thoughts, and give myself up to the

Contemplations of Reasoning without Interruption.

This is the Way that I take to make my Life as easy as I can, and comfort myself with this Thought, that I can yet converse with my Friends of both Sexes, in which Number I shall always place you, whilst I am

*Your faithful humble Servant,*

INDOLENT EASY.

## LETTER IX.

### *On the Vulgar.*

### A PARADOX.

*Odi profanum vulgus, & arceo.*

*Be gone Profane, I hate you all,*
*Both the Great Vulgar, and the Small.*

*To* Anthony Vainman, *Esq; to be left at* Button's *Coffee-house*, Covent-Garden.

DEAR TONY.

YOU send me Word, that you have had a Play lately acted, which has taken wonderfully with the Town; that it was received with mighty Applause, not only by the Vulgar, but by the Men of Wit, Persons of the first Quality of both Sexes; and that it is grown

grown a Crime, and Mark of Affectation, not to go along with the Vogue in its Praise; at the same time you tell me, that it has no manner of Plot, but subsists by the Force of its extraordinary Wit, and Briskness of Dialogue. This makes me think, my Friend *Anthony*, that you are in Danger as well as your great Persons, and your Wits, to fall into the Number of the Vulgar; for of that Rank are all such, who squander their Applause on artless Trifles, and such Things as do not merit it in the Judgment of Men of Knowledge. But you say, this is a Play of Merit, full of Wit from one End to t'other; but I must say with a great Judge in his Essay on Poetry, *That rather than all Wit, let there be none at all.* Therefore if you would have it pass for a good Play with me, you should tell me of its Humour, Nature, and its just Design, which, if it want, 'tis at best but a Collection of witty Dialogues. Sir *George Etherege*, as great as his Reputation was, could not escape the Reproach of the Men of Judgment of his Time; one of whom says, *That he writ three talking Plays without one Plot*; and yet those three Plays are not altogether without Plot and Humour. But I shall not pretend to decide the Merits of this Play, till I have read it; and what I have said, has been the Effect of your false Praise of it, not the Author's Demerits. To praise a Man in a wrong Place, is often to do him an Injury; and so is sometimes taken by Authors of Knowledge and Art. Thus *Lucian* writ his *Zeuxis* against a Person who had mightily cry'd up his *Diction*, without taking any Notice of his Art and Judgment in forming the Design, and the Ordonance

of its Parts. This ſort of Panegyriſts are generally Men that have only a ſmattering in Learning and Wit, and in their Cenſures blindly follow the Dictates of their own Fancy, undirected by Art and Judgment. And this is the moſt troubleſome Part of the Vulgar, as the moſt capable of doing an Author Miſchief, by that Reputation they have of being Men of Wit and Spirit.

But that we may not wander in the Dark, and be amus'd with empty Words, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew you what it is I mean by the Vulgar.

*Cowley*, in his paraphraſtick Tranſlation of *Horace*, has very juſtly divided them into the great Vulgar and the ſmall. There is no Difficulty in our diſtinguiſhing the ſmall Vulgar, it takes in all the Rabble of Mankind, Things of humane Shape, tho' Ignorance has levell'd them with the Brutes; theſe are the Mechanicks, and the reſt of the People of mean and low Station: And yet this part of the Vulgar, following the Dictates of mere Nature, often judge right, as *Horace* long ago obſerv'd,

*Eſt ubi recte judicat populus, eſt ubi peccat.*

But thoſe whom I call the great Vulgar, having ſtifled their Senſe of the Dictates of pure Nature, by a Conceit of themſelves, the Power of Cuſtom, and their falſe Opinion of Excellence, ſeldom or never judge rightly of the Performances of Art; this leads me to explain what I mean by the great Vulgar. I mean, therefore, all ſuch who are ignorant in the fine Arts, and have no true Taſte of them, let their

For-

Fortune, their Birth, and their Quality be what it will. I confeſs this brings in much the greater Part of thoſe who decide the Fate of Authors; this takes in, I'm afraid to ſpeak aloud, I only whiſper it to you, almoſt the whole Body of Womankind, at leaſt, in our Nation, where the Ladies have more engaging Enjoyments to paſs their Time in, than in informing their Underſtandings: There was a Time, indeed, a great while ago, and a great way off, in a Town call'd *Athens*, and another call'd *Rome*, when and where the fair Sex thought the Ornaments of the Body, and their perſonal Charms, inſufficient, without adding the Beauties of the Mind. But here the Women think it enough, that their Adorers tell 'em they have Wit and Beauty; and that they are fitly qualified for Judges of the greateſt Performances. But let them grow as proud as they pleaſe with the vain Flatteries of their ſenſeleſs Adorers; they are, in ſhort, but Part of the Vulgar, unleſs they exalt themſelves, by improving their Minds with Knowledge and Art.

Alas! my Friend *Anthony*, there are a great many Men who paſs with the Ignorant for Wits of the firſt Rate, who are, indeed, but part of the Vulgar, tho' they have run thro' all the Authors of Antiquity, and have *Virgil* and *Horace* at their Finger's Ends. You ſhall know them by this, whenever they talk of thoſe great Poets of Antiquity, whenever they praiſe them, it is for ſome ſingle Expreſſion, ſome particular Verſe; or at moſt, for a fine Deſcription; but never ſay any thing of the Deſign of *Virgil*, or *Homer*, or *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*; that is what they have no Taſte of; nor, indeed, any No-

tion,

tion, tho' it is in thoſe that theſe great Poets excell all Mankind; and by thoſe only have obtain'd the immortal Name of Poets. Another Part of this great Vulgar contains moſt of your merry Wits, whoſe Talent is to lull the Severity of Reaſon aſleep, and amuſe the Fancy only with ſome Burleſque, ſome Ridicule, or the like: Theſe Men never think juſtly nor finely, and yet they have, of late Days, had it in their Power to ruin the Reputation of Men of Merit, and ſet up their own Creatures as the Wonders of the Age. This is a modern Humour, which has, indeed, as Sir *William Temple* has obſerv'd, deſtroy'd all ſolid Learning, all juſt Notions, and ſpread a falſe Taſte of Arts and Sciences thro' their numerous Readers. Theſe are the top Part of the great Vulgar, the Demogogues that lead 'em whereever they pleaſe; tho' in my Opinion, they are themſelves the moſt infamous of their Party. To theſe I muſt add the Pedants, that with a noiſy Shew of *Latin* and *Greek* perſuade their ignorant Hearers that they are Men of prodigious Parts and Learning; a good Memory is generally their chief Talent, and that Aſſurance which they uſually learn at their *Alma Maters*. I am afraid to meddle with the Clergy, leſt they ſhould ſtigmatize me with the Name of Atheiſt, or, at leaſt, of Deiſt, elſe, perhaps, I might ſay, that there are too many of them come within the Number of the great Vulgar. I ſhall only add, that I adviſe thee, dear *Tony*, ſeverely to examine thyſelf, and try how far diſtant you are yourſelf from this Number; admire no more the Verſifiers of the Times, who are more deſpicable Fellows than the very Ballad-makers of the Age. *Pye-Corner* and

*London-*

*London-bridge* have more Poetry, than ſome celebrated Shops I could name; for the Ballads generally go upon ſome Story, ſome Flirt, ſome Deſign; the Verſifiers upon none. Study Art, and by that learn to think juſtly. I hope there is nothing I have ſaid in this Letter ſo ſevere as to make you call in queſtion the Sincerity, with which I profeſs myſelf

*Your faithful Friend,*

WILLIAM BRIGHTMAN.

*FINIS.*

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